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## ART AND UNIVERSITY REFORM IN INDIA.

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**T**HE English Board of Education in its rules for Secondary Schools, published in 1904, has defined a sound general education as that which gives a reasonable degree of exercise and development to the whole of the human faculties, without neglecting any one of them or developing one at the expense of the other. This may be accepted as a satisfactory definition of the scope of all stages of general education, and it will serve as a text in discussing from the artistic standpoint a question which, in the last few years, has aroused almost as much interest in India as the partition of Bengal—the reform of Indian Universities. Were it not that educated Europeans, especially those who have graduated in European Universities, are accustomed to regard artistic thought and culture as outside the ordinary scope of general education, it would strike most educationists that the exclusion of art from the category of human faculties is an inexplicable anomaly in the curriculum of Indian Universities. But even in Europe it is only within the last twenty or thirty years that art, as a part of general education, has been taken seriously by educationists, or advanced beyond the “drawing, stretching and fainting in coils” which excited the admiration of Alice in Wonderland and is still as popular a form of amusement in English seminaries for young ladies as it is in Indian Hill Stations.

Although art, represented primarily by a sound system of teaching drawing and design, is year by year taking a more important part in the whole scheme of national education in Europe and in America, yet the oldest of the English Universities, which for several centuries has made the study of Greek culture and civilisation the basis of its teaching, persists in ignoring the fact that one of the first principles of Greek education was the cultivation of the

## *EAST & WEST*

æsthetic faculties. Ancient Egypt stood in much the same relation to the culture of ancient Greece as ancient Greece does to the culture of our so-called classical schools. But we do not find it recorded that Hellenic youth spent any considerable part of their time in composing odes and essays in the hieroglyphic or hieratic writings, the classic Egyptian languages in which the ancient wisdom lay buried. As soon as they could read and write their own language, the young Athenians learnt by heart their own great national epics, patriotic songs and religious hymns. Afterwards, the subjects which held the highest place in their curriculum, were music and drawing. The mechanical book-work and equally mechanical lecture-work with which we produce most of our school-made culture were hardly known to the art-loving and nature-loving Greek. A cultivated Greek lived and died in an atmosphere of art, an art which permeated the whole national life and every branch of learning; not founded merely on the recollection of what former generations had said, thought or done, but expressing spontaneously the thoughts, habits and aspirations of the age in which he lived.

I do not wish to argue that the ancient Greek system is entirely applicable to the needs of the present day, but I think it is important for educationists, both in India and in Europe, to remember that when ancient Greece attained to that wonderful degree of culture which they profess to take for their model, the æsthetic sense was believed to hold one of the highest places among the intellectual faculties. Nor is Greece an isolated example. History shows that the period of the highest intellectual activity in nations has nearly always coincided with, or approximated to, the period of their greatest artistic development. And the reason for this is plain, for art represents the creative and originating faculties, as distinguished from the merely receptive ones. It is only since our modern European art parted from the main-stream of the national life and drifted into the backwaters of archæology and eclecticism, that it has lost all influence on national character and culture; so that ugliness and vulgarity in the surroundings of our daily lives are looked upon with equanimity as necessary accompaniments of modern civilisation.

Japan is a striking example of the influence of a really national art upon national character and intellect; an example, moreover

which approaches nearer to the Greek ideal of culture than any other in modern times—the kind of culture which English education has nearly stamped out in India. It is surely worth the attention of educationists to note that the Japanese are the most artistic nation of the present day. Like the Greek, their art is born of a feeling which has its roots deep in the national character : it is not founded merely on an unthinking imitation or reproduction of a bygone culture, like the archæological art of modern Europe, but is strongly based on the realisation of their own place in the ceaseless procession of nations.

The quality inherent in all real and honest artistic effort, which makes some form of art training especially valuable for ordinary educational purposes, is the striving to do a thing as well as it can be done, and not merely as well as circumstances permit or the exigencies of the occasion demand. That is the compelling influence in all the best art in every country and in every age. When that ceases to be its aim, and art becomes merely ostentation and vanity, it is an infallible sign of the intellectual and moral deterioration which presage national decay.

It is the true inborn artistic spirit which has taught the Japanese as a nation to make their work as perfect as hand and mind can make it, just as nature does. It is this which has contributed, in no small degree, not only to the national happiness and to the courage with which they have met every difficulty and danger, but to that intellectual receptivity and largeness which have made the Japanese people eager to adopt everything useful to them in Western institutions, while preserving intact their own national culture.

It may be said in support of the total exclusion of art from the courses of Indian Universities that they are in that respect following the precedent of similar institutions in Europe. But though the education of European Universities differs widely from the Greek ideal of culture, there will be found in the best European Universities an artistic spirit which is conspicuously wanting in the Indian ones. There is no precedent in Europe for the squalid environment, the absence of all stimulus for the spiritual side of human nature, and the neglect of all that conduces to the brightness of school or college life such as we usually find about all Indian Universities.

And there is a vast difference between the whole organisation of the Indian and European University systems, one of those fundamental differences which are too often ignored when we attempt to transfer Western institutions to the East. The English school system leading up to the University is only one branch, and hardly the most important or vital branch, of national education. In India, at least in popular estimation, it stands for the whole ; so that whatever is not included in the University course is generally despised by the so-called educated classes. In Europe it is only a comparatively small fraction of the educated classes that ever enters a University. In India the University courses are generally believed to embrace all forms of higher education, and the term "educated" is applied only to those who have entered, or failed to enter, a University.

It is a well-known law of nature that when a species of plant is taken from its natural environment and transplanted into a foreign soil, unless it is carefully watched, it often revenges itself upon mankind by running wild and destroying the useful plants of indigenous growth with which it comes into contact. And this is just what has happened with the educational system which India has borrowed from the West. It has produced many plants of luxurious growth, but far too many have run to weed and crowded out the healthy, useful and beautiful plants which Indian soil has produced. The artificial culture of the West has destroyed the national culture of the East. The want of a consistent artistic policy, which is painfully conspicuous in the whole administration of India, and the absence of all artistic considerations in the education of the youth of the country, have not only suppressed originality of thought and lowered the standard of culture, but they have brought about a state of things that neither Indian educationists nor statesmen can afford to ignore. Instead of widening the range of occupations, the present University system in India tends to narrow it. It has helped to turn the hereditary artists, of whom any country in the world might be proud, into hewers of wood and drawers of water, and driven them to swell the already overfilled ranks of competitors for Government clerkships. It has helped to bring about a deformity of public taste, even lower than the average European standard, so that the majority of Indian

## ART AND UNIVERSITY REFORM IN INDIA . 5

graduates honestly prefer the spurious and tawdry Western art for which India is the common dumping ground, to the real art of their own country. The real artists of the country, as I know from long personal experience, are often reduced to earning a miserable pittance by working for the poor and "uneducated" classes, not, as is so frequently asserted, on account of the poverty of the country, but because the rich and educated Indians for the most part waste their substance on the by-products of Western commercialism which they fondly imagine to be Western art.

I do not propose that the Universities should become a training ground for artists and art-workmen ; that would neither be for the advantage of Indian art nor for the benefit of the Universities. But I do maintain that true education must recognise that the cultivation of the artistic faculties, whether it be in schools and colleges, or in the greater university of the national life (like the teaching in Japan to-day and in all European countries in former times) tends to bring out and develop all the original powers of the mind. I would argue further that the students whose instincts lead them to study nature by the methods of the artist, rather than by the methods of the man of letters or of the man of science, instead of having those instincts suppressed, as they are in the Indian University system, should be given opportunities of developing them. Indian Universities can never become worthy of the name as long as their influence encourages or compels the sons of the men who inherit all the splendid traditions of Indian art to quit their father's profession because the narrow and pedantic system of higher education leaves them neither honour nor profit in the pursuit of it.

The Calcutta University, as its late Vice-Chancellor proclaimed at the last Convocation, is the largest in the world. The population to which it professes to offer the highest of European culture and enlightenment is over one hundred millions. But from its foundation its ideal of culture has been a hybrid system of Western pedagogics, tempered by Western utilitarianism. Its influence in the past fifty years has been one of the most potent forces in hastening the ruin of national art and culture in India. It might have been expected that with the new organisation provided by Lord Curzon, it would have made some attempt to remove this reproach. The Faculty of Arts last January went so far as to accept, practically

unanimously, an abstract resolution proposed by myself that "in the interests of general culture art should not be excluded from the arts course of the University." It even accepted as an alternative for elementary science in the Matriculation Examination an equivalent instalment of artistic nature-study, such as is practised with the best results in Japanese high schools and in some of the Colleges in Madras. But before the scheme was ratified by the Senate, it was taken out of the hands of the University and referred to a small Committee sitting at Simla. This Committee revised the draft regulations so that the new Calcutta University maintains now precisely the same attitude towards art as it did twenty years ago. That is, though it recognises law, medicine, engineering and science as fit subjects for the honours and benefits which the University bestows, it shuts out art altogether.

The new scheme, as a scheme of pedagogics, is so far an improvement on the old that it aims at and probably will achieve a much better system of teaching English literature and science. But as a scheme of national culture it presents the same obvious defects as before, namely, that it imports into India all the narrowness and exclusiveness which University teaching in Europe derived from the middle ages. It insists that the intellectual organisation of educated India must conform to one of two types, either that of the man of letters or that of the man of science. The general course of the University will afford the literary student a choice of subjects which will help him in following his particular bent; it will attract the future engineer by teaching him mechanics and higher mathematics, subjects necessary in his profession; it will assist the future medical man, or any one about to enter a scientific career, by teaching him the rudiments of science; to the lawyer who will have to plead in English law courts, it gives a sound training in English. But to the art student the University simply says - come if you will, but we do not recognise art either as one of the higher studies or as useful in the intellectual development of a University student. We have a Faculty of Arts, but the art faculty is not one we think worth cultivating.

It is not only that the hereditary artistic castes of India, which have made Indian art famous among all the nations of the earth, are thus practically shut out of all University honours and of all

prospects of employment in Government service. It is not only that Schools of Art become merely refuges and asylums for those who fail in the University course. And it is not only that the exclusiveness of the system which will cram all the brains of the country into a literary or scientific mould of modern European make, keeps out of the Universities and out of the service of the state some of the best intellect of the country. It is even more destructive to national art and culture in India that the great body of students who do enter the University are deprived of any opportunity of developing the artistic sense, except through the medium of English literature. It is hard for most European educationists, trained in the narrow groove of European university teaching, to understand that the artistic sense is a faculty as important to the literary man, to the engineer, to physicians and surgeons and to advocates and judges, as it is to painters, sculptors, architects or designers. They generally regard it as an archæological formulary or a dilettante accomplishment which is easily understood and acquired by every educated man who has learnt to play with Greek iambs or become expert in modern sciences. But even if it is not so, it matters, they think, very little. Yet to educationists who realise the deep-seated defects of Indian Universities it must be clear that these very defects are largely due to the want of development of the artistic faculties in Indian teachers and students. For those who will put aside all musty educational precedents which do not affect the problem to be solved in India, and regard education as the science of training and developing all that is best and highest in human nature, and those who will clear their minds from all the shams, deceptions and false ideals which hide the true meaning and purpose of art, must acknowledge that art and education are inseparable, whatever the governing bodies of Indian Universities may say.

The essence of real culture—not the artificial culture of the modern class-room, but the real culture which is conspicuous in all the greatest epochs of human progress—lies in the development of the powers of observation and of the powers of original thought. The greatest engineer is not the man who calculates strains and stresses best, but he who shows the greatest genius in original design. Design is the foundation and root of all art. The greatest surgeons

and physicians are those in whom the powers of observation are developed to the highest point. The greatest advocates and judges are those who, through the full development of all their intellectual powers, see beyond the dry technicalities of the law, and with a fine sense of proportion separate the essential from the non-essential, just as the artist—the real artist—does in his interpretation of nature.

As, therefore, the ultimate aim of every teacher must be to develop in his students the powers of observation and the powers of original thought, it cannot be to his or their advantage to discard any useful means towards that end. The means employed must be adapted, as far as possible, to the natural bent of a student's capacities, for methods which will bring out one student's latent powers will fail to evoke any response in others. It has, however, been recognised by the best educationists, both ancient and modern, that drawing and other forms of artistic expression are admirable means of developing the powers of observation, and the practice of design is an excellent method of developing the powers of original thought. In many ways artistic design is a much more valuable and practical educational exercise than the theoretical or experimental science, which is now accepted by Indian Universities as the panacea for all the defects in the intellectual training of young India. It brings directly into play the originating faculties, whereas science teaching, unless it is of a much higher order than what is generally found in an Indian class-room, only develops the receptive powers and very easily degenerates into common cramming. It is a kind of intellectual exercise especially suitable for Indian conditions, because designing is a universal language through which all students can express their ideas freely without being hampered by the linguistic difficulties which beset them in all their other work. Only Indian college teachers can realise what an impediment to real culture is the system of making a foreign language the medium of all instruction. True art influences every vocation in life and every aspect of intellectual culture. It cannot, therefore, be reasonable or in the interest of education to keep out of the university scheme some of the most obvious, direct and practical means of artistic expression. By the policy which the reformed Calcutta University pursues, it not only disparages and depreciates the whole art of the country, but it injures the University and the cause of education in denying to the

whole body of students a means of culture for which it offers no sufficient substitute. We live in an age of scientific culture, and scientific experts have now a commanding voice in the direction of higher education in India. But when the scientist has said his last word, that instinct and desire for beauty, which he himself cannot fail to observe, ignore it though he may—for it runs through the whole range of creation—will still remain the better part of human nature, just as it has ever been in all countries and in all ages. Art, in truth, is one of those greater sciences which are at the root of all science. If the artistic spirit, which is the motive power of all the higher intellectualities, human and divine, is kept out of the newly reformed Indian Universities, they will only perpetuate all the evils of the old, although Indian graduates may learn their facts better and be better instructed in natural phenomena.

The Indian Government now devotes extreme care and large sums of money to the preservation and restoration of the great monuments of Indian art. But surely, it is of more vital importance to India to keep alive the artistic spirit and to maintain the living art preserved to the present day by the descendants of the great architects and artists who created these masterpieces. As long as the Schools of Art remain altogether out of the scheme of national education, they can exercise no real influence in Indian art; and when the largest University in the world, which has for its motto "for the advancement of learning," has ordained that learning for Indian youth may be interpreted in a literary, legal, medical or scientific, but not in an artistic sense, there is little hope that anything will be done in this direction.

*London.*

E. B. HAVELL.

## THE INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE ALLIANCE AT COPENHAGEN.

**I**N nothing does the East differ from the West more widely than in the status accorded to women. It is difficult for the West to understand the East and for the East to understand the West ; it is, therefore, particularly important to avoid dogmatic assertion on either side. On the other hand, as East and West in India are in actual contact with each other, it seems desirable that an attempt should be made to place before such natives of India as take an interest in the developments of Western civilisation some account of the essentially Western movement for the political enfranchisement of women. It is not anticipated that India can take any part in this movement, as it has developed in those countries which possess representative institutions. But it is surely desirable that the leaders of Indian thought should know something of the growth of the women's enfranchisement movement in Europe, so that they may turn their attention to the problem whether the principle underlying it is capable of application to the social and political circumstances of India. One suggestion bearing on this point has been made to me by an English lady long resident in Bombay, Dr. Edith Pechey Phipson. She feels strongly that if the Government of India and the Secretary of State have it in contemplation, as they appear to have, to strengthen the representative element on the Viceroy's Council, some princesses as well as princes of India should be added to it. I shall be, of course, at once reminded of the absolute seclusion of Indian ladies of the highest rank. If, however, a sufficient cause for breaking through this seclusion is forthcoming, it has been found on previous occasions and will be found again, that there is a possibility of getting over this difficulty. The seclusion of women

in India did not prevent the Begum of Bhopal from offering in person her homage to her Sovereign on the occasion of the Coronation Durbar in 1903. The loyalty and public spirit of this lady were equal to overcoming the difficulties in her path. In Mr. Wheeler's History of the Delhi Durbar he points out that Bhopal is the principal Muhammadan State in Central India, and that it has been ruled and well ruled by three ladies in succession. The grandmother of the present Begum remained faithful to the British Raj during the Mutiny. When her grand-daughter attended the Durbar she occupied a great walled enclosure in the centre of her camp. She never appeared in public unveiled, and special arrangements had to be made to withdraw her from the public gaze when she attended at the railway station on the occasion of the arrival and departure of the Viceroy. "Nevertheless, it was in person that the Begum offered her congratulations at the Durbar, determined that no disability attaching to her sex should prevent her from testifying the well-proved loyalty of Bhopal in the same public manner as her brother chiefs."

This is an illustration that difficulties can be overcome if the will to overcome them is sufficiently strong, and it may be confidently hoped that in some form or another the masses of Indian women will be influenced, and influenced for good, by the same movement towards a larger sphere of activity and greater freedom which has already produced so great an effect upon the position of women in Europe, America, the British Colonies and Japan.

My object in writing the following pages is to place before Indian readers of *East & West* some account of the third meeting of the International Women's Suffrage Alliance which took place at Copenhagen in August, 1906. The International Alliance was started in 1902 at Washington, U. S. A. On this occasion the National Suffrage Associations of six countries were represented, and Australia, which then had no national association, sent a delegate. This meeting was only preliminary. Little more was done than to agree to form the Alliance and to issue a declaration of principles. The next meeting was held in Berlin in 1904, when seven National Women's Suffrage Associations were represented, and delegates also attended from four other countries. At this meeting officers were appointed and a constitution was drawn up. The third meeting

was held in Copenhagen in 1906, when twelve countries possessing national suffrage associations were fully represented, namely the United States, Great Britain, Canada, Australia, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, the Netherlands, Germany, Hungary, Italy and Russia; besides these there were "fraternal delegates" from New Zealand, Finland and Iceland, and from various societies in other countries in sympathy with women's suffrage, but not making it their sole object. In all seventeen countries were represented. The societies affiliated to the alliance must be national in character and have the extension of the parliamentary franchise to women as their sole object: these national societies are represented at the International Alliance by six delegates who have the right to speak and vote, and by six Alternates who may speak but not vote. Countries not yet having a suffrage organisation of a national character may send a "fraternal delegate" who may speak but not vote. Societies in sympathy with women's suffrage, but working for other objects besides, are in the same position. No country can be represented by more than one national association.

Among the seventeen countries represented at the meeting of the International Alliance last year, three occupied an exceptional position. Their representatives were the centres of the greatest interest and encouragement, for they had achieved the goal at which the others were only aiming, and had secured the parliamentary franchise for their women. New Zealand has had women's suffrage since 1893: the Commonwealth of Australia secured it in the coronation year, 1902; all the separate Australian colonies with the one exception of Victoria also have it, and Victoria has repeatedly passed it in its first chamber, the Legislative Assembly, elected by manhood suffrage, but it has as often been defeated in the Legislative Council, the members of which are subject to a fairly high property qualification and can only be voted for by those who also have a property qualification. The women of Finland were admitted to full political equality with men, by the Tsar's decree signed in July 1906 on the very same day on which he dissolved the Duma. The granting of women's suffrage in Finland less than a month before the meeting of the Alliance added greatly to the feeling of confidence and hope with which the representatives of the different countries greeted one another. By a stroke of the pen the Tsar,

seven years ago, had destroyed an ancient constitution of the Grand Duchy of Finland which he had sworn in his coronation oath to defend and preserve. The men and women of Finland had been ground under the heel of Russian despotism; all their rights and liberties had been taken away; their language, their religion, everything that was sacred to them was threatened. The women as well as the men had thrown themselves heart and soul into the national struggle to regain their rights; and when the moment of triumph came, the men did not forget the sacrifices of the women and urged that their wives and daughters equally with themselves had earned political enfranchisement. The paper read by Miss Annie Furah-jelm, giving the history of the national movement and its influence on the women's movement in Finland, is full of instruction; the two became identified with each other. In May 1906, the Diet of Finland voted without a single dissentient voice in favour of a really universal suffrage, giving the right to vote and to be voted for to every man and woman above the age of 24. The chief of the Government, Senator Mechelin, presented the draft constitution to the Tsar for his confirmation and warmly advocated the inclusion of women. The Tsar at first demurred and expressed doubts as to the advisability of so important a step, but Senator Mechelin replied, "The opinion of the nation demands it, and there is no reason to fear that women will not use their vote with the same feeling of responsibility as men."

It is particularly interesting and gratifying to those in England who have so long been working on the subject of women's suffrage that we have our part in the triumph of the movement in Finland. During the General Election in the United Kingdom in January 1906, the Finnish Diet sent over a gentleman to this country to observe and report upon the share taken by Englishwomen in electoral work and organisation. At present, as is well known here, Englishwomen undertake a very considerable and important share of the hard work which electoral contests involve. They may do any amount of work but they may not vote. The Finnish gentleman was very much impressed by the extent to which women were employed in electoral organisation, and with the thoroughness and sense of responsibility which they displayed: and his report doubtless contributed to that unanimous approval of real universal

suffrage which was afterwards expressed by the Diet. At one of the meetings of the International Women's Suffrage Alliance, Baroness Gripenburg very much surprised and gratified the English and American ladies present by attributing in part to their vigorous work, the success of women's suffrage in Finland. It was only in the autumn of 1904, a few months after the meeting of the Alliance in Berlin, that the first public meeting was ever held in Finland in support of women's suffrage. This meeting demanded full political franchise for women and the right also to be elected. Addresses of sympathy, forty-seven in number, poured in from all parts of Finland, and from that time the question of women's suffrage became "practical politics" and was carried forward by leaps and bounds until its final success.

It is obvious that in writing of a Congress which lasted five days and met three times daily, it is impossible to do more, within the limits of an article, than give an account of some of its most salient features; I feel I must strictly confine my description of the Congress within narrow limits. Finland and Australia, having recently won their women's suffrage victory, occupied an exceptional position. No argument is oftener repeated or more sincerely believed by the opponents of women's suffrage than the allegation that an interest in politics will detract from a woman's devotion to her home and children. It is true we have been able to point, as an example to the contrary, to Queen Victoria, who was equally distinguished for political sagacity and for her womanly devotion to her home and family. But the very same people who acknowledge the late Queen's eminence in both these respects, go on saying that if women care for politics they will not care for their homes. It is, therefore particularly useful to us to know that in Australia, where women, since their enfranchisement, have formed a National Women's Political Organisation on non-party lines, the measures, thirteen in number, which they have agreed to work for, all aim at the improvement and the uplifting of the home. They deal with education, with the care of neglected and orphan children, with the moral protection of the young of both sexes, with reform in the liquor traffic, with the industrial position of women and other cognate matters. The paper from Australia read before the Congress put first and foremost among the benefits resulting from women's suffrage the

EAST  
VOL. 6 1905

*INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE ALLIANCE 15*

large increase in the number of women taking an interest in politics. Women's Leagues are springing up all over the country, and women attend political meetings by thousands where they could formerly be counted by tens. As the great majority of women are occupied in their daily life with the home and the care of children, it seems self-evident that their enfranchisement must cause the legislature to give more attention to measures bearing on home life. If the wisdom of Parliament had decided that agriculture was such an important part of national life that all agriculturists, whether landlords or farmers, or tillers of the soil, must be entirely shut out from political representation for fear of diverting them from their interest in the land, it is natural to suppose that legislation dealing with agriculture would leave something to be desired; and that if this absurd restriction were removed and agriculturists of all classes were permitted to vote like other citizens, legislation on questions pertaining to the land would be more efficient and intelligent, because it would be influenced by citizens to whom agriculture was the main occupation of their lives. And so it is with regard to the home duties of women. We shall never have legislation what it ought to be with regard to children and the home until those whose first duty is their care, are entrusted with the right to vote. The eagerness with which the women of Australia are taking up legislation bearing on the home, is confirmation of all that has been urged in anticipation of the benefits accruing from women's suffrage.

Next after the countries which have actually secured women's suffrage, the Congress was most moved by the account given by a Russian lady of the Russian Society for the Defence of Women's Rights. "They have suffered most and deserve most," said the President, Mrs. Chapman Cult, U. S. A. "How long has your Society been in existence?" was her next remark. The reply was, "Seventeen months"; and then came the very womanly repartee: "Then it should be able to walk alone by this time." When unhappy Russia gains her freedom, it may be hoped she will follow the example of Finland and find room for women in the ark of constitutional Government. Another interesting piece of news came to hand from an unexpected quarter during the sitting of the Congress. Ten school-mistresses from Sinigaglia, near Ancona, in Italy, had claimed

under the existing law to have their names inscribed in the register of Parliamentary voters. The King's Procurator had disallowed their claim, and they had appealed. The Appeal Court of Ancona gave a decision in their favour, the news of which arrived while the Congress was sitting in Copenhagen. The Appeal Court held that unless women were expressly excluded, the words of the statute defining political rights should be held to apply to both sexes, and that any doubt as to the intention of the Legislature should be solved in a way most favourable to liberty. The judgment moreover affirms that the law should show itself adaptable to the changing needs of a changing society, and should in no case be petrified so as to be incapable of modification. This is true to the best traditions of jurisprudence. Women in England in their present unenfranchised position owe more to judge-made law than they owe to the laws passed by Parliament. When the social, industrial and educational condition of women has undergone great changes and modifications and the law relating to their political condition remains absolutely fixed and rigid, the result is likely to be of an explosive character. Those who hate and dread revolution should keep an eager watch and be prompt to modify the political status of women in accordance with social changes which have already taken place.

We were kept very hard at work during the Copenhagen Congress, but I must not let my readers suppose that we were subjected to the stupefying influence of "All work and no play." The hospitality of the Danes is proverbial and members of the Congress were welcomed with the greatest kindness at splendid entertainments both public and private. The corporation received us in their magnificent Town Hall, and we were welcomed at a splendid entertainment at Marienlyst, within a stone's throw of Elsinore with all its romantic associations with Hamlet and Shakspeare. At a farewell supper given to us at Skydebaum, an ancient shooting club of which the King of Denmark for the time being is always president, the national anthems of nearly all the countries represented were sung, and a poem was recited which had been composed by Bjorn Bjornsen, Norway's greatest living poet, expressly in honour of the meeting of the Alliance.

Thus amid the sounds of music and poetry the Congress broke up : but not before it had been resolved to meet again in Holland

in May 1908, when it is confidently hoped that there will be further progress of the women's suffrage movement to be reported and that an additional number of countries will have joined the International Alliance.

MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

*2, Gower Street,  
London, W. C.*

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ON A COMING OF AGE.

SONNET.

These are the heights of Time whose prospects breed

The sturdy hope, the thew of pioneers :

The distant peak of childhood disappears,

The hills of boyhood and of youth recede :

Behold, a tract of unenacted deed,

Untrodden paths, and undiscovered spheres !

We stand together on this ridge of years

To wish our well-loved traveller, God-speed.

We vision forth a shining way that goes

Between triumphal poles of beech and larch,

Festooned with Spring, and draped with Autumn's flags

We watch a fair futurity unclose

Her halls of Winter, arch on gleaming arch,

Her hives of Summer, sweet with honey-bags.

ETHEL ROLT WHEELER

*59, Stradella Road,  
Hercy Hill, London, S. E.*

## INDIA IN TRANSITION.

**M**R. T. P. O'CONNOR, in his well-known weekly, reviewing "A Vision of India" by Mr. Sidney Low, recently observed: "Glancing back mentally on the rush of impressions which I have received from this book, I should summarise them by saying that I have a strong and almost poignant sense of the amount of change and movement which is going on in our great dependency." I think it would be worth our while to discuss some aspects of this change and movement. Movement is the essence of life, and I do not see why it should cause surprise. India, in common with other Oriental countries, has had a reputation for being too rigidly devoted to her ancient civilisation to change. But as a matter of fact she has been always changing, though slowly and imperceptibly, and if the change is a little more rapid or more apparent now than it was before, under the Moghals for instance, it is because of the totally different conditions that now prevail in the country. The Moghals themselves boasted of an Asiatic civilisation and thus had more in common with the people than their successors in the Government of India. Moreover, they came and settled in the country and in so doing adopted many of the manners and customs of the people whom they found there. Englishmen, on the other hand, have brought their European manners and customs with them and firmly adhere to them. Their present-day life, away from the haunts of men, in detached houses surrounded by gardens and green fields, and their frequent visits to their old home, help them in being materially unaffected by the customs of India, while they continue from their position of vantage to influence the ways of the people and the institutions of the land. This contact with the Western world, combined with education on Western lines, is accelerating in India the change that is inevitable, and we are passing through

a period of transition, which is in one of its most interesting stages at present.

One great change that is coming about over the spirit of the people is that the average Indian is becoming a discontented man, instead of the contented, philosophic being that he used to be. When I say "discontented," I do not mean "politically," for that is only one form that discontent in India is taking, but in a general sense, discontent with the new conditions of life, with one's surroundings, with one's self—and this is perhaps a more dangerous form of discontent than political discontent alone. The Englishman is mainly responsible for this change, though he is unconscious of his instrumentality. He often speaks of things that India did not possess before and which he has introduced into the country. He proudly points at the splendid systems of railways, of telegraphs and of canals that are the result of his efforts and initiative. He quotes the rule of law and justice and the general peace which we enjoy as results of his work in India. He reminds us of the facilities provided for education, and for the spread of light and literature throughout the length and breadth of the land, which are far ahead of what any preceding Government of India had done or what any other Government in Asia, save Japan, does for her people. All this, no doubt, does credit to the Englishman and to his methods of Government, but he may be reminded that there is another side of the picture as well. By bringing in these factors of modern civilisation, without introducing other institutions of the West, under which these modern inventions were made possible and flourished, and which give free scope to the capacities of the people in guiding their own politics, in developing their own commerce, in fostering their own industries, in forming their national character and shaping their national destinies, Englishmen have produced a state of things in India, which is neither of the East nor of the West, and have thus disturbed the even tenor of the lives of the people.

The cost of living has risen in India and is rising steadily without a proportionate rise in the scale of wages or the wage-earning opportunities of the people, and the pinch of this rise is being felt acutely. The man who worked honestly at the plough or at his hand-loom in days gone by could be at least sure of plenty of food for himself and those depending on him in ordinary seasons when

there was no drought in his part of the country, for that was practically the only form of famine that touched him. Now, the railways prevent as well as spread famine. They prevent it by taking food to the absolutely starving population in a famine-stricken province, but they make the distress felt over a larger area in a less acute form. The result is that the produce of articles of food is constantly verging on what are famine prices for India, and thus the peasant, the labourer and the less skilled artisan can hardly make two ends meet. Again, look for a moment at the change that the modern spirit, fostered by the present conditions of society, has wrought in the internal fabric of the Indian household. The old Hindu family was a joint family, and the family of the Indian Muhammadan very often took its colour from that of his neighbour. But all that is now changed. Except remnants of the old system here and there, the progress of disintegration that set in with the advent of the English has done its work. The old system had its advantages as well as drawbacks. I need not discuss here its merits and demerits. All that concerns us is that it had flourished in the country for centuries, it seemed to be adapted to the soil, it formed compact and united groups of individuals bound together by ties of common interest and origin and responsible for helping one another. It has now given way to the influences of the present day, to the tendency towards individualism, to the desire of the young husbands and wives to shake themselves free from the somewhat irksome authority of mothers and fathers-in-law and the burden of supporting an army of nephews and nieces. This transition, however, from the old-world usage to the new, is a process that involves immense pain and suffering and is causing numerous heart-breaks and disappointments. I shall take only one more instance of the way in which new institutions have brought trouble. They introduced the competition of the machine-made goods of Western countries with the hand-made goods of the country, thus killing countless industries that supported hundreds of thousands of people and producing a taste for cheap finery, instead of ornaments and clothes of solid value, which formed the pride of a house in days of affluence and its last resource in times of misfortune.

The above are some of the economic changes. Turning to

social life we find the same process going on. Let us take dress, for instance. India has not had, so far, a uniform national dress, because it could not have had it. As a matter of fact, the whole of the territorial area that British India covers to-day was never before one kingdom or empire, and we must make some allowance for the different traditions which each part of the country has inherited and the various ethnological types it represents. There was another great reason, which is still operative, why the same dress would not suit all parts of the country, *i.e.*, the difference between the climate of one province and that of another. In some parts of India people have to be very lightly clothed because of the intense heat that makes heavier clothing impossible. In others they can very well wear whatever they like in summer, but in winter have to be as warmly clad as people in England. It is obvious, therefore, that under these circumstances there could be no uniform dress for the whole land, but still different parts of India had their characteristic dress. For example, the man on the N. W. Frontier had his loose trousers with numerous folds, his long-sleeved *chuga*, his heavy shoes, and his still heavier head-dress. The Punjabi had his *pagri* (or turban), his loose shirt and a long piece of cloth tied round his under waist, covering up to his ankles. The Hindustani, who is now under the Government of the United Provinces and Oudh, had his *angrakha*, his close-fitting white trousers and his light cap that had sometimes to be pinned to the hair to avoid being blown away by the slightest puff of wind. The Bengali had a coat similar to that of his Hindustani neighbour, but instead of trousers he wore a *dhoti* of fine muslin and dispensed with the cap or the turban, owing to the hot and humid atmosphere in which he lived. I need not exhaust the list of typical Indian dresses but must point out that now it is impossible to find uniformity even within a limited area. In every Indian town and even in many of the villages, you will see any number of Indians dressed like Europeans, in every respect except the hat, as the head-dress gives scope for an endless variety. Some go in for the European hat and seem quite out of keeping with their surroundings. Others wear caps of various sizes, shapes and colours. Others have fez caps that are in vogue in Turkey and Egypt. Some stick to their turbans, of which again there is a great variety. The result is that when in railway carriages, in public gatherings or in great

festivals these newer types are brought face to face with representatives of the old school of dress, they look at each other in wonder and both piously conclude that in the machinery of society there is a screw loose somewhere. The new generation is angry that the older men do not follow their progressive spirit, while the old are offended to notice that the younger generation is not true to the traditions of their forefathers. But differences in the outward appearance of these different classes of men express but inadequately the struggle within, the struggle of beliefs, of opinions and ideals.

Religion naturally is most vitally affected by this process of transition. When education in English first began in India, it had a distinct tendency to turn the thoughts of students in favour of Christianity, the religion of their teachers. This excited the opposition of the orthodox Hindus and the orthodox Musulmans, who would not purchase any earthly blessing at the expense of their faith and began to refuse sending their children to school. This conflict brought on the scene men who tried to effect a compromise by devising means of keeping the young students within the folds of their respective religions while benefiting by modern secular education. A period of indifference to religion and inclination towards materialism succeeded the tendency in favour of Christianity and was followed in its turn by a reaction in favour of the great religions of the country, Islam and Hinduism, and this reaction seems to be stronger to-day than it has been for years past. But the reaction in favour of religion, strong as it is, generally tries to make certain radical reforms in the articles of faith, which shock the older people and create many serious conflicts.

Education, while one of the chief causes of this social, political and religious unrest that is to be found in India, has not itself escaped the effects of transition. At first people did not want any modern education. Later on they took to it under the persuasive influence of some of their greatest men and the encouragement given by Government to the first products of such education. This passive willingness to receive gave place to a keen desire to obtain it, followed by active efforts to get it, at any risk and at any cost. They are clamouring for a larger contribution to the expenses of public instruction by the State, they are liberally spending money on it themselves, and they are recognising that it is the birthright of every man

and woman. What is of greater importance still, they are realising that education in arts is not the only education they want, nor blind imitation of the methods of English public schools and universities quite suited to their needs. A great mistake we have been making in India is that we have been wearing the cast-off clothes of England, as it were, by taking whatever was in vogue in England, without keeping pace with the progress of education in the West or without thinking how much of the English system we really needed and how much of it would be a luxury in which a poor people like ourselves should not indulge. The opening of eyes in this respect, I regard, as a great moral gain, and if it results in giving India, at least in the many indigenous institutions that are fast springing up in the country, an education that would combine the practical side of instruction with the ideal, and would supply the needs of the agricultural and industrial population as much as those of the literary and the clerical, it would mean a great step in the direction of material progress.

The change that has come over the commerce of India is not the least important. Her commerce with distant parts of the world has increased and shows signs of increasing still further. Its potentialities are vast. This offers a great contrast to the comparatively limited intercourse she enjoyed with the outside world before, though her manufactures, now neglected, found their way to the markets of Europe even in very early times. But for the full development of possibilities of this commerce the tradesman and the shop-keeper require a regular commercial education and training, tending to widen their outlook and to enable them to take advantage of their opportunities. The Bombay merchant, from the advantages of his position, has developed this spirit to some extent, though his prosperity is causing serious anxiety to many narrow-minded Englishmen in India who regard it as a menace to their interests, and whose sentiments Mr. Sidney Low, ill-advisedly, I think, voices in his book. But the success of the merchant at Bombay does not mean the success of the merchants all over the country, and what is needed is the adoption of a wiser policy by the Government that would jealously guard the commercial interests of India against the rest of the world and afford the Indian merchant all the opportunities he would have, if India were a self-governing

colony of Great Britain and the people had an adequate representation in the councils of State. The political situation is perhaps more delicate than any of the problems to which allusion has been made, because they constitute a struggle between different classes of the people, while political unrest means a struggle between the people and Government. I find that the Government sometimes feel vexed at the modern aspirations of larger political rights and privileges that prevail among educated Indians, in the same spirit as the grandmother of the joint family frets at the desire for independence among the younger members of the family, and looks back with regret to earlier days when Indians were full of graceful Oriental courtesy, contented with what was granted to them by a paternal *Sarkar* and did not dream of agitating for more concessions. But they forget that the spirit was the necessary accompaniment of the habit of bowing to a despotic sway of the *paterfamilias* at home, and of submitting with dutiful resignation to the will of the *guru* or *murshid*, as the religious teacher is known among the Hindus and the Musulmans respectively. But that has undergone a change and the present *Sarkar* has been the unconscious instrument of that change. How can this new spirit, once started, rest without extending its influence impartially to all institutions, sacred or profane, social or political. I believe, therefore, that the paternal Government as well as the *paterfamilias*, the secular teacher as well as the religious *guru*, in short, every form of authority in the land, should look facts fairly in the face and modify the authority and wield it so as to control the child, without *breaking* the rod that holds him in check.

ABDUL QADIR.

*London.*

## BUDDHA AND SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

**T**HERE are certain historic figures which, apart from all question of religion, take man's imagination captive by their super-human beauty. They sum up in their persons all the higher mental and moral qualities to which the ordinary man, conscious of his defects, vainly aspires ; their names are household words conjuring up a personality as definite and well-known as that of an intimate friend ; they inspire affection even amongst those who are not their followers, enrich the art and literature of the world, and as national or race-ideals, mould the generations that succeed them.

In Buddha, Jesus and Saint Francis of Assisi we have a triad of these Shining Ones, presenting, in spite of differences and discrepancies, so many characteristics in common that all humanity, of whatever creed, may claim them as Elder Brothers. The parallel between Buddha and Jesus has been drawn often enough. St. Francis is, it is true, of less universally wide reputation than they, and is usually accounted more of a disciple than a leader. But in some respects the parallel between him and Buddha offers stronger points of resemblance and contrast than between Buddha and the Founder of Christianity. It may be interesting to trace out the likeness and unlikeness between the Eastern and Western Teacher.

The lives of both are too well known to need much dwelling on, but perhaps it may be well to give in a few words some features of the career of Saint Francis.

Born in Italy about 1182, the son of a wealthy merchant, able to gratify his love of all that was bright and beautiful in human existence, St. Francis, after a brief period of dissipation, found the taste of pleasure grow insipid and unsatisfying. Illness put an end to his own ambitions, the sight of the sufferings of others filled him with profound compassion, a melancholy, quite foreign to his naturally

## *EAST & WEST*

joyous temperament, took possession of him, and he sought peace in religion. Christianity as represented by its professed ministers, had at this time fallen to the lowest ebb of spiritual inanition; the corruption of the clergy was an open scandal. To Francis the image of the Lord Jesus Christ as the saviour of mankind presented itself with an irresistible appeal to which he responded passionately, and taking upon himself a vow of poverty and humility, his life, modelled upon that of Jesus, was spent in endeavouring to restore Christianity to its primitive simplicity and purity. Before the tribunal to which his enraged father had appealed, he renounced the world and proclaimed his intention of following Christ. He never entered the Church in spite of the pressure put on him to do so, and it is well to remember that Franciscanism was originally a strictly *lay* movement. His life and teaching attracted crowds of followers, called the Friars Minor (or Little Brothers) of the First Order, who were bound by a threefold vow of poverty, chastity and obedience. They were enjoined to observe the strictest poverty and to subsist by alms, which, however, they were to earn either by manual labour or spiritual ministrations. To these were subsequently added the Second Order which included women, and the Third Order consisting of such of his followers as continued to live the secular life.

He gained from the Pope a grudging tolerance of his Rule or Order, but his desperate struggle against ecclesiastical interference was in the end defeated and he had hardly breathed his last when the Order of the Friars Minor became an instrument of the Church. But the spirit of St. Francis lived on. Some idea of the enormous change in the intellectual horizon brought about by its influence may be gathered by a mere glance at the extensive bibliography connected with the subject. He has been called by a German historian "*the bearer of a world-moving idea, the author of the freedom of the individual*"; his mysticism, in contradistinction to that of other saints of the period, has been termed "*an act of deliverance*." In studying the "*Fioretti*" and other contemporary legends and the numerous biographies of Saint Francis, more especially that of M. Paul Sabatier, one catches something of his wonderful charm. In Assisi, a little hill town of the Apennines, still almost unspoiled by the modern world, one feels in an extraordinary degree that his personality is still a living influence. The radiant yet pensive beauty

of the mountain-encircled plain below, the touching simplicity of the tiny city itself, the memories of the saint who espoused the Lady Poverty as his bride, make up a harmonious whole which conjures up a vivid picture and seems to bring his life and times nearer. The humble, brown-froked monk kindled a light which still shines on in spite of existing institutions that darken his name and memory. Buddha, Christ and Francis—what perversions of the truths which they taught, what denials of their spirit are uttered in their names!

To come, however, to our parallel. The points of *resemblance* are sufficiently obvious and need little pointing out.

Both Buddha and Francis sought to restore an ancient religion to its original purity and to reform the existing ecclesiastical order; above all they declared against the wealth and power of the priesthood. Each aimed at the awakening of the individual, both were enormously successful in gaining crowds of followers who, as usual, misunderstood their leader. The Buddhist movement of revolt against the corruptions of Brahmanism finds a close historical parallel in the Franciscan protest against the degradation of Christianity into dry-as-dust theological doctrine and an ecclesiastical hierarchy aiming principally at being an engine of political power. The Friars Minor of St. Francis and Buddha's Mob of Beggars were alike constrained to live on alms in poverty and humility; both were forbidden to erect buildings that were other than shelters; the Buddhist priest had his home beneath his tree, the Franciscan his rock-caves and huts. Like Buddha, St. Francis too hesitated between the life spent in contemplation and the active propaganda of spiritual truths, and eventually decided on the missionary career, preaching by word and deed the saving knowledge gained in his solitary struggles. Both reject wealth in favour of a poverty that is for them synonymous with Spiritual Freedom. The fundamental characteristic of both Francis and Buddha is boundless compassion for the woes of others, the power of realising in their own persons the sufferings they witnessed with the burning desire to relieve them. Pity and Charity, indeed, dominated every thought and action of their lives. The keystone of their teaching is *union*, the union of man with the divine; of the soul with Christ, says St. Francis, of the Illusive Self with the Infinite, says Buddha. So far there seems nothing but a perfect accord between them. There is, notwithstanding, an underlying radical

difference significant of the gap between East and West which is so difficult to bridge. The whole fabric of Buddha's teaching rests on *Thought* and appeals to the intellect ; the teaching of Saint Francis is a cry of *Feeling* directed to the heart. There is a difference even in their mode of conceiving their relations to their fellows. Buddha pities them as fellow-sufferers and apprehends their needs and woes intellectually : St. Francis loves them personally and passionately.

Still more striking is the difference in their attitude towards this life and the world in which we live. To Buddha life was synonymous with *Sorrow*, the world a Dead Sea fruit. St. Francis overflowed with the *Joy* of life, a joy which found its food in conquest of self and even in pain, which triumphed over hardships, mental sufferings and disappointments. He sang aloud for joy and his Canticle of the Sun or hymn of the creatures, is radiant with gratitude for the joy of living.

It is not a question of right or wrong, of truth or falsehood, this difference of outlook which exists between the followers of each to this day. Some will say that it is an affair of temperament, of an inexplicable difference of constitution between Eastern and Western, lying partly perhaps in the difference between an older and a younger race, irrespective of environment or climate. Life is evil, life is good. It is more likely that each is half the truth. But when East and West are turning their faces to each other for mutual help and enlightenment, any comparison that may have a bearing on practical conduct cannot be wholly irrelevant, and this matter of the acceptance of life, whether as an unmixed evil from which one only seeks relief, or as a good, glad gift to be received with gratitude, is of primary ethical importance. With it, too, is intimately connected the question of whether Thought or Feeling be the safer guide, and also the consideration of how the Union of man and That Which makes him, the fundamental truth of all highly evolved religions, may be translated into modern phraseology acceptable both to science and religion.

Is Life evil ? To this we may assuredly make answer that life limited by self *is* evil, since it perverts a means into an end. All religions, all civilisations, all progress, the process of evolution itself, are an incessant seeking to provide escape from the limits of this Self which is but an organ with which we take hold of the Whole, a

little opening through which we glimpse the All—an organ to be perfected, an opening to be enlarged. We, the finite, climb towards the Infinite ; shall we abuse our ladder and refuse to mount its rungs, inveighing against its narrowness and steepness and the painful exertion it entails? We may not know where it ends, we may have to cling blindly in the dark and risk a present foothold to reach a higher ; to glance back may make us shrink, to look forward may be impossible, yet since we are on the ladder by no choice of our own, Feeling and Reason alike counsel the going forward in hope and faith.

We may not listen to Feeling, says the wise old East, all is illusion, and Western science echoes the warning. Thought alone must lead us ; Reason, both say, must be our guide. But is Thought the whole of Reason ? Is the brain the only organ of mind ? The Higher Reason should include both thought and feeling, accepting all that is stored in the depths of our subconsciousness, and when they differ radically, when the thought is not strong to determine the feeling, we should do well to look for some defect in the logical processes. For man thinks with his whole body, not with his brain alone, with that body in which is stored such treasures of racial and personal experience. His instinct is often in advance of his reasoning powers, and his subtler senses are dimly aware of that which escapes his actual consciousness. By natural instinct he turns towards his fellows as animals of his kind, long before he can reason about the advantages or disadvantages which may accrue from social union, and learns to love them before he knows that all humanity is but one, and they but a part of himself. Love and the Higher Reason are one, we feel, and even the lower Reason begins to see the Oneness of All.

It is that Oneness, that *Union*, the dream of which has haunted humanity ever since it emerged from mere savagery. Union with God, Union with Christ, the identification of the Self with the Universe ; religion, Christian or Pagan, and philosophy, ancient and modern, have always sought it under many names and by varied methods. We now speak of it as the *Cosmic or Universal Consciousness*, and modern science is at last beginning to recognise the existence of other modes of awareness than the normal, to classify the phenomena of such modes, and is seriously seeking to penetrate the dark and secret depths of the subconscious being that links all life together. The unfolding and deepening and widening-out of man's conscious-

ness till it embraces the life of the universe, would seem, indeed, to be the end and object of his existence.

The figures of those who taught this, Buddha, Jesus and St. Francis, shine down through the past, shedding rays of light and beautifying the dark path of the world's upward progress. To how many hearts it affords unspeakable comfort to turn to the vision of the ineffably peaceful Buddha, rocking in inscrutable calm on the floating lotus-leaf of existence, to picture the Christ suffering on his cross, praying under the olives of Gethsemane or blessing little children, or to call to mind the humble figure of the Saint who in his fellowship with all life, conversed so gaily with his sisters, the birds, and sang the praises of brother Fire even when applied as a drastic remedy to his darkening eyes. Saint Francis is nearer to us than the majestic Buddha or the sublime Christ, whom the ages have clothed in such dazzling aureoles that we are blinded when we would approach them. We feel his humanity, and his struggles to enter in close union with God and oneness with men move us the more sympathetically as we realise his weakness and temptations and understand better the world and times in which he lived. Through him, indeed, we learn more of those others whom he so closely resembled in thought and word and deed. "Religion is nothing but the faculty of love." The saying is Buddha's, but it might have been uttered by Jesus or Saint Francis.

New teachers will probably arise with phraseology and personalities more appropriate to the times, whose message will be clothed in terms of modern thought. There can, however, scarcely be figures of greater beauty than these three, and we have assuredly not yet outgrown their teaching. For never more than now, perhaps, did the world in its mad race for wealth stand in need of the reminder that the less we need, the greater our freedom. The Hindoo, the Jew, and the mediæval Italian, with whose thought the whole civilised world is saturated, chose Poverty as the better lot, and though Spiritual Freedom is not confined to any condition whether of poverty or riches, the struggle for mere superfluities is such a handicap, that he who greatly desires entrance into the Fuller Comprehension will pause before deliberately overweighting himself with the things that are of minor importance.

East and West alike sorely need both more Thought and more

Feeling in the conduct of social and national life. The ever-growing recognition of the *Oneness of All* must spread still wider, and increase in acuteness before humanity comes to anything like full manhood ; but there is great hope for the world when the East learns to accept life as a good, and the West to regard the self-bounded life as an evil, and both in their separate ways make for that widening and deepening of all consciousness, individual, social and national, which would seem to be the aim of this mundane existence, since it was given in fuller measure to all who have been the Lights of the World.

KATHERINE COLLINS.

*Warborough,  
Wallingford-on-Thames,  
Oxon.*

## GOVARDHANRAM M. TRIPATHI.

## AN APPRECIATION.

GOVARDHANRAM M. TRIPATHI—no stranger to readers of *East & West*—is dead. On the evening of the fourth of January, all that was mortal of him was consigned to the elements, in a place and amidst surroundings which he, in life, would have loved, and his rich imagination delighted in. During his last illness, he was pining for the sea, and we cremated his body by the sea. He loved Nature and Nature's silence, and his remains were disposed of where both Nature and silence predominated. The burning-ground at Land's End, on Malabar Hill, had scarcely ever before witnessed a funeral in complete keeping with the ideal which its *locale* suggests. Sitting there, one hardly thinks one is in Bombay, so far removed is it from the hum of busy life. It looks as if it were a piece of some far-off river shore, like the Narbada or the Ganges, annexed to Bombay. The temples round about, the lonely shore, the small *Samadhis*, the little strip of a garden, and the calmness of the place, carry one away with the thought that one is detached from all that makes modern Bombay. There was no fuss and no procession, as a small knot of about fifteen mourners helped to take him to his last resting-place, although a couple of hours later, intellectual Bombay was stirred to its depths, when the news was given out in the evening papers, and would have flocked to do homage to one whose name had become a household word with the Gujaratis. But he loved no pomp or circumstance, and the last rites were performed in befitting silence. The blue wavelets of the Indian Ocean were lapping the rocky shore, a couple of fishing boats were riding at anchor at a little distance, the glow of the setting sun lighted up the horizon with an ochre-coloured hue, and its proverbial calmness reigned on the sea, which was only once disturbed, as about the *Sandhya Arti* hour, the worshippers in the temples round about broke out into chanting of prayer songs, blowing of conches and striking of gongs, while the lighted pyre was giving up

element after element into space. The departed soul revelled in all these, and it was but meet that his remains should have been burnt amidst such congenial surroundings.

The wound is too fresh and deep to allow one to realise the full significance of the loss sustained by Gujarat through the void left by Tripathi's death. The full effects of a life, wholly consecrated to literature and sanctified by a sincere desire to serve and uplift Hindu Society by appealing to all that was noble in it, cannot be gauged yet ; but still even a bare outline of the life and life-work of the man who has gone before us should help us to appreciate them.

He was barely fifty-two when he died. Though a student of his books, so full of the descriptions of picturesque nature, would hardly realise the fact, a very large portion of his life was passed in Bombay, amidst surroundings, prosaic, and the reverse of an incentive to a poetic nature. He came of a community—the Nagar Brahmins—which, from time immemorial, has supplied the ranks of Hindu thinkers, philosophers, poets and politicians. His father, a man in fairly affluent circumstances before, had lost his all, during the share mania of 1865, and young Govardhanram's heritage was only a good school and college education. He had to make his own fortune, and right valiantly he made it, though his whole life was a series of struggles against ill-health and initial indigence.

As a writer, thinker, lawyer, and exponent of the ancient philosophy of the Hindus, and their social and religious customs, he stood unrivalled in our part of the country. The four volumes of his *magnum opus*, his novel of *Saraswatichandra*, produced at intervals between 1887 and 1901, are an epitome of all that was best in him, and summarise the result of his preaching and philosophy. The many-sided aspect of this remarkable work—which has been translated into Hindi and Marathi and is awaiting a translation into Bengali—it is impossible to even distantly allude to here. Suffice it to say, that it has made his name a household word with the Gujaratis, who know him now as they know their classical authors Parmanand, Samal or Dayaram. The political philosophy of the *Mahabharat*, the religious truths contained in the *Puranas* and *Shastras*, the effects of modern education on Hindu Society, the problem of the efficient administration of Native States through native agencies, and their relation to the Paramount Power, their weak points and their redeeming features, are all there, delineated by a master hand, dictated by an observant and critical eye, and above all, touched by a sincerity which none can doubt, and an originality that none can gainsay.

His other works, several essays and written speeches, and magazine articles, are all overshadowed by this one great book. Even as a poet, he had more of the philosopher in him than a light-handed, pleasure-exciting genius. His *Sneha Mudra* is heavy reading, and reminds one of Wordsworth's *Prelude* and *Excursion*, or some of Shelley's highly philosophical poems.

As a lawyer, by his *bona fide* work, his painstaking nature, deep erudition and fearless advocacy, he was, in a very short time, able to gather together a large *clientèle* about him. His work lies scattered in the numerous cases reported in the Law Reports, in which he appeared, all distinguished by his research and industry. His style of address was rugged, and at times uncouth, but always fearless, and whenever one of their hardships was sought to be set right in any judicial or administrative order which trespassed upon the prerogatives of the Bar, Govardhanram's services were always in demand. His coolness was exemplary. A respected Judge was known as rather short-tempered, and when the fit was on him, his tongue was beyond control, and many a new man, under such circumstances, lost his balance or thread of argument, and collapsed. Tripathi was once arguing an appeal for admission before him, and this learned Judge happened to lose his temper, and began to treat him rather snappishly. It was a good case, and Tripathi was not prepared to acquiesce in the dismissal of the appeal, so he coolly asked him, "Is your Lordship unwell to-day?" The Judge took the hint, put on a judicial aspect and ultimately admitted the appeal. The one outstanding feature, however, of his professional career, was the boldness which our friend displayed in the very height of roaring practice, to abandon it, and devote himself in retirement to literary pursuits. Very few could have withstood the temptation of going on earning when the money came to him in piles, but he said that he had always looked upon his career as a lawyer as an investment, that it had given him money enough to live decently and simply outside Bombay, and in deference to his original resolution, made years ago, he bade good-bye to a lucrative practice and lived in retirement for the last eight years at Nadiad, not yielding to such tempting offers as the Dewanship of States like Cutch and Junagadh, which were pressed upon him often, and which always met with the reply that he could allow nothing to interfere with his literary pursuits during his retirement.

But alas! before the fruits of his retired life could be reaped, he has passed away. He was engaged on a study of the Upanishads besides the Mahabharat and Ramayana. The latter he studied with a view to create

therefrom a picture of Hindu Society in those far-off ages, and from the former he was extracting the knowledge possessed by the Rishis of physiology and physics in ancient India. The present writer remembers the occasion when on a visit with him to the present genial Chief Justice, Sir Lawrence Jenkins, how eloquently he was comparing the structure of the two sciences, in modern Europe and ancient India, and with what deep attentiveness his learned listener was taking in the details, as one by one, points were made by Tripathi in favour of his own forebears.

In matters social and religious, he was more syncretic than progressive. Every one of us said, "Commend us to Tripathi to find out anything good in an evil custom or construe charitably the origin of any social canker." He was neither an iconoclast nor an enthusiast, but with the shrewd eye of a cold and calculating practical man, he tried to lay the axe at the root of a custom which he considered evil. His own daughters are well educated, and the eldest of them, Lilavati, whose biography he has written with his own hand—and whose untimely death expedited his own end—furnishes an example of the methods he followed and wished to have followed in educating women.

The above outline is fragmentary and imperfect. It is an insufficient homage paid to a soul, high and noble. It does not take count of how latterly he had been studying the Vedant and practising *Yoga*, how in his early days, Telang recognised his abilities and brought him forward, how Ranade knew his worth and admired him, how by his public speeches and private advice, he enriched Gujarati literature, and how some of his very idiosyncracies and hobbies stamped him with an individuality all his own. His geniality and affability in private life, combined with sincerity and simplicity, made him an ideal friend, and the number of those who deplore his loss can be counted by hundreds. May his soul rest in peace! His last vision had told him that there was no rebirth for him. May we become richer by his memory and example, is our fervent prayer!

KRISHNALAL M. JHAVERI,

*Bombay, 6th Jan. 1907.*

## GOLAM KADIR AND ISMAIL BEG.

(A PALACE TRAGEDY.)

**A**MONG the men who made havoc in Hindostan during the latter half of the 18th century should be noticed the two whose names stand at the head of this paper. Of these the one was of Persian extraction, whose uncle, Mohammed Beg, had been a leader of mercenaries, killed at the battle of Lalsaut at the end of May, 1787; the other being the son of a restless and unscrupulous Pathan, or Rohilla, named Zalita Khan, whom he had lately succeeded in a small chieftainship in the Upper Duab. It will be convenient in future to know the latter as the Rohilla Nawab, and to bear in mind that he was a young man of strong passions, if not disordered intellect; the Beg, on the other hand, being little more than an intrepid soldier, famous in his time as a leader of heavy cavalry.

Towards the end of the rainy season of 1787, the two leaders having for the time dispersed the Marathas, advanced upon Delhi. Sindhia being for the moment powerless to oppose them, retired to his own country to await such reinforcements as the Poona government might send him; and the confederate leaders had a clear field for their operations. Their object appears to have been to drive back the Marathas and restore the power of Islam in the administration of such Provinces as still acknowledged the Imperial sway. The Beg covering Agra and Muttra with a containing force, his associate advanced on Delhi whence he expelled the small Maratha garrison. By the agency of the Comptroller of the Household, the Rohilla chief was introduced into the Emperor's Durbar, where he applied for the office of Amir-ul-Umra, or Premier, taking up his quarters in the apartments of the Palace reserved for the holder of that office. But Begam Samru presently arriving with

her Brigade under European officers, he retired across the river, and remained for some time quiet in his camp at Shádara.

It will be well at this point to take a hasty glance at the scene of the events which followed. The foyal residence has suffered since then both from war and from the requirements of British occupations, but enough remains to enable us to trace the main features. The immediate frontage consisted of a large courtyard, at one end of which the Monarch sat for the transaction of business. In the rear is a smaller enclosure leading to the Diwani Khas, or Privy Council Chamber, which is walled with beautifully painted stucco, surmounted with a cornice on which is still to be seen, in golden letters, the famous inscription familiar to readers of *Lalla Rookh*

“ If there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this, it is this.”

But the Elysium had already been desecrated; the gorgeous Peacock Throne with its priceless jewellery had been carried away by the Persians, and the Monarch of the dwindled Mogul Empire was reduced to such a substitute as could be provided by a shattered and tattered bedstead on which he received his privileged visitors.

Into this scene of splendid ruin the Rohilla Nawab forced his way; but his further intrusion was arrested by the return of the Begam Samru accompanied by a Maratha officer named Ambaji. As these were supported by a respectable force, the Rohilla consented to a compromise, by which he obtained the coveted post; and all the troops on both sides were withdrawn, the Shah being left to the protection of a body of horsemen whom he raised for the purpose by the help of funds, obtained by the melting of his plate. The Rohilla then departed to join the Beg, who was besieging the Fort at Agra which was held by a strong Maratha garrison. At the end of the cold weather, about March 1788, Sindhia woke from his apparent apathy, having received reinforcements from the Deccan, and came across the Chambal at Dholpur. The Muslim confederates broke up from before Agra, and gave him battle at Chaksana, eleven miles from Bhurtpur, on the 24th of April. General de Boigne was present, but the Army was not commanded by him but by the promoted water-carrier, Rána Khán, who had saved the Chief's life in the retreat from Panipat in 1761. The Muslim Cavalry were handled with spirit; three of the regular battalions deserted

the Marathas in the midst of the action ; the Ját horse proved worthless.

The day being lost, Rána Khán retired towards Gwalior, and the Rohilla Nawab returned to his own country, which was threatened on the northward side by an incursion of the Sikhs. In repelling this he was successful, the incursion having been driven back, though it took more than two generations for the district of Sharanpur to recover in some measure from the effect of this devastation. The Rohilla and the Beg once more joined their forces, and, leaving a containing force before Agra, marched with the remainder of their troops to the capital, which they reached at the beginning of the hot season ; the Shah having at the same time returned from a somewhat futile expedition in which he had endeavoured to procure the adhesion of the Rajput Princes.

Sindhia having received fresh reinforcements from the Deccan, was enabled to raise the siege of Agra ; Ismail Beg was driven off, after an encounter near the old Palace of Fatehpur Sikri. He crossed the Jumna and, being joined by Ghulám Kádír, went off in his company to Delhi. Leaving Lakwa Dáda, one of his best Maratha officers, in charge of Agra, Sindhia fell back upon his favourite cantonment of Muttra, sending a small contingent to protect the Emperor at Delhi. The Muslim leaders encamped at Shahdara. Scarcity prevailed in the camp. At the same time they intrigued with the Sháh's officers with such effect that the Mogul portion of the garrison came over to them ; and Himmat, the leader of the Gosains, withdrew his force. Seeing the Emperor thus deserted, the confederates crossed the river, entered Delhi, and took possession of the citadel and the Palace. At the beginning of the monsoon in 1788, they separated, the Beg encamping in the old city to the south of the capital, while the Rohilla placed his men in the suburb of Dariaoganj, he himself returning to his old quarters in the Palace. Their plan appears to have been to obtain possession of the administration, while their troops protected them from molestation from the Marathas, and to this must be added the peculiar design of the Rohilla, who was bent on discovering some hidden treasure which he imagined to have been concealed in the royal precincts.

From the 29th of July to the 10th of August he occupied

himself in digging up the floors, but failed to find the desired booty. He then turned to personal ill-usage of the Shah and his family; the ladies being turned out of the seclusion in which their lives had been spent and driven forth with violence into the unfamiliar dangers of the streets. On the last-mentioned day he caused the fallen Emperor to be brought before him as he sat on the dismantled throne, and when the old man once more asseverated—what was no matter of doubt—that there was no such treasure in existence, he leapt from the throne, threw his Sovereign on the ground and blinded him with his own dagger, assisted by his Rohilla followers.

The unfortunate Shah was then removed to a part of the Palace reserved for political prisoners, and a helpless Prince was raised to the titular sovereignty, while the intruding Rohilla made himself master of the whole place, even sitting on the throne and puffing tobacco smoke into the face of his puppet. But his punishment was approaching. The honest *sabreur* who had hitherto guarded the left rear of the position now abandoned his caitiff comrade; and with the Beg's departure the Marathas from Agra and Muttra began to close in. At length on the 7th September, after weeks of unlicensed revel, only interrupted by cruelty and by the deaths of many members of the family from starvation, the Rohilla moved his men across the Jumna as an escort for his approaching departure. Abandoned by his associate, the Rohilla was no longer in a frame of mind to confront Rána Khán and de Boigne's trained battalions, and on the 11th of October he set fire to the palace and retired to his camp, fording the river on an elephant. The attempted arson failed; Rána Khán and his advanced guard arrived in time to extinguish the conflagration, and deliver the Shah and the remnant of his unfortunate family. Having imprisoned the puppet King and the treacherous Chamberlain, to whom so much of the Rohilla's evil conduct was attributable, Rána Khán marched in pursuit of the Rohilla who had already decamped and taken refuge in the fort of Meerut which lay directly on the road to his own country. Here he maintained a spirited defence for some nine weeks; courage of the soldier sort was not wanting in his otherwise worthless character. But he must now have perceived that the game was lost and that his only hope lay in immediate flight to the Sikh country, where his brother had already found refuge. Accordingly,

on the shortest night of the year, he secretly departed by one of those postern doors which are usually found in Indian fortresses, mounted on a horse in whose saddle-bags were stuffed the crown jewels which he had carried away from Delhi. Falling into a pit in the darkness he was captured by some villagers and handed over to Rána Khán. By Sindhia's orders he was slain by tortures that lasted several days, and his mangled body was sent to Delhi and laid before his sightless victim. The jewels were found by one of de Boigne's officers, who at once left the service and probably took them back to France.

The crimes of the Rohilla Nawab were a combination of treason, greed and cruelty, but their peculiar atrocity shocked the conscience of an age that was not squeamish. When he brutally asked the Shah whom he had blinded, what he was looking at, this sufferer replied, "Nothing but the Word of God between me and thee," for the miscreant had sworn on the Koran to protect and serve his helpless sovereign. In addition to this black treason, the Nawab had also caused the death of many innocent victims, and had finally left the survivors to perish in the flames that he had kindled before his flight. Various reasons were suggested for these atrocities. It was said that when the restless Zalita went into rebellion eleven years earlier, he left his family in one of its strongholds from which he himself had fled, and that his son, whose fate we have been describing, had been taken into the royal household when the Fort was captured. And the tale went on to say that the boy had suffered mutilation to fit him for the office of a Zenana page. For such an injury it was supposed he had ever sought the opportunity of a cruel revenge. Another suggestion was that his understanding was permanently deranged: and in support of this some singular incidents have been recorded. One day in the later stage of the royal family he caused them to dance before him: then, reclining on the throne, he pretended to go to sleep, rising presently to rebuke them for their cowardice in not attempting his life when he appeared to lie at their mercy. At another time he sought to palliate his offences by attributing them to supernatural inspiration. As he was advancing from Agra that summer, he went to rest during the heat of the day in a garden by the wayside, and had a vision, he said, of an angel who smote him on the breast, saying: "Arise! go to Delhi and

possess thyself of the palace." The Shah, however, looked upon the conduct of the Rohilla as a mere outbreak of cruel treachery, and in the poetical lament with which he relieved the darkness of his captivity, compared the young Rohilla to "a serpent who had stung the bosom where he had been fostered."\*

The fate of Ismail Beg was more tardy and less terrible than that of his infamous associate. When he returned from Delhi he did so under a temporary truce with Sindhia's General, Rána Khán ; but he had not the spirit of a subordinate and never re-entered the Maratha's service, in which he had been engaged up to the time of his uncle's death. For some twenty months more he continued his adventurous career after the fashion of a mediæval condottiere, rallying to his standard such Moghul Cavaliers as might be wandering about the country in search of employment : and with these he passed into the service of any malcontent prince who might be disposed to refuse payment of tribute to the now dominant Marathas. Without country, cause or conviction, his standard of duty consisted in fighting bravely for any chief by whom he might be for the moment engaged ; and he represented the last successful attempt of the antiquated system of warfare : with flare of trumpet and roll of kettle-drum the Beg and his men charged in full armour upon the trained battalions with which it was the policy of Sindhia to fill his army : but the fiery cavaliers had to reel back unsuccessful, while many an empty saddle told of the cool and precise musketry of their opponents. Before long the inevitable end came ; foiled in all his attempts, the Beg took refuge in the Fort of Kanaund, just then held by the widowed sister of his late associate Golam Kadir. The Rohilla lady had been holding out against the Marathas until Perron was sent against her Fort with a siege train. Aided by the Beg she conducted the defence with spirit, till she was killed in an assault. Finding the garrison indisposed to hold out any longer, and trusting to the word of a European, the Beg surrendered on the promise of his life and was conveyed as a prisoner to Agra. On the highest point of the Fort there, an old house was long pointed out as having been built or inhabited by a Jat named Dan Shah ; and in this building Ismail passed the remainder of his life, which was,

\* A literal prose translation of this lament will be found in "The Fall of the Moghul Empire," third edition. London, 1887, pp. 192-3.

however, not of long duration. Although he does not appear to have been treated with any peculiar harshness, yet the confinement and dulness must have been very oppressive to one long habituated to a stirring life. He was still living in 1794, and was mentioned by Captain Francklin, a writer of those days, as a dangerous man : the exact date of his death is not known, but it took place while he was yet a captive.

The doings of these leaders had not the same influence on the state of the country as those of one or two European contemporaries : they were rather birds of darkness than harbingers of dawn. But they are deserving of notice as illustrating the condition to which the land had been reduced by anarchy ; and the people, harassed by war and famine, must have been deprived of all those things which render the life of the poor endurable. The accounts of the state of the country at the time with which we are dealing are derived from various sources. The best known English writers are Dow and Francklin, and their statements are fully endorsed by good native contemporaries. The Eastern horizon was indeed beginning to show signs of the departure of darkness ; the British power in Bihar and Bengal, if it did not bring immediate prosperity, was producing the peace and calm which are prosperity's best foundation. But in the vast region locally known as Hindostan, stretching from Allahabad to Karual and from the Vindhya to the southern slopes of the Himalayas, society was completely paralysed and the occupations of life were almost at a standstill. The drums and trappings of Moghul and Maratha were by no means the only molestation of the afflicted world. Roads had ceased to exist ; towns were deserted ; the intercourse between adjoining villages was made difficult by the prowlings of tigers and wild elephants ; while the demoralised peasantry, not knowing who would reap their crops, reduced the labours of cultivation to the lowest level necessary for the production of food for their families. Money was buried underground ; no fresh supplies of treasure were to be expected ; and, whenever the periodical rains failed, production ceased and many thousands of people perished from starvation. This terrible state of things drew to a close with the events of 1788. The only man capable of restoring order was Sindhia, and the Palace revolution narrated in these pages cleared the ground for Sindhia's

accession to power. Having restored the blinded Shah to titular sovereignty, the great Maratha became the actual director of administration ; and under the European officers whom he employed, peace and order returned to the afflicted land. Forty or fifty years ago, old men still spoke regretfully of those halcyon days.

The introduction of British rule, with its sure and inflexible methods, had for some time the effect, however unintentional, of interrupting this welfare and producing a contrast. When land became a complete security for debt, and when ancestral acres were brought to the hammer for defaults of Government dues, it was not to be wondered at if the people sighed for the days of Sindhia and his French subordinates. Better times have since ensued ; the reign of law has been tempered by sympathetic moderation ; but perhaps even now there may be yet something to be learned from the records of a ruder administration more agreeable to the habits of a simple, rural community.\*

H. G. KEENE.

*Westward Ho !*  
*North Devon.*

\* For further particulars refer to "Sindhia," (Rulers of India Series) Oxford, 1895.

## NASRIN: OR AN INDIAN MEDLEY.

## CHAPTER I.

THE bright beams of the morning sun, pouring in through the open window, struck gently upon the eyelids of Nawab Haidar Jang, who still lay in bed, trying to sleep. He had drawn the fine white linen sheet over his head, buried his face in the soft, scented pillow—but it was all in vain: the light found its way in somehow, and would not be denied entrance. At last, in sheer despair, he rose from his bed and called a maid, who brought cold water perfumed with fresh roses in a silver jug, and, gracefully bowing, placed it on a marble *chouki* and then retired. The Nawab bathed his face in the cool water, which refreshed him a great deal, and then proceeded to dress himself with great care and deliberation. He anointed his long black hair with jasmine-scented oil, and, drawing it forward, carefully plaited it into two smooth tresses that parted over his forehead, curving gracefully down on either side like the drooping wings of a raven. When his toilet was over, he stepped out into the balcony, where his beautiful young wife was waiting for him, in a deliciously perfumed atmosphere.

A light breakfast was served on a white muslin sheet spread over a velvet cloth, and the husband and wife chatted merrily together. The young Begum seemed to delight in his conversation and to expand like a fresh-blown lotus in his sunny presence, while the Nawab opened the innermost recesses of his heart to treasure up her sweet words. They were supremely happy together.

Nawab Haidar Jang was the only son of a rich father who loved him intensely, took pleasure in gratifying his every whim, and felt very unhappy whenever his beloved son was out of sight. It was with great difficulty that his friends had succeeded in persuading him to send young Haidar Jang to school: but he was not allowed to go on with his studies for any length of time, as his father, in his eagerness to have a grandson, got him married at the age of fifteen, and did not send him back to school after his marriage.

The boy-husband easily fell in love with his young and beautiful wife, who in her turn adored him with all the fervour of her innocent heart. They scarcely ever parted from each other even for a moment, much to the disgust of the inevitable hangers-on of whoever, among Eastern peoples, has money to spend—and Haidar Jang's fond and old-fashioned father would have been both pained and shocked to see his adored son without a decent retinue of his own. These official sycophants had naturally expected great gains when the youthful Nawab fell into their hands, and would fain have had him with them all day long to fleece at their own sweet will. Whenever they had an opportunity, they would dilate upon the bad habit of spending one's time in a zenana, while Haidar Jang's friends chaffed him a great deal, laughing at what they termed his womanly habits, and calling him a slave to his wife.

Haidar Jang at last, much against his own inclination, had decided to spend two or three hours every day outside the zenana, in the company of his *musahibs*, a kind of respectable servants, or licensed familiars, who form the usual society of a Nawab.

So, when breakfast was over and scented betel had been served, Nawab Haidar Jang walked out of the zenana and took his seat in an outer room which his servants had already prepared for him. They greeted him with cries of "*Adab araz hai*" \* and after conducting him to his seat; respectfully took their own seats around him. They did not sit on chairs, but, after the Eastern fashion, squatted on carpets and rugs with great fat bolsters and silk cushions to lean back against.

Nawab Haidar Jang was but eighteen as yet. He was tall, slim and unusually fair. His face was certainly striking: he had black eyes, very large and keen, the regularity of the face being somewhat marred by high and rather prominent cheek-bones. The mouth and chin were pretty, but unmistakably weak. His dress was still more typical. A fine loose shirt of cream-coloured muslin through which the smooth skin was clearly visible, peeped through the well-fitting silk waistcoat which held it in position, finally losing itself under the folds of a fashionable *chaphan* † made of the finest Dacca muslin, which came down to the knees and hung over a pair of tight-fitting trousers of shimmering light green silk, in strange contrast with the cream and white dress above. A small muslin cap fastened to his tresses by a pin just rested on one side of his head, and several massive rings set with diamonds and pearls covered his delicate fingers imbued with deep-coloured henna.

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\* We present our homage.

† A sort of long-skirted frock-coat made of very light material.

Lighted hookahs were brought in, their reservoirs filled with cool rose-scented water, the indispensable *pan* was served round on a silver tray, and amid lazy puffings and soothing bubblings and occasional spittings of red juice into bright silver spittoons placed between the sitters, a desultory conversation began.

"Bhai Wajid Ali," said a *musahib* in an undertone, but sufficiently loud to be heard by the Nawab, "our young master is as beautiful as Yusuf."

"How stupid you are!" said Wajid who sat next to him. "Yusuf we have only heard of; but things heard of are never so beautiful as things seen. When our master drives through the chouk, he becomes the cynosure of all eyes and leaves behind him many a slaughtered heart."

"So the wise have said," admitted Mohamed Ali, the man who had spoken first, "Yusuf could never have been half so beautiful as our benevolent master."

"He has all the grace of Sri Krishna," observed Pandit Dhanraj, "without his blue colour; and if he only wished he would be surrounded by *apsaras* (heavenly maidens) like him."

"You are right, Panditji," said Roshan Ali. "I was on the point of fighting a duel with Zamin Ali the other day. The fellow was saying that our Nawab was a dry sort of man, and not sufficiently fashionable. I could not listen to such remarks, and challenged him; but the coward withdrew his observations."

"Sire," said Wajid, "if I may be forgiven my life, I would request you to live a little outside the seraglio."

"Do I always live inside my zenana?" asked the Nawab. "I spend plenty of time with you all."

"Ah, no! divine one," exclaimed all the *musahibs*. "How can your devoted slaves be satisfied with such rare glimpses of your august presence as you have hitherto deigned to give them? Your Highness has such amiable manners that our sole desire is to roll all day at your feet."

"Have you no news to communicate, Wajid?" asked the Nawab, feeling it was time to change the subject.

"My lord," said Wajid, bowing, "I have something very important to say. It concerns the life or death of a person, but I dare not speak to you unless you promise to pardon me"

"Why are you afraid to reveal the secret to me?" said the Nawab. "Come, let us hear what you have to say."

"Unless your Excellency promises to forgive me, I cannot venture to open my lips."

"Well, then, you have my promise," said the Nawab, "Out with your secret!"

"May the blessings of God rest upon your Highness," replied Wajid, "God is my witness that our Nawab is unsurpassed for the tenderness of his heart. Here is my story, sire. Yesterday, as I was walking through one of the streets, an old lady came to me, took me aside, and asked me to follow her to her room."

"Oh, I see," interrupted the Nawab, "I thought as much."

"You have guessed three-fourths of the truth," said Wajid. "Yes, the old woman took me to a private room, invited me to sit down and offered me betels and smoke. Such betels and such sweetly perfumed tobacco I have never tasted before."

"Not even in our Nawab's house?" asked Mohamed Ali, who had been anxiously awaiting some opportunity of being equal with his supple-tongued rival in flattery.

"I did not mean that," said Wajid, "but in no other house have I tasted betel more exquisitely *folded* than what was offered me by that old lady."

"Tell me what happened after that?" eagerly enquired the Nawab. "I am impatient to know the details of your adventure."

"When I had refreshed myself," said Wajid, "I asked the old lady to be so kind as to let me know to what I owed the pleasure of her acquaintance. She revealed to me a secret which I am afraid to disclose before every one."

"There are no strangers here," said the Nawab, looking around, "so go on with your narrative."

"Sire, the old lady told me a very curious story. She said that her young mistress, who is as fair as the moon, the embodiment of light and life, was one day casually looking out of her window, when her gazelle eyes fell on the face of a man who slowly drove past in the street. Since that time the young lady has lost the peace of her mind; she is as restless as quicksilver, and her sole desire is to see that lovely face again, which has robbed her of her heart, her rest, her very life.

"Who can the fortunate individual be?" I asked the old woman

"Cannot you guess?" she replied 'there is only one Yusuf in the world, and you have the good fortune to know him.'

"I am very sorry,' I said, 'but I cannot solve these enigmas.'

"Men are really stupid,' she said. 'The nose is near the eye, and yet it is not seen. Your young master is the person who has smitten my only child.'

"Ah, then,' I replied 'pray tell your mistress not to entertain any

hopes and indulge in wild fancies, for this is a dream which can never be realised, and may lead to madness.'

"My dear sir,' said the old lady, 'the fire of love is not quenched by the empty words of wisdom. One look takes life away, or puts new life into a shrivelled body. All her senses have quitted her through that one look, and all patience has evaporated through a single sigh. The more I speak to her, the stronger burns the fire of her love.'

"But, my dear good lady,' said I, 'I cannot help pitying your poor young mistress. Even if she were to offer a sheet of woven flower-garlands on the grave of Majnun, I am afraid her longings would remain unrequited.'

"If you cannot cure the love-sickness, O physician,' said the old lady to me, 'tell me of what use are you in the world? Cannot you persuade your young master to pass again through our street, and save the life of an innocent young maid whose only fault is that she has fallen a victim to his irresistible charms? Surely, a person like your beautiful Nawab cannot be endowed with a heart of stone.'

"I can only place the matter before my good master,' I replied. 'He may, if it pleases him, acquire merit by a drive through this street.'

"Thanks, thanks!" exclaimed the old woman. 'I believe in the goodness and tender-heartedness of your young master, and I am sure he will not fail me.'

"Love is a gift from heaven," put in Mohamed Ali. "Laili went mad for her Majnun. I cannot but pity the poor maiden."

"Sire," said Pandit Dhanraj, "you should go and let the poor and beautiful damsel have at least a sight of you. It is religiously wrong to keep a person in suffering when a mere glimpse of your face can effect a complete cure."

"I don't see any harm in doing this," replied young Haidar Jang, blushing deep, his vanity and curiosity both excited by Wajid Ali's narrative. "We have only to drive through the bazar."

"May God's choicest blessings shower down upon you!" said Wajid.

"How noble, how good, how considerate you are!" exclaimed Roshan Ali.

"The old lady was right in believing in your goodness," said the Pandit. "It is not right to be proud of one's beauty, for the full cup of the moon's loveliness begins to wane when it reaches perfection."

"Well, then," interposed the Nawab, "when we go this evening for our drive, we will pass through the street where your friend, the old lady lives."

"My friend, sire!" asked Wajid Ali. "Why not say where she who loves *you* dwells?"

"May our Krishna-like Nawab," prayed the sycophant Pandit, with hands clasped and eyes raised to the ceiling, "bless the anxiously waiting maiden with the sight of his loveliness, as falls a drop of rain in the mouth of a thirsty pearl-oyster!"

"You had better go and tell the old lady that I shall be passing through the bazar this evening," said the Nawab, "for I cannot promise to go that way again."

"My noble master," said Wajid Ali, "it would not be proper to inform the lady. We will first go that way as if casually, for the old lady has told me that her young mistress remains standing for hours looking through the window."

"All right," said the Nawab. "All that I have to do is to drive through the street."

"That is all!" exclaimed the *musahibs*.

"I don't see any harm in it," replied the Nawab, "but I am afraid Wajid Ali is simply joking."

"How can Your Highness's slave joke in your presence?" Wajid submitted.

"It is impossible, O divine one!" exclaimed all the *musahibs*. "The fame of your beauty has spread over the country, and we are not at all surprised at the poor maiden losing her heart."

"Well, well," said the Nawab, "it is getting hot, and I will have some rest." Thus saying, he rose and retired into the zenana.

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## CHAPTER II.

The apartment to which Nawab Haidar Jang retired for his midday rest presented a strangely mixed spectacle of real magnificence and sordid neglect. It had wide doors and windows opening on all sides. Artistically carved columns fluting upwards supported a ceiling resplendent with all the colours of the rainbow and touched with lines of real gold—colours which, unlike our modern substitutes, had kept their freshness unaltered through the years and looked, in strange contrast with the dingy window-panes, as though the artist had only just withdrawn his hand from the delicately painted flowers and from the birds that seemed but waiting for a whiff of life to pour out their sweet melodies. Real live sparrows, too, had found little nooks and corners to build their nests in, and flew chirping in and out, quite as much at their ease, apparently, as the master of the house himself; while swarms of flies lay thick on

the carved and festooned columns outside. Tatties of khas-khas, dripping with water, reduced the temperature of the room by several degrees, and made it comparatively cool. A Turkish carpet of great value covered the floor, and but for a couple of small beds and a chair that was covered with all sorts of things, the room was entirely bare.

The Nawab quietly retired to his bed, but though as usual he tried to sleep, the idea of the unknown maiden haunted him and slumber would not visit his eyes. The day seemed to him to have become unaccountably long and sultry. His wife tried to draw him into conversation, but as he did not respond with any eagerness, she laid her dainty head on her pillow and was soon fast asleep, her delicate hand still holding the perfumed fan which she had been using, while beads of perspiration shone like a string of pearls on her lovely forehead. The Nawab looked fondly at her and, after fanning her gently for a while, bent over tenderly and impressed a loving kiss on her brow.

However, even the longest summer day comes to an end, and the sun having at last turned his chariot towards the west, the Nawab rose from his bed and resolved to have a bath before going out for his evening drive which to-day seemed to have new attractions for him. He plunged into a small tank of water which was attached to his apartments and enjoyed a cool, refreshing bath. When he had finished, he put on a new silk dress which showed his form to perfection, and his wife touched his garments with the finest Indian attar of roses.

His servant-companions, in the meanwhile, had finished their toilets; they had anointed their hair with highly perfumed oils and combed it tastefully; they had ordered the carriage already and were impatiently waiting for the Nawab, who came out as the last rays of the retiring Lord of Day were still glimmering in the western sky like waves of golden dust sparkling in the dark hair of some fair maiden. The *musahibs* bowed, and conducted the Nawab to his carriage, where three of them slipped in after him. It was an English-made landau, recently purchased, and harnessed with a pair of splendid Australian walers. The carriage glided on its ball-bearings with the smoothness of a stream, while Mian Juman, the coachman, dressed in his gold-embroidered livery, proudly controlled the horses and took the road that leads to Sikander Bâg, \*slowly driving past fine emerald lawns in which sparkled beds of English flowers, like veritable gems, while large trees meeting overhead formed a shady arch, and a marble statue of the Venus de Medici stood in the centre of the lawn, shaded by a trailing rose which seemed to be offering her all its

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\* *Bâg* means Garden or Park.

wealth of creamy blossoms. A little further, over a fountain amidst a bed of violets, knelt the "Crouching Venus," as if ready to take her bath.

"How beautiful, how charming!" exclaimed Haidar Jāng. "These Englishmen know how to make things beautiful and enjoy life."

"May be," said Wajid, "but I had the good fortune to be in Lucknow in the time of the great and noble King Wajid Ali Shah—may Heaven be illumined by his abode, and may he be waited on by a thousand houris! You ought to have seen Lucknow in those days! Kaisar Bāg was then a real fairyland. From gold and silver spouts fountains sprayed forth rare rose water and araq of keora which, mingling with the perfume of a thousand roses, jasmines and keora blossoms, rode on the breeze and perfumed the whole city. Rows of living fairies promenaded the marble walks, or raised their voices in harmonious song, or played hide and seek, or danced in a ring, while our beloved King, like Sri Krishna, shone as a peerless gem amid a string of pearls. . . . Alas! those days are gone never to return again."

"But, Wajid," said the Nawab, "you could never have been admitted into the Kaisar Bāg in those days, while these lovely gardens are now open to all."

"Excuse me, Sire," replied Wajid. "I am not a plebeian, and had more than once the good fortune to visit Kaisar Bāg in all its glory: I can never, never forget those happy moments."

"I do not agree with you," said the Nawab, "these gardens could not have been prettier than they are at present."

"Not prettier!" exclaimed Wajid. "Why, they are now the mere skeleton of what they were in those days. The fine statues have all disappeared, and, what is more, those living forms of light and colour, that looked like human flowers in that earthly paradise, and rivalled the strains of the Bulbul\*, adorn them no more. Sire, to me these empty gardens seem like a deserted house, or like a body from which the life has fled."

The carriage had now left Sikander Bāg, and was passing Chatar Manzil on its way to the city gardens and to the street where the Nawab expected to see the beautiful lady who had fallen in love with him.

"This Chatar Manzil," broke in Wajid, "used to be like the abode of the houris. Its golden crown sparkled like a living fire in the bright sunshine, while the murmuring of the small drums and the tinkling of a

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\* The Persian nightingale.

thousand silver *pazehs*,\* keeping time with the strains of music which drums and sitars poured forth, reverberated in waves of harmony through all its apartments."

"There was a time," said Mohamed Ali, "when the pretty dancing-girls, and the coquettish cup-bearing maidens who served betel, disdained to talk with anyone, and when young gentlemen paid muhars of gold for a leaf of betel. I felt a little happy, yesterday, when I saw an elephant swinging his trunk on the gate of Bai Haidar Jan. Tears dropped from my eyes as I said, 'Still Lucknow is Lucknow!'"

"The whole scene arises now before my eyes," continued Wajid. "Here also the poets were wont to assemble, and like sugar-tongued parrots poured forth the emotions of their heart, breathing life into empty words. Alas! all this has changed; and, what is worse, we are told that we are progressing and improving! . . . May the fire-eater engulf this progress!"

"You are a queer fellow," exclaimed the Nawab. "What did all the pleasures and pastimes you have been talking of, lead to?"

"Lead to? Why, its reward was the bliss in cash," replied Wajid.

"Oh!" said the Nawab, "that is how they forgot all thought of the future, and gave themselves up to present enjoyments. That is how they reduced the people to untold miseries, while they went in for what you call 'bliss in cash.'"

"That is what the *Feringhis* have taught you in their school!" retorted Wajid, unable to control himself any longer. "Those perfidious foreigners! They have not only taken our country from us, but are poisoning the minds of the younger generation against their own forefathers. Our people, Sire, were far more happy under the blessed rule of our kings than they at present are."

"Happy, indeed!" rejoined the Nawab, "when every *munsibdar*\* robbed all the farmers and was, in his turn, robbed by a higher officer. Why, what was left with those who produced riches? Who restrained the avidity of the rent collectors? Of course, they who robbed the people had more than plenty and could waste it as they liked; but what of those who were fleeced like poor, helpless sheep by every officer of the so-called government?"

"It may be that the *munsibdars* now and then realised in full the Government Revenue demand, and perhaps a little more," admitted Wajid. "But there were no *regular* collections as now. A huckstering king is a terror sent by God."

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\* An anklet, which small bells are attached. † Collector.

"Enough of this!" said the Nawab. "Let us enjoy this fine scene, these beautiful trees and lovely flowers which the selfsame British people have so tastefully laid out for the citizens of Lucknow. How sweet the breeze is, as it comes fragrant over the rose-beds!"

"O you sweet breeze!" broke in Wajid, in a poetical rapture, "murmur to me of old days and whisper to me. . . . of those days when they spent all their money in enhancing the splendour of Lucknow."

"You are a real Lucknowite," said the Nawab. "But is it not now dark enough for us to go. . . . *that way?*—I do not wish to get home late."

"I think it is quite dark enough," said Wajid. "Juman, take us through Aminabad, but go slowly, the evening is so enjoyable."

The carriage soon left the green lawns behind, and quietly glided through dirty Aminabad. Presently, they reached a large double-storied house, the finely carved windows of which seemed to render it an abode of light and beauty. Here Wajid made a sign for the coachman to stop, and the Nawab heard a voice of unutterable sweetness reciting the well known verse:—

"Were there but magic in the Bulbul's love, surely, would the fragrance of the rose o'erleap the garden walls and seek her in her cage!"

And then suddenly appeared at the window the person from whose lips these words had been flowing like a stream of melody, and the Nawab pressed his hand upon his heart as if to keep it down, so suddenly did it seem to leap upwards as though drawn by a magnet of immense power, at the sight of the form whose indescribable refinement and beauty met his gaze. She seemed a mere girl as yet and, though not very tall, was as slim as a young cypress ready, in spite of its nature, to burst into bloom. Her figure was exquisitely moulded. Her face had a thousand charms, and looked like a young crescent moon peeping through masses of sombre hair that appeared to have imprisoned in their silken meshes the darkness of the night. Her lips were moulded into curves of such exquisite delicacy and refinement that it seemed as if they could never open but to breathe out music. Her eyes, deep and melting as those of a gazelle, seemed to pour forth waves of intoxicating ether. There she stood, looking out through the window, gazing into space, her admirably chiselled arm resting on a chair, her loose muslin shirt fringed with thread of gold falling in easy folds around her, and circled by a golden belt which clasped a waist as slender as that of a wasp. A fine blue veil of silken gauze enwrapped her like a shimmering cloud that hovers round the

moon. For a moment she gazed, reciting the same couplet in a low, dreamy voice; and then, with a half-audible sigh, she disappeared into the unknown depths of the room, as does the lightning after a flash in the clouds. The Nawab gasped for breath. "Wajid," he said, "I *must* see her. I *must* talk to her. Do, for God's sake, go and see if I can have the good fortune of talking to her."

"Surely, O Divine one," replied Wajid, as he slipped down from the carriage and disappeared in the dark shadow beneath the house. In a little while he returned and asked the Nawab to follow. The old lady met them at the top of the steps, bade the Nawab welcome, and conducted him to a beautifully appointed room where she invited him to take his seat on a divan upholstered with costly brocade, while she herself took her seat beside him. Of course, none of his companions were allowed to enter.

"I am glad you have come," said the old lady. "You have placed me under a great obligation."

"The pleasure is mine," said the Nawab, as his eyes searched for her who had pierced his heart with a keen arrow of love.

"No," came in a sweet, tremulous voice from behind the curtain, "the pleasure, the honour, is ours. It is by the blessing of God that you have graced this poor abode."

"I do not know to whom I should be grateful," said the Nawab, "for having conducted me to this heavenly dwelling; but why this curtain to deprive me of your sight?"

"Ai wah!" said the lady from behind the purdah, the slightly strained tone of her voice showing that she could not freely give vent to her feelings in her foster-mother's presence; "you are wrong in presuming me so immodest, simply because I expressed a wish to see you: I cannot show my face to a stranger."

"Just a minute ago, I had the good fortune to see the divine glory through this window which opens into the street."

"Oee, what a bold eye you have!" exclaimed the young girl. "But I must tell you something about myself. I am educated and do not believe in old-fashioned conventions; but . . . I must know more of you before I can meet you face to face."

"I have seen you but once, and have surrendered my life. But to you, of course, I am as yet a stranger."

"Nasrin, my love," interrupted the old lady, "it is time to say farewell to the good Nawab."

"A minute more, dear mother," said Nasrin. "Just a minute, and I will bid him adieu."

"After first showing your divine beauty and kindling my love, you now conceal yourself to fan the all-devouring fire into a still fiercer flame in my poor heart," said the Nawab with a deep sigh. "Perhaps the pride of beauty, O rarest of all flowers! does not allow you to console the fond Bulbul."

"I know so little of you as yet," said Nasrin, uncompromisingly. But in a somewhat more encouraging tone she added, "I hope to see you again, some day."

"O cruel one!" said the Nawab, "the look of love can pierce an iron wall, and your image is indelibly impressed on my eyes."

"Adieu," said Nasrin. "Come and see me again to-morrow. . . . if convenient."

"Convenient!" exclaimed the Nawab, "Why, how can I find rest anywhere away from you?"

The old lady stood up and, as the young Nawab did not stir, she took him gently by the arm and led him to the door. The Nawab, as a man in a dream, felt his way down the steps, and, re-entering his carriage, drove home.

*(To be continued.)*

*Aira Estate,  
Kheri District, Oudh.*

JOGENDRA SINGH.

## PROPOSED REFORMS IN PERSIA.

THE history of Persia, both political and romantic, is one of great interest. It was in the time of Omar that the country was taken by the Mahommedans and it is still ruled by the fifth Shah of the new dynasty of the Qachars. But Persia of to-day is not even a shadow of its glorious past. In constant dread of the British advance on one side and of the Russian occupation on the other, the poor Goat is taken unawares by the Lion and the Bear. Up to this time the unanimous verdict of the politicians had been that Persia was doomed for ever, but recent events have changed that opinion appreciably. They show that in spite of degradation, Persia has in her germs of progress, and if time is yet taken by the forelock there is no reason for her friends to despair.

The rival powers which govern Persia at the present day are the Shah and the *Mushtahids*. With all the divinity that hedges the king, the Shah is under the thumb of these representatives of the Imams. This has been proved recently by the influence they brought to bear upon the Shah in getting a *Dasturi* government for their people. But the number of such "just, learned and able" men who can change, by adding to or subtracting from, any articles of faith that may not be suited to their times, is very small. A large number of them still holds the same views and rejects civilisation in any form in which it is presented to them. It would not be surprising if a reaction set in, and it is the first duty of the reformers to be on their guard against it and to do everything in their power with an iron hand and master mind.

The Shah, on the other hand, instead of contracting new foreign loans to be wasted on palaces, buildings and travel, must look to the welfare of his country and prove himself a sagacious ruler in giving the right of representation to his people like the Mikado. Whatever may be said in favour of a national debt subscribed within a country, there can be no doubt that a debt contracted abroad is highly objectionable. Persia, on the whole, is not a poor country, and if the finances of the Government are put under good control, sufficient surplus can be raised from the different departments of the State and the foreign debts can be cleared off very soon. Besides this, there is the personal treasury of the Shah, which can be em-

ployed to that purpose. It is foolish to think that money once deposited should not be tampered with. Reserves, if they have any advantage, are meant to be used for occasions such as the present one. The Government of the Shah should note that if the Russian and other foreign debts are not paid off as soon as possible, the moment they think of any progress or better Government, these neighbours will block their way, arguing, "You must pay our debts before you spend money for other purposes." I lay particular stress upon this because I know that it ought to be one of the first items of the Persian Reform Bill.

The next most important thing is the establishment of a strong Persian Army and Navy. The whole Persian army of at least one million should be armed with the best and most improved weapons, and a strong navy must be always ready to meet the overtures of the European and other fleets. "No progress or civilisation can be said to have a permanent foundation in a country unless it is safe from outward interference which may destroy it at any time"; and so in a country which does not possess fortified frontiers and good defences, any amount of civilisation is but an unstable thing which may pass away at any time and leave the people again in the same state of chaos from which they had once emerged.

Next comes the perplexing question of opening railways in Persia. There can be many different opinions about it. Some may say that railways would make the country easily accessible and it would be easy for any foreign power to enter and spread itself in the country. But I do not share this view. Firstly, because Persia does not possess any such impregnable natural barriers which the introduction of railways will destroy, and secondly, because European influence in that country is already advanced to a degree which does not permit of any such precautions being taken now.

Thus we have to take it for granted that the introduction of railways and telegraphs will be highly beneficial to the country and it must be welcomed by all the well-wishers of Persia. The only question is, how are these railways to be constructed? Should they be given to foreigners on concession, or should they belong to the Persians themselves? There can be nothing better than that the Persians should bring forth native capital, but if this is not possible, as will probably be the case, the next alternative is to give concessions to some European nations whose countries do not touch the boundaries of the Persian Empire. They must also be careful in choosing their eastern and western side as the direction of their railway, and in avoiding the Russian and the British boundaries as far as possible.

But if even this is beyond the power of the Shah, he must adopt the last course open to him, which is the most practicable. It is to allow the British and the Russians to have their respective railways brought up to and joined at the junction of Teheran. This, even if it may not change the state of affairs for the better, will not change it for the worse. It will at least give the Persians a chance of knowing the world about them and to learn something about their position in the present state of politics. The development of trade and industries and the introduction of Western methods of work and thought will be of immense benefit to them, and in the long run an energetic and enterprising nation, bound to get the upper hand of all those who now threaten their existence and position, will be formed.

Attention must be next drawn to reform the law and other miscellaneous revenue departments as well as the departments of stamp, customs, income tax and other duties levied by the State. The condition of the Police demands prompt attention both from the state and the public. It must be separated from the military and should form a department by itself.

Persia is a country which abounds in mines of different sorts, and even now when no serious attention is paid by the Government, it is one of the greatest markets for precious stones in the world. Besides the vast product of minerals, nature is very bountiful in many other ways, and if the Government is only careful to exploit the natural products of the country, the Persians can soon become a wealthy nation.

But to bring about these reforms education is necessary. The present state of education is notoriously bad. There is only one college at Julfa, near Teheran, which cannot be said to compare with a first-class college in India. The country stands in urgent need of a University which should have a college of its own in nearly every big town of the Empire. The need for primary education is still more pressing, and schools for this purpose should be established in nearly every town of some importance. The Persian University with all its departments, though belonging to the Government, must be as much as possible under the control of the people, so that they may learn to take an interest in their own affairs. It should comprise colleges of art, science, law, medicine and theology, and also some agricultural and commercial training institutions, and in all cases the aim of education should be not so much to impart a general knowledge of a few subjects as to give its recipients clearness of perception, quickness of apprehension, the power of consecutive thought, and other qualifications which would make them good citizens.

Another powerful agent of civilisation in our time is a good and free press. The press, if there is any in Persia, does not possess either of these

two qualities. The only papers published are the "Roznamchah," "Ittala" and the "Muzaffari." The Government thinks that by allowing free journalism its own defects will become generally known, thus throwing on the responsible authorities much discredit and shame; and so it keeps a strict censorship on the press. But this is a fatal mistake. No country can ever hope to make any progress unless it has got the means of common understanding between the rulers and the ruled, which means can be no other than a free press.

Now I come to two other important subjects, which, I think, must command the attention of every well-wisher of the country. The first of them is the question of the return of the Parsees. By this I mean that the Parsees, by the grant of free admittance and other concessions, should be persuaded to return back to their Holy Land. The Parsees, when they return to Persia, will return with immense wealth and many industries in their hands, which will greatly increase the capital of the country and the general prosperity of the people. They will present themselves as examples to be followed by other Persians. The second question is that of the recall of the Behais (commonly known as Babis). They are all men of broad and generous views, the "first law of whose religion is the acquiring of knowledge." If an amnesty is granted to them, I think that they will be the most natural agents to pioneer the cause of civilisation and advancement in Persia. They will serve as models for the Persians and will prove themselves "to be the fair beginning of a time." It should not be considered for a moment that their recall will cause any dissatisfaction among the people. Far from it; with the exception of a few *mushtahids*, they will be welcomed by all. No matter if the Shiah lose a number of their creed, they will ensure the liberty and the long stay of the holy land of Karbala in the hands of their own king, and will be able to keep the foot of the infidel out of the land of the Great Martyr. In short, a *firman* should be issued by the Shah and the new constitution declaring all the subjects of the Shah, whether Shia, Parsee or Behai, to have equality of rights for the security of their person and property and for the preservation of their honour without any distinction.

If the Persians are thoroughly in earnest about their country and are ready to adopt these or some such similar measures in their future programme, it will not be long ere they will free themselves from the bonds of misrule, ignorance and poverty, and be able to keep pace with other progressing nations. All that is required is to labour and to wait.

“WELL DONE, GOOD AND FAITHFUL  
SERVANT.”

**E**AST and West, be their differences what they may, are united by indissoluble bonds for better or for worse, and whether they like it or not, must pull together, overcoming in the best way they can all the difficulties caused by heredity, temperament, environment, and the other causes which differentiate the Englishman from the Indian. Political controversies and regrettable incidents too often bring into unwelcome prominence the differences between the races, so that men are apt to forget the fundamental truth that, however wide may be the divergence in physical, mental, and moral type between two branches of the human race, they have in common a greater thing—their human nature, the essential unity of which is brought out in times of stress and peril, when the dross is purged away from the fine gold, and the metal of true men, whatever be their colour, is seen to be one and the same. They who worship at the shrine of duty, “stern daughter of the voice of God,” and serve her strictly, find their reward. Obedience to her commands calms “the weary strife of frail humanity,” slights fear, defies death, and binds together all her votaries in willing and equal submission to the dictates of “honour that knows the path and will not swerve.” To these high thoughts of the poet I am led by reading in the *Geographical Journal* the simple narrative of the heroism of certain Indian surveyors and the touching homage to it offered by English officers. The rendering by natives of service faithful even unto death and the heartfelt recognition by Englishmen of the sacrifice, are nothing new in India; but the story of the *Seistan* surveyors would be hard to beat, and it is well that it should reach the ears and touch the hearts of a public outside the limits of that which reads the journal of a learned society.

For two years and a quarter the Boundary Commission, appointed by Lord Curzon, a large company of fifteen hundred persons, dwelt and worked in Seistan, one of the most unattractive and inhospitable countries in the world. It is, as described by his Lordship, a land "of marshes and swamps, of sands and solitudes, of extreme heat and extreme cold, famous for a wind the most vile and abominable in the universe, presenting at all seasons of the year dangers to life which can scarcely be realised by those who only read of them at a distance." In this difficult and dangerous country one of the worst tracts is the desert known as the Dasht-i-Margo, which had hitherto remained a blank on our maps.

"Many," says Sir Henry McMahon, "have skirted its edge; none had entered it. To one of our most distinguished native surveyors, Khan Bahadur Mohiuddin, fell the duty of being the first to attack this tract, and none was so keen as himself to do so. He was an old surveyor, and especially well accustomed to work in a waterless country. He started from the Helmand, near Chahar Burjak, with a well-equipped party of four chain-men, two camel-men, and four guides. Zeal took him further than prudence would dictate, and one evening three of the guides, after trying to persuade Sheikh Mohiuddin to give up his enterprise and return before it was too late, determined to try and save their own lives. They tied themselves on their camels, and tied their camels in a string, and let them go where instinct took them. The riders soon lost consciousness, but their camels took them to the Shand, where a hunter of wild asses providentially found them, and brought them to life, and guided them back to safety. The morning after their departure found Sheikh Mohiuddin and his party with no water left in their water-bags, under the fierce heat of the sun on a scorching plain. A portion of the party dug for water in a dry nullah-bed close by, but without success, and the only relief they got was by throwing the cool dug-out sand over their burning bodies. One of the party, their last remaining guide, collapsed, and the others went back to find Sheikh Mohiuddin lying dead, with his horse lying dead beside him. The two camel-men had disappeared, no one knew where, and the four remaining men of the party, the four chain-men, found themselves alone. One of their number, Saidu, whose name deserves to live in the annals of heroism, put duty before other considerations, even at that awful crisis. He cut off from Sheikh Mohiuddin's plane-table the precious map for which so much had been risked, and, knowing he could not long retain consciousness, wrapped it round his waist

in his waist-cloth, and started off with his three comrades, in the fond hope of finding water, they knew not where. They struggled on that day and all night, and the next morning three fell, unable to proceed. The brave Saidu stumbled on. He says he soon lost consciousness, and when he next came to, he found himself at night, half lying in a pool of water. There a wandering Afghan found him, and carried him on his back to Chakansur, which proved to be close by. There our kind Afghan friends took great care of him, and after some days, when he was able to be moved, they brought him back to us. Thus was the first portion of the blank of the Dasht-i-Margo filled up and its survey preserved. It cost us seven valuable lives. The search parties which we subsequently sent out to recover the bodies of Sheikh Mohiuddin and his ill-fated companions filled up some other portions of this blank."

This plain soldier-like story speaks for itself, and is a worthy memorial of a noble deed. But it will not be amiss to conclude by quoting the comment made by Sir Thomas Holdich.

"I wish," he said, "to record my deep appreciation of the kind and sympathetic record which Sir Henry McMahon has given of an old and faithful servant of mine, Sheikh Mohiuddin, who died whilst prosecuting his surveys under Sir Henry's direction. You may possibly remember that he died of thirst in the desert, and that one of his assistants was rescued by a passing Afghan with his plane-table sheets wrapped round him so that they might not be lost. Such devotion to duty as that, fortunately for us, is not an uncommon feature in India. Every one of us who has lived long in India must have known many instances. What is, perhaps, more rare is that such devotion, such loyalty, should be so fully and sympathetically recognised as it has been in this case by Sir Henry McMahon. I think it is that peculiar sympathy with the native character, that grasp of the idiosyncrasies of the natives, the understanding of their manners and their methods, which have strengthened the hands of such men on the frontier as Nicholson and Sandeman; and I think it is quite possible that to these illustrious names hereafter the name of McMahon will be added, because he too possesses exactly that same grasp of the peculiar point of view from which the native regards his work in India in connection with us, and the same sympathetic spirit which leads him to make friends with natives wherever he meets them. Now, such men are bound to succeed; they will always succeed, for this reason that they will always be well and faithfully served."

At a time when the "weary strife of frail humanity" has occupied far too large a share of the public mind, and noisy agitation has almost silenced the voice of reason and justice, both Englishmen and Indians will be well-advised if they ponder on the story of the humble heroes of Seistan, and learn, guided by mutual sympathy, each to appreciate the merits of the other.

VINCENT A. SMITH.

*Hazelwood,  
Cheltenham, England.*

## FREE TRADE OR PROTECTION BY THE STATE AND THE PEOPLE.

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THE middle of the last century witnessed the unequivocal adoption of Free Trade principles by England after about three centuries of regulated trade and protective tariff walls. For good or evil, England committed herself to Free Trade, abandoned, as it then seemed, once and for all, the doctrines of mercantilists and entered on a modified *Laissez Faire* policy as regards her industries. It was thought Protection, or even Preference, had seen its last days, and had said the last word at least as far as the British Isles were concerned, and the days of a regulated or protected trade appeared to be irrevocably over.

But not even the best developed human sagacity can always discern what lies hidden beneath the distant horizon, which may come up with the process of time looming larger and higher on men's views. In about half a century it was discovered that Free Trade was not such a good thing as it was represented to be, as long as other nations on earth showed no disposition to follow the lead of Great Britain and throw their markets open to the competition of the world. The smouldering discontent found its most conspicuous exponent in Mr. Chamberlain, who advocated a system of preferential tariffs within the British Empire, a sort of Imperial Zollverein, in his remarkable speech of May 15th, 1903. The country has not yet signified either its approbation or disapprobation of the scheme, and to judge from the present trend of events and thoughts it will be long, perhaps very long, before it irretrievably pledges itself to one opinion or another.

Along with the adoption by the paramount country of Free Trade, the dependency of India, like Ireland, had it saddled on her also. Whether the companionship was to her interests, or in any way ill-assorted, there was no necessity for one to trouble oneself much about. What was good for England must be so for her dependency, and that consideration was sufficient. Now by the irruption of the scheme of Imperial

Zollverein, her peace is again disturbed. It was once apprehended that she might be drawn even reluctantly into the vortex, but much of that apprehension was dispelled by the able and courageous dispatch of Lord Curzon. It conclusively proves that India's commercial dealings are to a greater extent with other European Powers than with Great Britain, and that it would not be in any way conducive to her interests to provoke the former into reprisals which would tend to make some of the products of those countries, which are of vital importance to her, very dear for her to purchase. As Mr. Morley pointedly remarked, only a short time ago she could not displease three-fourths of her customers to satisfy one-fourth. India has made out her case quite strongly for her abstention from the newly mooted scheme. She is entitled to refuse to enter into a partnership which holds out to her a sure prospect not of any benefits, but of an abundant harvest of disadvantages.

There is an impressive significance, therefore, in the consideration, at this juncture, of what policy should guide India's course in the very improbable event of her being allowed to speak her mind, and to work out her own industrial destiny as an unfettered integral part of the British Empire, but of course in harmony with the best interests of that Empire. It would be profitable to consider whether it is eminently suited to her own advantage that she should stick to Free Trade or show a predilection for Protection in one form or another. The advocates of Free Trade triumphantly point out to prosperous Budgets as unmistakably evidencing India's prosperity, and ascribe to that policy the much-vaunted material progress of the country. Even granting all that is urged, might it not be asked whether it has been conclusively shown in India's case that Protection would not produce better results? Free Trade may be good; but Protection may be better still; why make it a fashion to adhere to the former when better results may accrue by the adoption of the latter policy? No one, indeed, expects any form of regulation of trade to be attempted; but it is firmly held by many that a system of tariff walls is absolutely necessary to allow some of our nascent industries, for which we are best fitted, to attain perfect maturity by protecting them against the competition of manufactures which have been long established in other parts of the world and which are under-selling us in our own homes. The wonderful expansion of English commerce and industry after the adoption of Free Trade is held up to our view to lead us into the belief that a system of unfettered trade is the only condition that can ensure the material progress of a country. But the circumstances and preceding measures which eventually brought about the introduction of

Free Trade into England pass out of notice like a forgotten story. England passed through various mutations of commercial and industrial policy before she was converted to Free Trade, and she was well in advance of all the other countries of the world in respect of several industrial developments. The centralised control of trade and manufactures by Elizabeth's great Minister Cecil, the regulation of trade through companies under the Stuarts, the commercial treaties of Charles II., the tariffs of Whig Ministers of the post-Revolution period, and various other causes contributed to the successful rearing of the superb fabric of the present British commercial and industrial greatness. She developed into a great manufacturing country, the "Workshop of the World" as is sometimes said with a pardonable touch of vanity, and to her Free Trade was the only unfailing guarantee of the supply of cheap bread to her labourers from distant corn-growing countries. "It may be pointed out with truth," remarks Dr. Cunningham in his *Growth of English Industry and Commerce*, "that the system of unfettered intercourse was opportune for England, because she had reached a particular phase of development as an industrial nation, but that it is not equally advantageous to countries in which the system is less advanced." There is a comparatively exact parallel between England of the sixteenth and India of the twentieth century; and the latter country can ill expose herself to the competition of other advanced nations in the very midst of the agonies and suspense of her industrial development. Many of her growing textile industries are pregnant with possibilities of rapid and extensive expansion; her mineral resources are, comparatively speaking, lying hidden in the bosom of the earth. It is but human, and by no means unreasonable, to expect that these industries might be supported in their unequal fight with fully developed and mature strangers, and that in the home market at least they might be shielded against the uncomfortable pinch of a struggle for existence. The mischievous proposal of indiscriminately fostering any and every industry can never be sought to be advanced, and seriously entertained. But the wings of protection should be extended to some of our selected industries, for which we might have an approved capacity and greatest natural as well as other advantages. We have very ample supplies of divers raw materials; and that policy of protection which has the laudable aim of their complete and satisfactory utilisation cannot fail to command the sympathy of all right-minded persons. The best interests of India demand it, and practical sense should allow it. Most of the exports of India are made up of raw products, and there should be something commendable in aiming at utilising mos

of them with an idea of supplying the demands of, and maintaining the hold on, the home market, and thus checking the importation of many finished articles of daily consumption and necessity, which are nothing but our own raw materials sent out to be worked up into articles of great value in small bulk before re-importation. History impartially tells us the sorrowful tale of the slow and systematic destruction of our fine textile manufactures by the actions of authorities in England and the unsympathetic rule of a Joint Stock Company. Can nothing be done to restore even a shred of this past glory? Is it in any way economically necessary that we should depend hopelessly for our supplies of ironware and sugar on foreign countries? There are some channels into which we can naturally glide only if some protecting hand restrained the on-coming sweeping tide of merciless competition, and stayed it till we had gathered sufficient strength to resist it unaided and alone, and resist it with success. The stock arguments against protection do not seriously obtain in our case, and, when scanned very closely, are found to have nothing in them to recommend them to our notice beyond their inclusion in almost all the weighty economic treatises of the day. If zealous watchfulness is exercised in selecting those industries for which we have the *best* aptitude, there can never be any real apprehension of encouraging those industries which could not otherwise maintain a healthy independent life. A strong Government at the head, not untinged with ideas of benevolent despotism, can effectively guard against the undue growth of vested interests, and stop all encouragement as soon as the need for it disappears. If a very few industries are selected, this policy cannot tend to evoke retaliation from some other countries from which we get our cheap necessities. And even if we have to encounter reprisals, temporary sacrifices must be put up with in search of some lasting good. When the Government of India imposed the export duty on cotton, they had certainly some larger purpose in view than the considerations of revenue; and there is no reason why this precedent should not form a stepping stone to other like measures.

But we may as well hope to direct the winds or rule the stormy waves. For with Lancashire as our chief competitor, what Government on earth can have the courage to favour our views and yet stand? There can be no possibility of special favours when no effort is made even to remove our disabilities, some of which have been described by Sir F. S. P. Lely in the concluding portion (pp. 90—100) of his "Suggestions."

When State assistance in this direction is a very forlorn hope, can the

people themselves act effectively in any constitutional way? The adoption of the weapon of "boycott" has very much the appearance of violence and impracticability, and is strikingly unwise when aimed at Great Britain alone. It is always difficult to sustain its life, and maintain it as a living reality. Even in America, at the time of the Revolution, the apathy, indifference, and conflicting interests of a very large section of the colonists stood much in the way of the successful observance of "non-impotation agreements." But by united efforts and self-help we can achieve some tangible good, and here even the smallest ripple that goes to swell the great tide should be distinctly welcome. To resolve to use so far as practicable Swadeshi goods is a noble determination with a noble end in view. From a prosaic point of view such resolutions lack the very essential element of a *sanction* which alone can sway and control the average popular mind. The difficulty of inducing an ordinary mind to undergo present temporary sacrifices for a future permanent good is well-nigh enormous and almost discouraging. Every practical man must be prepared to reckon with it, otherwise all his best-laid beneficent schemes are doomed to founder on that rock. But the slow and almost unnoticed permeations of the Swadeshi undulations into the masses in the Punjab, and the present frame of mind of Bengal give some gleams of a future but distant hope. When that hope will be fully realised, time alone can determine. One thing is certain that only with the full play of the forces of enlightened self-interest and sober notions of patriotism and self-help can the end be attained.

Such a move on the part of the people imposes serious duties and obligations on our manufacturers no less than on our masses. The former should try to meet all our most urgent demands, and not have a sole eye to their profits. Some credit standards of quality and cheapness should be consistently preserved, and a misuse and waste of national resources by the sale of flimsy goods at exorbitant prices avoided.

But articles cannot be manufactured and our wants supplied without the formation and development of capital; and it is the duty of our leading citizens and common people alike to co-operate in the expansion of our banking system. All the capital hoarded in homes and lying useless in Savings Banks should go to found large banks. In the modern commercial structure it is the banking function that presides over all others. A network of presidency, provincial and district banks covering the whole country under the management of Indians themselves is the one indispensable condition that can usher in a true and wholesome advance in industry and commerce. As much of capital as we can conjure up

from obscure corners should be concentrated into large and powerful syndicates which should compete with similar foreign bodies in the mining and other fields. What now goes on under the name of the development of our resources is nothing better than exploitation often ill-disguised. There is no reason why the Indian cannot succeed in utilising the treasures of his own country to his own enrichment by fair means.

In our race for industrial advancement one aspect of the problem should never recede from our minds. The papers have been teeming of late with intelligence about the setting up of a pencil factory at one place, a button factory at another, and a cycle and motor-car workshop at a third. But as put by Ingram in his summary of Ricardo's views, "it may be our interest to devote ourselves to the production of that (article) in which we have the greatest advantage, and to import that in producing which we should have a less, though a real, advantage."

*Khadia,  
Ahmedabad.*

N. H. SETALVAD.

## SOME ASPECTS OF THE ZOROASTRIAN SCRIPTURES.

[*Being a series of six articles offering explanations of portions of the ritual and doctrines of the Zoroastrian religion, by an English believer in the Divine inspiration of the Zend Avesta and other sacred scriptures of Iran.*]

### I.

#### THE "DOGS" OF THE VENDIDAD.

SOME years ago I had the pleasure of meeting in London a young Parsi student, and of having some interesting conversation with him on the subject of religions. One evening he asked me, rather to my surprise, if I could tell him what was the meaning, in his religion, of the ceremony of bringing in a dog to look at a dead body. I told him I had not the least idea what it meant. I have thought since that his question implied, perhaps, that the ceremony was not understood. Now, I do not know what explanation the learned Dasturs give for the ceremonial. They may have a full understanding of it, but as far as my researches go, nothing elucidatory is to be found in the writings of European scholars.

Recently, my attention has been again directed to the Parsi scriptures, and I have found in them a mine of wonderful information hidden under their strange symbols and phrases. Living far away, I do not know how the symbols are interpreted by the learned teachers of the great and venerable religion of Zoroaster. I only venture my observations with much diffidence, as I find nothing to the same effect in the works to which I have access.

The symbol of the "dog" is plainly a very important one in the Zend-Avesta, and therefore its meaning must be important also. It will be found, I think, that taking its signification as *Will*, that meaning fits the use of the term "dog" in all passages of the

scriptures of Iran. In the 13th Fargard of the Vendidâd there is a list of "good dogs." The "Shepherd's dog" symbolises the active will; the "House dog," the will in self-control; the "Vohunasga dog," the will in tenacity; the "Trained dog," the will in the disciplined soul; the "Water dog," the will in searching after Divine truth (spring water is a universal symbol for truth): hence this is the holiest of all "dogs," and injury to that "dog" entails great disaster to the soul. The "good dog" Vanghapara, is the will active in intellect, which destroys superstition, error, darkness and doubt, and gets rid of the incumbrances, or outgrown notions, of the lower mind. The "bad dog," Zairimyangura, is the opposite, or negative will, which has no discrimination, and allows the higher impulses to pass unrecognised.

The "dog" is said to have eight qualities. "As the priest, the dog eats whatever he finds. He is benevolent and happy. He is content with everything. He puts to a distance those who approach him." Meaning,—as with the priest, the will is governed by the mind which makes use of its opportunities. The will becomes equable. There is in time perfect serenity. And by this means fortitude is attained.

"As a soldier, the dog advances. Attacks pure cattle when conducting them. Roves before and behind places." Meaning,—as the soldier, this is the active will that attacks and breaks down its objects (cattle). The active will is dual, outgoing and incoming.

"As a labourer, the source of wealth, the dog is active, watchful during the time of sleep." Meaning,—the will that is always ready for an emergency, and enforces industry.

"As a bird, the dog is gay. He approaches man like a bird. Nourishes himself with what he can take." Meaning,—the will that is united to its ideal; this is the soaring soul, and implies the descent of the Holy Spirit. The will seems to derive its power from the mind (man). The ego determines according to its knowledge and experience.

"As a robber, the dog works in the dark. Is exposed to hunger. Receives injury." Meaning,—the will working thus is the desire-nature, which is the inverted will, or blind self-assertion. The desire-nature is driven to seek food—satisfaction. Pain and sorrow come thus.

"As a wild-beast, the dog acts in the dark. His strength is during the night. Sometimes he has nothing to eat. Frequently he receives something bad." Meaning,—the negative will, the desire-nature carried away by its lusts. Its power is according to its lack of intelligence. Often there is dissatisfaction and a sense of emptiness. There is much disappointment.

"As a woman of bad life, the dog is content. Wanders in the streets. Nourishes himself with what he can find." Meaning,—the will that is set upon the things of the lower self—the senses and desires; it knows not the higher and so is said to be content. It wanders in thought through the sense organs. It flies to the objects of the senses with which it identifies itself.

"As a young person, the dog sleeps a great deal. He is lively and always in action. He has a long tongue. He runs in advance." Meaning,—the will that is feeble and unable to assert itself. Then when aroused it is undisciplined. It has the power to express itself. It impels the soul forward in its evolution.

"Such are the two chief dogs which I have caused to move in their places, namely, the dog Pesoschoroun, and the dog Vescheroun." Meaning,—so are the activities of the higher and lower wills—Pesoschoroun, the will of God in the soul; and Vescheroun, the will of man—the personality.

Thus it is that by applying the right ideas to the terms of the sacred writings, what before appears nonsense, now is full of deep meaning, and the Divine inspiration becomes clear.

If now we turn to the 3rd Fargard of the Vendidâd we shall find some remarkable statements about "corpses of dogs and men."

As I understand, the "corpse" is the symbol of the personality (our desire-mental consciousness) which, in comparing it with the individuality or immortal spirit, is apprehended as a dead body. "He has greatest joy on earth, who digs out of it most corpses of dogs and men." "The digging up of corpses of dogs and men" signifies the effort which is successfully made to raise the personality or lower self in seeking the higher self. The reference to "dog" and "man" is the insistence upon the aspects of *will* and *mind* which are essential to do this. The "corpses" are of "dogs and men" because the higher self is found, or the individuality is developed, through will (dog) and mind (man). Then it is written, "Let no man by himself carry a corpse, or he will be defiled by the

Nasu." This means that the carrying of the "corpse" by one man is the attempt to allow the intellect to function alone, or to permit of the directing of the personality (corpse) by the mind (man) without the higher emotions. "The penalty for thus carrying a corpse is that a man shall be placed where there is least water and fewest plants, and on ground least passed over by flocks and herds," signifying that the lower mind acting alone is calculated to defile a soul, and produce error and ignorance, that is, by so doing, the ego places itself where there is least truth (water) and fewest virtues (plants), and where there are least high capacities or fruits of wisdom (flocks and herds). "Then he is to be imprisoned until a certain age, when he is to be flayed and beheaded, and his corpse given to the greedy ravens." Which means,—the time comes when this stage must, if persistent, be forcibly superseded (flayed); and as the lower mind is not immortal, the ego is said to be beheaded; for the lower vehicles composing the personality (corpse) undergo disruption (flaying) at the end of a period, when they decompose (mentally and astrally) under the action of the elemental forces (greedy ravens) of the lower planes of nature.

Then it is stated, "If repentant, he is absolved." Meaning,—if the higher mind functions, then the soul's evolution proceeds.

It is said, "It grieves the sun, O holy Zoroaster, to shine upon a man defiled by a corpse; it grieves the moon; it grieves the stars." This means, that when a soul is defiled by the personality (corpse) being ruled by the desire-mind (man) alone, the higher self (the sun), the emotions (the moon) and the mental faculties (the stars) are unable to develop the soul.

The symbol of the "raging fly Nasu rushing upon the corpse," is really the symbol of time, which, through nature's forces, captures the residual elements of the personality (corpse) and claims the discarded matter for future use. (The statement has no reference to a physical dead body, which is quite innocuous and pollutes no one until decomposition sets in, as modern science proves.)

Then, it is further said: "The Nasu can be expelled by a white dog with four eyes, and the demon, as soon as the dog looks at the corpse, flies back to hell." As there are no natural dogs with four eyes, this expression is plainly symbolical. The "dog with four eyes" is the symbol of the will functioning in the lower quater-

nary, that is, its activities are on the wisdom, mental, astral, and physical planes : it can "see" on all these four planes of nature. It is "white" because the activities are perfectly regulated. When the soul possesses this exalted will, the personality (corpse) is thoroughly purified.

The ceremony of bringing in a white dog from the temple to look at a dead body is now, I think, explained. As a dog with four eyes is unprocurable, a supposed next best substitute is employed. It all has a very interesting significance at a solemn moment of life when a soul has left its habitation and instrument on the physical plane, and has passed on to the next plane of nature taking its personality with it.

The study of the many religions of the world has led me to see how truth underlies them all. The symbolic language in which their scriptures are written gradually reveals itself, and it becomes possible to see, below the mysterious terms and phrases, the luminous meanings which give information of the hidden things of nature and of God.

G. A. GASKELL.

10, *Ditchling Road,*  
*Brighton.*

## AN INDIAN DRAMATIST.

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IT is a general complaint that modern India is wanting in the commodity of originality, though the influence of Western education on the imaginative Indian mind is slowly manifesting itself in different directions. In the field of poetic activity, the short and sweet poems of Toru Dutt have won continental celebrity. Not less known are the judicious verse renderings of the essence of the two great Indian Epics by Mr. Romesh Chunder Dutt. In South India Mr. Ramakrishna's *Tales of Ind*, published by Fisher Unwin, are of Tennysonian fame. His *Chandra* is ever fascinating. But none has attempted a drama in English, an original drama. Mr. Krishnamachari may be said to be the pioneer in the line. After the model of Shakespeare's plays, he has brought out two dramas, *Kumuda* and *Dasaratha*, both in blank verse. They are not wanting in plot and passion. The author has the dramatic idea, which is lacking in many of the modern dramas published even in England. Time and experience may help him to work out that idea in a better and more approved manner. Even as they are, *Kumuda* and *Dasaratha* deserve our kind perusal and will amply repay it. In *Dasaratha* the fatal promise given by Rama's father to his wife Kaikeyi in one of his weakest moments is the main dramatic material, and the consequences of the promise are described with a true poetic power. It bristles with long speeches and quotable lines. The too familiar story of Rama's exile with Sita, and their sufferings, has not marred the dramatic interest. The Lear-like madness of Dasaratha, not at the ingratitude of his sons, but at the fiendish jealousy of one of his wives, and the fidelity and sympathy of his charioteer councillor find suitable poetic expression. The heroic calm of Kausalya under the affliction is worthy of admiration. I transcribe here two passages to illustrate the author's powers of dramatic expression and the passion-burst of the characters. One is the speech of Sumantara to Kaikeyi, and the other the dying speech of Dasaratha himself.

*Suman.*—"Why! this indeed surpasseth all my thought  
 In heartlessness!—Kaikeyi, thee to call  
 A queen my lips do loathe! False woman—go—  
 Thy threats I do not heed; wild tigress, how  
 Thy nature thou hast shown at last! I know  
 Thee, daughter of that wretch that led to death  
 Thy father for a passing whim of hers!  
 Of her thou art the offspring—ah! how true  
 It is that daughters after mothers take!  
 Mistake not, men; but judge a woman still  
 By her that be her mother, ere you take  
 Her by the hand—Kaikeyi, have thy will;  
 Be thine the land, and Bharata's."

*Dasa.*—"Thanks, holy father, bearer of wisdom high,  
 Most noble guide! Through thee I have been blest  
 Most kindly benefactor, life's sure bark!  
 Through thee I've cross'd the ocean of this world!  
 How much I owe to thee! In folly man  
 Oft thinks no helping hand he needs  
 To guide him to the Highest Light and Grace,  
 But in his virtue will he fain exult!  
 How late he finds his error!—Brahman, thanks!  
 Through faith in thee, and Him that thou hast taught,  
 My soul shall realise its final goal!  
 What peace now reigns within my heart! His will  
 It was to bear Him in this world; His grace  
 Exalted me to be His father here,  
 And through me hath exalted all mankind!  
 Praised be His name! Sumantra good, farewell!  
 Farewell to all the world, to all on earth!  
 Farewell to wives and—oh!—my brain doth reel!  
 Avaunt thou spectre—on my Guru's name  
 I charge thee—no! thou too art kind to me,  
 And wilt recall to mind Him, Lord of all!  
 My son, my Rama—Rama—Rama—Ra—"

What a placid resignation after a terrific storm! How a soul of goodness is made out of things evil!

To turn from this tragedy wrought by a heartless woman to the interesting comedy of *Kumuda*, where a woman is the sufferer and saviour, is to go from pole to pole. But the life of man is of mingled yarn, good

and ill together, *Kumuda* has a beautiful plot. The King of Kosala has an only son, whom he educates in every science and art. Filled with oriental philosophy, Harsha indulges in realms of fancy. He is scarcely out of his teens, when the fond parents both desire to have for him a comfortable bride and fair to grace his climbing life. A study of the Eastern classics makes him a woman-hater. All the kind words of the parents are of no avail. "To wed?—to chain myself?—to wed a woman? As lief I'll wed a boar?"

"And I have read that I can trust me well  
To howling tropic storm, or bellowing wave,  
Or roaring lion, but not to woman false;  
Beauty, like fortune, fickle is at best,  
And neither court the wise."

The sage counsel of the wise Bhaskara fails of effect. The learned Harsha begs forgiveness of them all and says,

"For, easier the bird in air can catch  
The fish in sea, than man a woman's heart!"

His cousin Sudarsana tries his best to influence him and bring him to fulfil his parents' wish, but in vain. One night Harsha reads the new commentaries on Buddha's creed of love to fellow-men, and falls asleep. He sees a gentle maid, in perfect harmony of limb to limb, and is enamoured of the lovely form, than which "Ramba's self divine no fairer is." He tells his cousin and companion to seek her out, her the ruler of his fate. Tormented with thoughts of love he finds no rest, and is taken to Kapilavastu to witness the surging crowds of men and women at the holy shrine during the festival, and to ease his love-laden heart. In the ancient town

"That bears the sage's holy name, whose ire  
To ashes turned the myriad sires of him  
Who brought the heavenly Ganges from above,"

he beholds a radiant form "likest to what he saw in dream," and loses her among the crowds. He returns home sadder but not wiser, with a bleeding heart, cruelly broken by Love. The parents are in a fix, and the wise Bhaskara hits on a plan of discovering the unmatched beauty. He invites the non-Brahmin people of the realm, all classes and both sexes, young and old, male and female, to a three days' feast which Sudarsana will superintend. The seed of love has already grown into a mighty tree, whose roots make a mesh-work round Harsha's heart. To the feast come buzzing crowds, singing and praising the name of the mighty king. "The very cemeteries and burial grounds now bristle with life, as if the dead

have risen." The various sights divert his gloomy thoughts, but the thought of the found but missed love is even recurring. Suddenly his eyes light on the bewitching form and he faints with joy. She is the angelic daughter of a Vaisya, a piece-goods seller of Rudrapura. Ramannah Gupta is his name, and accompanied by his worldly-wise son Somannah, goes to Sudarsana to answer his call. Fortune knocks but once at every man's gate, and success in this world depends on our making the best of every opportunity. For the beautiful piece of flesh, he demands an exorbitant price; he will give her up to him who gives him all he possesses. All the rosy prospects of a queen's life for his daughter will not move him an inch from his resolution. "The jasmine flower that some blind wind hath dropped on a thorny bush" shudders to hear her father speak so pertinaciously. The King, rather than grieve his son, parts with his crown, and leaves the kingdom with the Queen, who, no less than the King, longs to see her son marry dear Kumuda.

"But two days now dear Kumuda with us  
Hath lived! Aught there is in her so meek  
And noble, quiet and sincere—some light  
Profound so hangs about her, that to see  
Her is to love! how wretched then it is  
Our present plight, wherein nought can we do  
To deck her as such beautiful limbs of her  
Deserve! to clothe her and keep her still  
Like the princess which surely she is born to be!"

The wrench of separation is indeed great. "Such is our doom!" says the father, "to pine for ever we were born! So foul the deeds that in our former lives we did, whereof we now but reap the fruit." With these words, the King and Queen leave the city at night.

Ramannah is intoxicated with kingship; he sets about curtailing expenses in the state. "How foolish these kings are to squander their wealth!" exclaims the Vaisya King. But the wise Bhaskara tenders his resignation; so does the Commander-in-Chief; and the Revenue Minister follows suit. The sapient Somannah, second in the administration, urges his father to impose new taxes and fill the coffers with the flowing revenue. He says, "Ay, you may order that for every cloth that is sold in our land, a certain tax should be paid. That will be cotton duties, you see. *The folk may grumble; but what of that; they will pay it at last.* Then we shall impose poll-tax, income tax, forest tax, house tax, lighting tax, eating tax, and drinking tax too." While the father and son are thus exulting over their resources, there come Bhaskara and Ugrasena, hot and furious

at the news of the royal death as if compassed by these money-mongers. Daunted by their bloodshot eyes, the cowardly Vaisya flings away his crown and agrees to retire to his village. But the wise Bhaskara is not without suspicion of the canard.

“ Why, credulous folk are readiest to coin  
Their theories, and firmly hold them too.  
If one half hints, a second trusts, a third  
Is sure, a fourth will swear he hath seen himself.”

Yet believing the common report, the Minister and the Commander-in-Chief propose to crown Prince Harsha king. But where is he? Harsha, in company with Kumuda, is in a hunting park in Panchala, grieving himself sorely over his parents, their vicissitudes, and their ungrudging self-sacrifice. Kumuda stands condemned before her own tribunal as a criminal who has robbed her lord from the folds of paternal love and filial duty. She goes over her past in her imagination, and says,

“ A peasant girl  
Was I born and bred, at home disliked both  
By kith and kin, for I had not their art  
To palm off lies ; nor would they pardon me  
My taste for religious books or music's charms,  
Wherein mine only pleasure lay.”

Harsha consoles her with the philosophy that “ No good but coexisteth with some ill ; all things have faces two. Power, pelf, and fame are but mere accidents. To serve our fellowmen does the Eternal Law of God require of us. It is a duty we are never to shirk.” Just at this juncture the sound of horn is heard, and closely following it, there comes to the park King Bhima of Panchala, who at the sight of Kumuda suddenly conceives “ a passion strong to win her at any cost.” Calamity to the calamitous ! He invites the man and wife to his palace and learns their sad story. The innocent Harsha tenders him his warmest thanks for the hospitality, thanks “ true, empty as they are,” says he, “ they emanate from a heart that never brooks to lie.” All the while King Bhima has been scheming how to ravish Kumuda. He consults his brother and Minister, Krishna Sadhu, about it. True to his name, the latter resents the proposal and gives him sagely counsel :—

“ A sacred trust to a king committed lies ;  
And hence, for ev'ry word, for ev'ry act  
Of his, as king, he stands most answerable  
To Him, from Whom such onerous trust he holds.  
Ay, be it, brother, known, Pomp, Pleasure, Power

Are sirens three that lure thee to thy ruin.  
 Man's end is self-realisation true,  
 Not with'ring wealth, not rotting rank : thou knowest  
 I am thine elder ; yet, the sceptre, and the crown  
 To thee I've given ; for worthless trash are they :  
 Not these can bring thee nearer to His grace,  
 But faith in Him, viewing all the worlds  
 No worse than Self, as doth the Absolute,—  
 No fasts can mend the soul, no solitude :  
 The path to eternal life is thought and deed  
 In perfect harmony to all Existence !"

This long speech is an infliction on him who is passion-ridden. He wishes his brother were away. He invents a lie. He charges Harsha with the theft of the silken handkerchief wrought by his niece, dearest Krupavati, and sends him off to prison after the farce of a trial. Krishna Sadhu looks at the noble cast of Harsha's countenance and finds him of noble descent. The shades of night are falling fast, and he goes away saying, "I leave thee brother, charging thee, to do this youth justice." After the departure of the brother, King Bhima uses force and fraud with Harsha to allow Kumuda to grace his bed and share a royal sway. The anger of the innocent exceeds all bounds, when their honour is wounded. Harsha exclaims, "O villain black ! know, fool, two bosoms, but one heart therein have we. Dark days await thee ; keen misery shall overtake thee fast ! That strength of thine shall dwindle and decay, consumed by thine own greedy lust ! Thy unrepentant soul, for countless births, shall Karma plunge in abject retrogression !" Whereupon King Bhima stamps his feet and mutters within himself, "the wisdom-teaching prison shall tame his soul," and adds that he will arrange to tell of Kumuda that an accident has killed Harsha and will use his mother as a cat's-paw to soothe the damsel's grief and prepare her mind to yield her love to him. A diabolical scheme indeed ! At the news of her husband's death sedulously circulated by the wicked king, Kumuda becomes quite disconsolate, and prepares herself to leap from the lonely balcony, so that death shall grant her what life has held from her. When the bale is next, boot is next. Krupavati appears in male attire, states her mission, convinces her that she is of her own sex, takes the damsel by the arm, and assures her, "I am your friend, a faithful one ; fear not ; your husband is alive. He lives in a gloomy prison-house deeply bemoaning your [separation." Touched with the grief of the lovely Kumuda, Krupavati gives her the key and advises her to put on man's attire that she has brought, to escape by the back gate of the lonely

mansion and run off to a ruined temple, a mile or so off, where she can meet her husband. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. Feeling immensely thankful to the kind benefactress, and being assured that ere six months the King will not expect to have her as his wife, she flings her arms on Krupa, and bursts out, "O God-send! All is His unknowable work: A monarch's son my husband is—his heir! For the sake of me, he lost his crown! Here, what tyranny unscrupulous, and lo! what kindness, side by side, we have!" and thus saying bids good-bye to Krupa.

Dressed like a boy, Kumuda wends her way to the ruined temple, the trysting place of her lord, and, arriving there, does not find him. She sees a servant, and a fear that he has come to find her out fills her perturbed mind. He happens to be the trusty follower of the holy Krishna Sadhu, sent to inform her that his plan relating to her husband's escape has failed, and that the noble Harsha will be removed in the evening to Jayant Hill, to the foul dungeon there, which has a long tale to tell of atrocities, men and women being cast away naked to hungry tigers and roaring lions. As the servant leaves her alone, the robbers who were drinking, dancing, and singing there and burning incense on the altar of Kali, begin to hem her round and throw their eyes on the weighty purse in her hands. Kumuda in disguise pays the price, lightens her hands, and flees, thanking God for the deliverance. She gains a forest on the borders of Panchala and rests there by the side of a lotus tank. Two princes meet her and make protestations of their love to her. They say they have discovered her sex. The ingenious Kumuda does not lose her presence of mind. She outwits them by promising to yield her heart at once to him who first brings her that large lotus flower away in the middle of the tank. The princes swim in deep water "with hearts of controversy"; but the princess springs upon the back of one of the horses left by them and is off in no time "beyond such foolish princes' aim."

She arrives at a garden in Kashmir, and hears the sound of music there. The half-pensive notes fill her ears, soothe her mind, and drown her in sleep. The Princess of Kashmir, accompanied by her playmates, comes by the way and lights on the handsome youth deep in slumber. She loves *him* on the spot; but how is she to win the man? She writes upon the sand, "The holder of this diamond ring may claim an interview with the Princess of this land," and drops her ring there. Kumuda, waking, sees the glittering ring and the writing on the sand. Then two guards, sent by the Princess to search for the lost ring, come upon the Rosalind trespassing there and take the person with the ring to the palace. The love-

sick Mohana there welcomes the handsome youth and is anxious to know *his* antecedents. "The youth's form bespeaks a strange nobility, and his words are full of melting innocence." Mohana gives him a purse and returns the ring to him with a loving command to wear it in her name. Kumuda takes herself to an inn for rest, but the kindness of the Princess has touched her deeply. She concludes that her attire has deceived the Princess of Kashmir. Immediately after, Mohana's attendant arrives with a letter from her, another proof of her love. The letter reads as follows :

"Dear Youth,—Be not too hard on me, and set my overstepping the due bounds of maiden modesty against the sincerity of my heart. I can feel no rest, till I have you ; be then a suitor to my hand ; and declare yourself as such. Thus shall you become a King and be mine as—I am yours—M."

On perusing the letter, Kumuda resolves that, as she can never be *hers*, she should screen herself from the Princess till she finds her husband, and trusts that someone better will clasp Mohana's hand. As she is saying these words, her eyes fall on a noble youth who has been standing there gazing at her. The Princess of Kosala makes him out to be a cousin dear and friend of her lord and approaches him. She feigns that she met a weary traveller by name Harsha "in vast Panchala's realms"; that she grew intimate with him and knew his royal rank and his strange misfortunes ; that Panchala's Prince being enamoured of his spouse threw him into a dark prison; and that he was taken to the King and never returned. Hearing this tale of sorrows, Sudarsana jumps on his feet and resolves to fly at the traitor-king. She pacifies him and suggests a plan. "Mohana loves me so well that I will pledge my hand to hers and then receive the crown. Then shall you demand of Panchala our friend's release. If he refuse, myself will war upon King Bhima and count upon you as dear Harsha's friend to 'lead with me the troops to victory.' Fair Kosala shall also be informed of our intention, and both realms shall thus unite to crush King Bhima with their combined might!" The plan pleases him, and he will fain be the bearer of the message and the leader of Kashmir's troops.

An ambassador is despatched to Bhima's court. He is Sudarsana. He demands of the King instant release of Harsha and his wife ; charges him with the dire intent of tainting Kumuda's purity ; and offers him a most fierce and bloody war if he should not be set at liberty. The threatening message wounds his honour to the quick, and he sends an equally insulting reply. "King Bhima is no grandam old to shriek at the name of war. If Kashmir dare to interfere with the justice of our realm, he shall chastised

be." The ambassador is escorted safe, and King Bhima orders troops to be collected to guard the safety of the realm. Preparations for war are being made in hot haste, and the drunken Vinita and Virabahu discuss the chances of the latter's getting the command of the 45th Regiment. Knowing that Malla has secured it, they question the King's partiality for him. "The King," says Vinita, "has an eye on Malla's daughter—no more—away." Virabahu is astonished to hear Malla stooping to such pandering. Vinita goes to Jayanta Hill to bring to the palace the interesting prisoner pining there.

Kosala is calling all her men to arms to recover her Prince and King from the clutches of the wicked Bhima. Suguna, Harsha's father, living in a cottage by the wayside in the guise of a poor schoolmaster, hears the flourish of trumpets and the tale of his son's seizure and captivity. The vengeance of the father is roused: he will fight Bhima and make him atone for treachery. "A Kshatriya am I, and fighting is my trade; ay, old as I am, I'll strike one blow at least, nor fear to gain. No fight for freedom ever is in vain." The forces of Kosala march against Panchala and besiege it. The forces of Kashmir attack King Bhima from the north. Attacked on both sides, the King is in despair. His men are milk-livered. To yield or not to yield—is the question. Harsha—is he to be released? In this dilemma, King Bhima is visited by Krishna Sadhu. With all the courage of despair, the King of Panchala resolves that "both man and wife shall die within their cell." Hardly is this resolution come to, when the enraged Malla sends the cold steel five inches deep into his side for seizing his daughter and staining his loyal blood. The King dies, and Krishna Sadhu, in whose eyes tears stood collected, says, "It is justice most divine." The war comes to an end. Sudarsana goes to the castle of Mohana and is placed between two dreadful fires, the Cupid's torch and his own conscience set ablaze. Mohana loves Kumuda in disguise, but he loves Mohana. His conscience finds him guilty, and he says, "How dare I look at her, the lawful wife of him whose vassal I am on solemn oath; to whom I am beholden by sacred bonds of friendship and gratitude." Mohana sees Sudarsana and tells him of her father's raptures over his tact and deeds of valour. She adds to it the testimony of her husband. Kumuda sees them together, their longing looks speaking what their tongues dared not. The heroine in disguise praises his valour to his face; "I know, Sudarsana, but for you, the day had been lost." Tickled with the encomium, Sudarsana says,

"What greater bliss indeed, in any world,  
Can servant covet than under one to serve

That can appreciate one's servant's deeds?"

Bhaskara and Ugrasena pay their respects to King Kumuda and are welcomed to the court. The former recognises Sudarsana, and they are told to their great delight that their prince is safe and will be there shortly. Harsha and Krishna Sadhu arrive. The Prince of Kosala recognises his cousin, and they both thank the King of Kashmir for their life and safety. Bhaskara throws his arms round Harsha and is in ecstasy over his deliverance. The aged father, wearing the mask of a soldier, can no more keep quiet: he throws off his mask and clasps Harsha and Sudarsana in his arms. "How happily met are we? We live to see our precious children." But where is dear Kumuda? "Alas! Kumuda dear," exclaims Harsha. But Kumuda cannot bear her husband's grief: she drops off her disguise. Harsha hastily embraces his wife, who faints with joy. The deluded Mohana is ashamed that she married a woman and, at the instance of Kumuda, takes the hand of Sudarsana. All are made happy: the father sees the son, the son the father, the uncle the nephew, the King his lords, the Minister the King, the husband his wife, the wife her husband, the bride her groom. But are timely services to be forgotten? Kumuda grants Krupa and her lord supreme sway over the vast Panchala, which has become hers by conquest. And Krishna Sadhu thus moralises on the situation:

"How strange each benefactor hath his due!  
The oyster pregnant with a drop of rain  
Begets in turn a pearl of the purest ray:  
Even so the virtuous heart, noble and true,  
The kindness least that once is shown to it,  
Repays still hundred-fold."

King Suguna weeps with excessive gladness and asks his son what he thinks of woman's heart. Harsha replies, "Heaven hath taught a precious lesson to me,"—wifely fidelity and womanly self-sacrifice. The moralising Sadhu thus closes the scene with his rhyming philosophy

"Most true; the serious eye is sure to see  
A God exists that rules our destiny;  
And success real, and worth its name in life—  
True success in the keen, hard, swaying strife  
Of contending passions of our breast, needs still  
The Feeling, and the Intellect, and Will  
Developed to an equal high degree.  
Shake once the equilibrium of the three;  
Let the heart or hand predominate the mind;

Then down the slopes of ruin, headlong, blind  
 We run our heedless course. Indeed,  
 Most few are sinners on Earth that need  
 To be told their duty's path!—my brother late,  
 For one, had a heart furnished too sweet a bait  
 To relinquish for his will most stout; but how dread,  
 How avalanche-like sudden on his head  
 Did burst the doom! A Law sublimely true  
 Doth mould our acts: the Law realised by few,  
 Beyond analysis! Do what you ought  
 In ev'ry state of life; and leave all thought  
 Of its pain and pleasure to Him; for the soul,  
 Implicit trusts in Him, achieves its goal.  
 Perfection of the self—there lies our end;  
 Eternal bliss on us doth then attend!"

I have given the plot at length, and the reader can judge of it for himself. The rhythm of the verses is pleasing, and the characterisation is also good. The psychology of the writer is Western while he holds to the eastern doctrine of Karma. The end of self-realisation is preached through its pages. The wicked Bhima, the wise Bhaskara, the sage Krishna Sadhu, the lovely Krupavati, the gentle Suguna, the innocent Harsha, the brave Sudarsana, the upstart Ramannah, the fierce Ugrasena—these are typical full-length portraits.

The two dramas seem to have been put on the boards some time ago by the Dramatic Association in Madras called the Vithwan Mano Rangini Sabha. This Sabha has acted and published dramas in Tamil, Telugu, Sanskrit, and English. I hope and wish that the fertile Indian geniuses may follow Mr. Krishnamachari, and enrich the world's literature with something of their own.

G. PADFIELD.

*Mission College,  
 Coimbatore.*

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

**Politics in  
Bengal a  
Hundred and  
Fifty Years  
Ago.**

Clive once wrote to Orme that he could supply volumes of materials for a history, in which would appear "fighting, tricks, chicanery, intrigues, politics and the Lord knows what." Such was the history of Bengal, indeed, more or less of all India, at the dawn of the British Empire in the East. The battle of Plassey was not a great battle from a military point of view : it is a landmark in the history of India, because it effected a revolution in the Muhammadan government of Bengal, overthrowing an enemy and installing a friend of the British, and it demonstrated to the native races the political and military capacities of the white traders. In the early stages of his quarrel with the British, and especially in the first flush of his victory after the capture of Calcutta, Siraj-uddaula thought that Europe did not contain more than ten or twelve thousand men, and that a pair of slippers was all that was necessary to govern his European subjects. There must have been others at his court who cherished the same illusion. That illusion was dispelled by the events of 1757. The historical records of the period, however, do not impress one with the magnitude of military operations : they rather throw a flood of light on the tricks and intrigues—the "Oriental games," as they were called—in which Natives and Europeans alike took part. Indeed, Mr. S. C. Hill, in his Introduction to the three volumes of Records which he has published for the Government of India, doubts whether even now the natives of Bengal appreciate at their full value the benefits they have received by the liberation of the country from the tyranny of a man like Siraj-uddaula, or the disinterestedness of the work done since then by the servants of the East India Company and of the British Crown. Clive did not and

could not profess to be immaculate. Siraj-uddaula once asked Clive and Watson reproachfully whether men of the Book, as they professed themselves to be, were going to break their treaties, when even the Mahrattas abode by the terms of their agreements. While the general tone of political morality was far from being high among all races, it is possible that Omichand was sincere when he once remonstrated with the Nawab that he had lived for forty years under English protection, and he never knew them once to break their agreement. If a lie could be proved against any person in England, he added, he would be "spit upon and never trusted." Omichand swore to this statement by touching a Brahman's foot : no wonder that, when not long afterwards he was undeceived, or shamefully deceived by the white men whom he threatened to betray, he went nearly mad. At the present moment, when the demand for self-government and the rupture between Hindus and Muhammadans are among the leading features of "politics" in Bengal, we would turn from the servants of the Company—the future rulers of the country—to the Native characters in the instructive drama.

Siraj-uddaula was a young man of twenty-six. It cannot be said that he was more sinned against than sinning ; but he was a spoilt child, and as there was no constitutional check on his faults of temper and the excesses in which he indulged, he may well be pitied for the fate which befell him. If he had contempt for the British, he had no higher opinion for the people of Bengal. "Thou art a Bengali coward," he once fulminated against a dependant Raja, who counselled peace with the British. Even the British do not seem to have been quite of the same opinion in those days regarding the fighting qualities of the natives of Bengal. Governor Drake, in his narrative of the siege of Calcutta, mentions how the inhabitants were terrified by the approach of the Nawab's army, but adds : "We should do injustice not to distinguish the spirit shewn by Govindram Metre (Mitra) who employed several hands at his part of the town in felling down trees and cutting through the roads to break the enemy's passage, stopped up the small avenues leading into our town, and destroyed many houses where the enemy might have obtained shelter." He was thrown into jail for his loyalty to the British : from his prison he managed to send secret information to them regarding the distribution of the Nawab's troops, and in

reply he was allowed to enter the service of the Nawab so as to regain his liberty. With the exception of a few officers whom he had raised to power, almost every man's hand was against the Nawab. Among the favourites whom he raised to positions of influence and trust were Mohan Lal, whom he made his prime minister, and Manick Chand, whom he appointed Governor of Calcutta. Mohan Lal was, like himself, a man of inordinate pride. It is believed that he was once poisoned by rival courtiers, and on his recovery from illness, his intellect seems to have been so disordered that he asked all the grandees and chiefs to come and salute him. The Nawab supported his adviser in this absurd demand, with the result that he alienated the sympathy of all self-respecting nobles, among whom was Mir Jafar. Manick Chand is described as a man "presumptuous, arrogant, destitute of capacity, and wholly without courage." Sharing his master's contempt for the British, he once exposed himself to personal risk at Budge Budge and received a bullet through his turban. Both these officers, as also Mir Madan, a man of low origin raised to the position of the General of Household Troops, Coja Hadi, an Armenian adventurer, and Naba Singh Hazari, were present at the battle of Plassey. With the fall of Mir Madan, the Nawab gave up hopes of a victory. Rai Durlabh, Mir Jafar, and Lutf Khan commanded separate detachments, but struck no blow, as they were not interested in the Nawab's triumph. Indeed, the last two Muhammadan commanders were hostile to Siraj-uddaula, and Mir Jafar had already entered into a treaty with the British. The fatuous young ruler had incurred the implacable hatred of the Jagat Seths by slapping them in the face in open Durbar, in a fit of uncontrollable temper. They supported Mir Jafar and espoused the cause of the English. In his flight after the battle of Plassey, Siraj-uddaula was recognised and betrayed by one Dana Shah, whom he had disgraced by ordering his ears and nose to be cut off. Mahammud Beg, who consented to be the murderer of the unhappy Nawab while in Miran's custody, fell upon him and despatched him with the cry that the death of Hasan Kuli Khan, his first victim, was thereby avenged. It will thus be seen that the enemies of this Muhammadan ruler were not all Hindus. On the other hand, there were Hindus among the Nawab's trusted friends. It was not religious bigotry, but his insen-

sate pride and folly, that brought about the ruin of Siraj-uddaula. There was no likelihood of any Hindu competitor supplanting him in his office of Nawab of Bengal; for the Emperor of Delhi was not likely to appoint an unbeliever as the head of a province. Before the British and their allies set up Mir Jafar against him, he apprehended danger from his cousin Shaukat Jang, who had been secretly intriguing at Delhi. Shaukat is described by a Mahammadan chronicler as a man who used to stupefy himself with drugs and to boast that he would not only conquer Bengal, but place a new Emperor on the throne of Delhi and govern India from Kandahar or Khorassan, because the climate of India did not suit him. He is said to have obtained a *farman* appointing him Nawab of Bengal, and the situation was so dangerous that Siraj-uddaula had to wage war upon him with the help of the Hindu Ramnaram, whom he summoned from Patna. The rival armies met near Raj Mahal, and Shaukat was shot dead in the action. Siraj-uddaula's spies were many of them Hindus. The head spy was one Rajaram, *naib* of Midnapur. Rajaram's brother, Narain Das, seems to have been another spy: at any rate he was expelled from Calcutta as such by Governor Drake, when he was found to have brought some secret message to Omichand's house. Yet another spy in the service of the Mahammadan ruler was one Mathura Lal. One of the most distinguished of Siraj-uddaula's officers was Rai Durlabh, who was a Dewan and who also held a high military command. It was he who captured Calcutta and who boasted himself as the conqueror of the white men there. Later on, he joined Mir Jafar's party. Rai Ballabh was as important a personage in what might be called Siraj-uddaula's navy as Rai Durlabh was in his army. He was a native of Dacca, evidently a Bengali; and he had the management of the fleet of boats stationed at that town to hold in check the pirates of the Sunderbans. Later on he was appointed to watch the movements of the British ships which arrived from Madras and to resist their progress, if possible. He also seems to have been disgusted with his master and discharged his duties indifferently. Nand Kumar was another Hindu who held a high position. He was Faujdar of Hooghly. He was bought over by the British, and he in his turn bribed Rajaram, the Nawab's head spy, thus enabling his master's enemies to know his intentions and

movements. The leading characters in the drama at this time do not seem to have been Bengalis. But we read of several of them in subordinate positions, which also carried some amount of influence with them. Thus Governor Manick Chand had an agent, Radha Krishna Malik, who was employed in the Governor's negotiations with Clive. Ras Bihari, who was sent by Siraj-uddaula to take charge of certain Faujdaris in Purneah, when he heard of Shaukat Jang's intrigues, was evidently a Bengali.

The leading Hindu characters were the Jagat Seths and Omichand. The family of the Jagat Seths was founded by a Jain merchant Manick Chand, who handed over his business to his nephew Fath Chand. The title of Jagat Seth, or Merchant of the World, was for the first time conferred on this representative of the family by Murshid Kuli Khan, who appointed him Imperial Banker. The Seths who figure in the history of Bengal in 1757 were Fath Chand's grandsons, Seth Mahtab Rai and Maharaja Svarup Chand. It appears that about two-thirds of the revenues of Bengal were paid into the house of the Jagat Seths and the Government drew its cheques upon their bank as merchants would do, and the Seths are said to have made in this manner an annual income of about forty lakhs. Their influence, in consequence of their wealth, was sufficiently great to constitute them "king-makers," if they could find a capable rival to the Nawab for the time being. They had already helped one of Siraj-uddaula's predecessors to the throne, and now they financed Mir Jafar. They were parties to the famous treaty, which Clive effected with Siraj-uddaula's rival, and from which Omichand's name was omitted, because of the opposition of the Seths. Omichand was a Punjabi by race and a Sikh by religion. It is said that he also was offered the honour and appointment of a Jagat Seth shortly before the Nawab's attack on Calcutta. Anyhow he was a rival of the descendants of the Jain Manick Chand. He had for many years acted as the agent of the English, and he figures as an important personage in the negotiations of the British with other parties. Governor Drake had a cavalier way of dealing with spies and other natives suspected of treason: just as he expelled Narain Das from Calcutta, he also imprisoned Omichand when he suspected him of treachery in 1756. Omichand surrendered without resistance, but his brother-in-law Hazari

Mal and his Jamadar made a stout resistance. The Jamadar, as was the custom in those days, when men laid down their lives in a fight, killed with his own hands thirteen women and three children and set fire to the house, before the soldiers who had come to arrest Omichand could effect their purpose. Omichand's house is said to have been full of weapons, but whether he intended any treason or whether the weapons were required for the defence of his property is doubtful. In those days men frequently changed sides, and few were implicitly trusted. Clive once professed to be willing to abide by the arbitration of the Nawab's officers and their common friends in the settlement of the dispute between Siraj-uddaula and the British. None of these arbitrators, however, seemed to have been uniformly trusted by either party. Every man had his price and politics was a combination of indifferent fighting and heavy bribery. While the Jagat Seths set up Mir Jafar, their rival Omichand supported Lutf Khan. The British preferred Mir Jafar as the more capable man. The Jagat Seths insisted upon the exclusion of Omichand's name from the treaty with Mir Jafar, and Omichand threatened to betray the plot to the Nawab if his name was left out. The Jagat Seths do not seem to have held out a like threat in case their request was not complied with; yet there was no certainty as to the line of action they would adopt. The Jagat Seths were also at one time suspected of setting up the Nawab against the English. In the circumstances Clive decided upon the famous trick whereby he outwitted the Punjabi banker. Clive's defence of his conduct is contained in the following statement made to the Select Committee of Parliament :

Omichand had insisted upon 5 *per cent* on all the Nabob's treasures, and thirty *lack* in money, and threatened if he did not comply with that demand he would immediately acquaint Serajah Dowlah with what was going on, and Mr. Watts should be put to death. When he received this advice he thought art and policy warrantable in defeating the purposes of such a villain, and his Lordship himself formed the plan of the fictitious treaty to which the Committee consented. . . . His Lordship never made any secret of it; he thinks it warrantable in such a case, and would do it again a hundred times: *He had no interested motive in doing it*, and did it with the design of disappointing the expectations of a rapacious man.

It was a characteristic feature of the political life of the period that the Government was always to be approached through middlemen, who exacted their heavy commissions. Another

man besides Omichand and the Jagat Seths, who lent his services as a political broker, was the Armenian Coja Wazid. Though clever and influential, he was excessively timid, and he drops out of the plot of the Revolution which placed Mir Jafar on the throne of Bengal. He was also once suspected of intriguing against the British, though his services were now and then requisitioned by them. Indeed, even those who had co-operated with the English in placing Mir Jafar on the throne were not above suspicion. After Mir Jafar had taken possession of the Nawab's palace at Murshidabad, when Clive was about to enter the town, the Seths warned him that Miran, Rai Durlabh, and others had formed a plot to kill him on his way to the palace. Clive had, therefore, to postpone his visit until the next day, when he made his entry with an adequate guard of troops, and after making every preparation to meet any contingency that might arise in consequence of the plot.

The "chemistry" of human progress is sometimes very instructive and more strange than the chemistry of biological growths. Out of the repelling ingredients of manure are built up the lovely and fragrant petals of the rose. The seeds of British Empire in India were cast in a soil impregnated with "tricks, chicanery, intrigue and the Lord knows what"—even the drunkenness of the Company's soldiers. The restoration of Calcutta would no doubt have been sought, if necessary, by recourse to arms. But it was the Black Hole tragedy which particularly cried out for revenge. The circumstances in which that horror was perpetrated were remarkable. Calcutta had fallen, the Muhammadan priests were singing a psalm of thanksgiving, and the Europeans were left unmolested, when the scene changed suddenly because some European soldiers made themselves drunk and assaulted the Natives. The Nawab's officers were already enraged at the losses inflicted on them by the defenders of the fort, and they executed with fiendish eagerness the orders of their master that the Europeans might be punished for the assault by being confined in the room in which it was usual to imprison soldiers who had misbehaved themselves. They did not respect even sex, and among the unhappy prisoners to the number of 146 who were forced into the room, 18 feet square, was a lady, who, strangely enough, survived the dreadful night. The imprisonment of the woman, at least, must have been an act

of thoughtless contempt for the lives of Europeans, and not a deliberate act. It is acknowledged by contemporary writers that the Muhammadans did not ill-treat women, and even during a siege respected the privacy of women's apartments. It seems that Mrs. Watts, a celebrated character in the history of Calcutta in those days, used to say that she was saved from the Nawab's harem by the intercession of his mother, Amina Begam. But Siraj-uddaula also, with all his faults of character, was credited with chivalry, and he could not be responsible for the presence of Mrs. Carey in the Black Hole. Indeed, it is amusing to read how even Englishmen sometimes took advantage of the respect paid by Muhammadans to the *dholey* and the veil. Mr. Watts did not dare to go openly to Mir Jafar's palace to secure his signature to the treaty with the future Nawab. The Armenian Coja Petrus conveyed him in a *dholey* to the palace at night and the signature was obtained ! With all the redeeming features in the character of the leading personages, the growth of the British Empire took place amid surroundings which none would wish back again. When Native politicians in Bengal show a tendency to divide themselves into two camps, associated with their respective religions, there is at least one feature of the politics of a hundred and fifty years ago which may be recalled with advantage and instruction, and that is how the Muhammadan and the Jain, the Panjabi and the Bengali, the Englishman, the Hindu and the Armenian, served one another irrespectively of their religious faiths, and even in seeking personal profit, each unconsciously worked in a cause which ultimately made for liberty and righteousness.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

The last week of December is known to a large section of the educated community in this country as the "national week." It is the part of the year in which about half a dozen conferences, expected to attract delegates from all parts of India, are held in some leading city, and various means of national regeneration and progress are discussed. The oldest and most influential of these is the political Congress. It was presided over at Calcutta by Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, who was brought down from England specially for the purpose of composing the differences that had arisen among the labourers in the political vineyard. The question on which they are divided has to be considered without reference to personalities. Whether Mr. Banerji or Mr. Pal is the greater orator, whether Sir P. Mehta or Mr. Tilak has the more admirable temper, whether Mr. Gokhale or Mr. Lajpat Rai knows more about the inner workings of the British mind—these are questions more of biographical than of political interest. The question of questions for a considerable time past has been: What is the remedy, if any, if a popular agitation, such as was set up against the Partition of Bengal, produces no effect on the policy of the Government, in a country where the people have no voice in the management of their affairs? The answer given to this question by one party in the Congress is that we must continue to repose faith in the ultimate reasonableness and sense of justice of the British nation, and the agitation must be prolonged and persevered in until the people have their own way—Mr. Naoroji belongs to this school, and most of his friends in England are also convinced of the expediency of agitation strictly on constitutional lines. All things come to those that wait, is their motto. The impatient section, as it has been called, in the Con-

gress, on the other hand, stigmatise this policy as political "mendicancy," unworthy of any self-respecting nation. They argue that nothing is given for the mere asking. unless behind the supplication there is a reserve of force and determination which is ready to be called into play beyond a certain stage in patient agitation. This stage must necessarily be determined by the circumstances of each case, and it will no doubt depend largely upon the temper of the agitators. In Bengal the boycott of foreign goods was decided upon as the most efficient lever by which pressure could be put upon the British public. Such retaliation and injury to the interests of those from whom favour or justice is sought cannot but cause irritation and resentment, while the success of the plan is problematical. That, at any rate, was the opinion of one party. Angry discussions are said to have taken place in the Subjects Committee, with the result that the Congress had to pass a resolution approving of the boycott in Bengal as a political measure, because the people have no other means of conveying an idea of the intensity of their feeling when they dislike any act on the part of the Government. The speakers on this resolution added their own riders to the proposition assented to by the general body. One of them interpreted the spirit of the resolution to mean that even honorary offices, and not merely foreign goods, might be boycotted, so as to render the government of the country with the co-operation of the people difficult, if not impossible. Other speakers interpreted the proposition to mean that there is no reason to extend the boycott beyond the limits of Bengal. The individual opinions of the speakers are not so important as the resolution actually passed. The Congress has justified the boycott in Bengal, and for reasons which must, in similar circumstances, be equally applicable to any other part of India. The circumstances which would justify a similar crusade against foreign goods elsewhere may not arise for a long time to come. Yet so far as the question of supplementing strictly constitutional agitation, otherwise called mendicancy, by measures of a different kind is concerned, the answer given by the Congress is clear and unmistakeable.



The new province in Bengal has been fully organised. The Legislative Council has been formed and has commenced work.

The Muhammadans, who form the majority of the population, have repeatedly protested against a reversal of the Partition. Mr. Morley has repeatedly declined to consider the Partition as otherwise than a settled fact, and the local Governments have expressed their hope and conviction that the future of the new province is as fully assured as that of any other province of India. In the circumstances it is doubtful whether the boycott, as an instrument of political coercion, will find continued and extensive support even in Bengal. It has now merged into a larger movement—the Svadeshi movement. His Excellency the Viceroy, in opening the Industrial Exhibition at Calcutta, expressed his hearty sympathy with this movement in so far as it aims at promoting local industries. The laws of supply and demand are said to be inexorable, but of course the laws of political economy make no provision for sentiment, which sometimes overrides purely material considerations. Political economists may inveigh against the use of fireworks as a waste of money which ought to be made available for more productive purposes, but people will burn rockets all the same. Luxuries may be uneconomic, but it will be a long time before they are discarded. The patriotic sentiment may be regarded as a moral luxury, if nothing more. It gives pleasure of a certain sort, and it will therefore be cherished and indulged in, until at least the reveller discovers the hole that he has made in his pocket, and pain succeeds pleasure. The love of physical luxuries has given an impetus to arts and industries, and the love of the moral luxury called the patriotic sentiment may lead to a like result. It depends upon the leaders of the Svadeshi movement what advantage they take of it, and what the country reaps, when the tide that has set in continues in its full strength. The Viceroy reminded his hearers that no purchasers will pay a higher price for an article merely because it is manufactured in a particular place, when its utility is not higher. In the long run the economic science may vindicate itself.



While the Congress was discussing how the hands of the Government might be forced, the Muhammadans at Dacca had resolved upon a plan of preventing the Government from yielding too readily to the demands of the leaders of a movement mostly patronised by Hindus. If the question of boycott was brought into prominence by

the anti-partition agitation, the formation of a Muhammadan League for all India was primarily actuated by the apprehensions of the pro-partitionists lest the Hindu agitation should lead to any injury to the interests of the Muhammadans in the new province. The Nawab of Dacca is determined to see that the separate existence of the province, where he is now the leading Native personage, shall not be effaced. The Government of Eastern Bengal has shown itself to be distinctly alive to the interests of his co-religionists, and the new province being one of the few parts of India where Muhammadans predominate, he seems to have pledged himself to secure the full support of Mussalmans to the territorial re-adjustment of the Bengal Districts effected by Lord Curzon's Government. Though such seems to have been the origin of the new All-India Muhammadan League, it aims at a wider sphere of usefulness and activity. One of its avowed objects is to defend the Government against unjust and harmful aspersions and attacks, recognised as such by the Muhammadan community. It will not declare open hostility either to the Congress or to any other body, but the support which it will lend to the Government in the name of one-fifth of the population of India will undoubtedly weaken the Congress case against the Government whenever Muhammadans do not sympathise with it. The claim of the Congress to speak on behalf of the whole nation is heavily discounted by the formation of this new League. It is, therefore, one of the most important events which India has witnessed during the close of last year.

While the Muhammadans are anxious to promote education in their community, as it is the only means of restoring their waning influence, the orthodox Hindus have addressed themselves to the task of fortifying their religious strongholds. The Bharat Dharma Mahamandal, which met at Calcutta in December under the presidency of the Maharaja of Durbhanga, has already nearly five hundred branch associations, carrying on its work in Northern India; it has employed a large number of missionaries and enlisted the support of nearly thirty Ruling Chiefs. It does not concern itself with politics. If it does, as the Maharaja said in his presidential speech, it only inculcates loyalty. Politicians speak of birthrights, but somehow not of birth-obligations. Yet the central idea of Dharma is that when a man is born, certain duties attach to him, and if he has

any rights he enjoys them by the sufferance of society. In this way while the Congress and other political movements strive to secure certain rights, the Mahamandal reminds the Hindus of their great duties. And so did the Social Conferences, one of which was managed entirely by ladies, and the other was attended mostly by the physically stronger sex. The Ladies' Conference was presided over by Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda, who has recently returned from a tour in Europe and America. It was also graced by several Maharanis, and was altogether a significant and noteworthy sign of the times. With the exception of a few subjects, such as the elevation of the depressed classes, temperance, and the like, the discussions in the men's Social Conference fall more or less within the sphere of women's activities, influence, and rights. The real Social Conference of the future ought, therefore, to be the Ladies' Conference.



The Medical Officer in charge of the Kashmir Mission Hospital calls attention to a statement at page 938, lines 22, 23 and 24, in our September issue. The Islamabad Hospital is one for women, strictly *parda-nashin*; and it is easy to understand, apart from all other considerations, why a male patient could not be admitted. We regret having unwittingly done injustice to so deserving an institution.

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#### EDITOR'S NOTICE.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

*To the Editor of EAST & WEST.*

SIR,—If the East attempts to understand the West aright, it ought to do so, not through its social institutions, nor its political movements, but by its religious atmosphere, for the two former are nothing but the results of the latter in the West. Moreover, Indians understand religious institutions much better, because their instincts and education run in those grooves. Far from the arena of religious factions, they can be much more sensible of the true religious import of the various creeds of Christendom. The Catholic Church stands pre-eminently at the head of all the creeds of Europe and professes a great deal of all the activities of a virile creed. Eliminating all supernatural elements inherent in it according to its votaries, one can evaluate it at a purely humanitarian estimate. If Jesus Christ is divine, His church as His chief witness, ought to evolve the divinity throughout its expansion in a measure. But opinions may differ seriously on that point, and the question must be set aside, till the question of human credibility can be decided. Take for instance the great body of celibate clergy. Thousands of these are forthcoming every year to man the ranks of the Catholic Church. Apparently without the natural encouragements of the world such as wealth, power, honour, emoluments, ability to bequeath to posterity, rights of any kind and social comforts, they are continuously being recruited from the world as a continual array of witnesses to the efficacy of the religion of Christ. Power they have, but not for aggrandisement, and wealth they have but only on trust for the Church; they cannot be untrue to the interests of the people from whom they have sprung and in case they go out as missionaries to other countries, their powers are strictly limited by the civil laws of those countries. Celibacy appeals strongly to the Indian mind, as a self-denying ordinance of the first importance. But there is a difference between Christian celibacy and the celibacy found among the Buddhists and the Hindus. He can claim no credit for it. He must needs behave like an ordinary person and accumulate wealth and power and comforts and live in the midst of the world and compete severely with it on behalf of his Church. He does this with so much enthusiasm and ardour that he is the butt of all the charges that human ingenuity can level at

him. The Christian celibate priest is in the world, but not of it, whereas the other celibates are of the world though professing to have gone out of it, inasmuch as they are venerated by the world as a superior order of men and get their recompense at once.

This recruitment of a militant celibate clergy from the ordinary levels of humanity is a great discipline to humanity itself. Europe had to raise its masses step by step by this process, till by the middle ages, the masses of Europe were a solid phalanx of fairly educated, co-operative and well disciplined individuals. The confessional rooted out the grosser vices and tendencies of man, and the various orders of monks and nuns gave outlets for the super-abundant activities of the nationalities. Learning and science grew apace in the peaceful monasteries and all kinds of rewards were in sight for those who did well. International comity and co-operation began to increase and Europe rose rapidly in prosperity and moral elevation.

But the growth of the Papacy was an organic growth; it allowed no one-sided luxuriance in one part and a decaying degeneration in another. It took the prosperity of one part and applied it to the upheaval of another. The fortunate few had to yield up their good to the treasury of the Church to be dispensed among the unfortunate. Spiritual precedence there was, but not any other. Those who had imbibed the Sacraments for a larger number of centuries and thus had a hereditary precedence, as it were, were treated more handsomely than those who were comparatively younger according to a certain spiritual gauge of the Church. Italians were preferred to Englishmen in the filling up of the sees vacant in England, because they had a better spiritual environment in their own country. International comity thus became strained, and men began to think of themselves as belonging to a particular nation first and then Christian. Before this feeling of nationality could be disciplined into a great international solidarity, the great highways of commerce were opened up with the other continents. The conflict between nationality and religion or between an enlightened self and an unenlightened unselfishness was left undecided for a time. Worldliness then entered the cleft and the gulf between the nationalities became wider. Schism or separation was the result, and as schism never succeeds until it is tinged with heresy, many new-fangled sects and creeds grew up, deriving what little of life they had from a negation of the tenets of the original church. The very vitality of the church nourished the negative poles for a time. The greatest evidence of the life of the Catholic church is the possibility of the sects and their continuance for more or less time.

But it may be urged here that Catholicism itself is an amalgam of Greek, Roman and Teutonic culture, and in part a protest against them, deriving its virility from what are common to them and from a negation of their differentia. It was a religion of sorrow made sweet and hopeful by what was sublime in art, in imperialism and in energetic action. But even this is an extraordinary feat. That a man should eat fish, flesh, and fowl daily and yet remain a man and not a tissue of those three dietetics is evidence of life. Christianity is merely itself, even though it might have utilised all the best elements presented to it. Protestantism cannot, how-

ever, be said to have utilised Catholicism as far as it went and then evolved out of its own accord, because its constructive tendencies are nowhere patent, and in missionary productiveness it has been hitherto comparatively barren. What does Dr. Cuthbert Hall say of the Catholic Church? "From a central seat of empire to the ends of the habitable world radiates an infallible dictatorship. Having the keys of heaven this central incarnation of authority is represented by an innumerable priesthood, appearing in every land, speaking every language, assimilating the peculiarities of every environment, yet surrendering under no circumstances the distinctive marks of ecclesiastical authority." The Roman Catholic Church is well-known throughout the world as a very self-productive church, without aid of state, sword, or strategem. Protestantism had many things true but they were not new, and what were new in it were not true. It is gradually giving up its errors while it has not formulated a single new factor in the realisation of Christianity in the world, nor has it a greater consciousness of Christianity. Protestantism may be said to be a comfortable form of culture-worship with an enthusiasm for social reform and humanitarian charity. No wonder that Protestantism leads to an enlightened atheism. Protestantism is full of pious sentiments. The splendour of a sudden thought may make it soar, only to fall into an irrational quagmire by ignoring practical conditions.

The British nation may be said to be Protestant in form, but Catholic in substance, so much so that they show their Protestant side to Catholicism and their Catholic inside to Non-conformity. It is a very tantalising position, leading constantly to readjustments every moment. But the very process of their attempting to convert India will make them Catholic first and then the process of conversion has to proceed through Catholicism. But it is a great wonder that the Englishman, encompassing the ends of the world for his own benefit, knowing the monetary value of the least thing to the fourth decimal place, bearing much of the burdens of an apologetic kind of imperialism, cannot appreciate the immense importance of this imperial ecclesiasticism of the true and noble kind. Is it the narrowness of selfishness or the perversity of wounded insolence? History makes it out to be both. Henry VIII. was certainly not a paragon of virtue, and the England of to-day can be easily demonstrated to be not above these charges.

But a non-Christian may ask much more of the Catholic Church. In spite of nearly twenty centuries of continuous existence, it has left more than seventy per cent. of the population of the world outside its fold, and the remaining thirty are torn asunder by so many grievous heresies. The world is in as parlous a condition of moral depravity as it was before the Christian revelation. The same merciless competition rages in the world though in a more refined manner; war and bloodshed, international slavery and the tyranny of masters are as rampant to-day as slavery and brutality were in the olden days. Christian Europe is much more sordid and relentless than Asia ever was in the long centuries. Is this the influence and work of the divine Jesus Christ and His Church? But the spirit of Christianity does not consist of matters commutable into terms of conventional import. It has nothing to do with population and mass movements

and hospitals and abolition of slavery and monogamy and stimulation of science, although incidentally it might have helped in the precipitation of these crystals from its great ocean of spiritual work. It has to do with the deepest cravings of spiritual man. It has to do with the sublime heights of his spiritual aspirations and the innermost depths of his human nature. Unlike the great process of evolution, and in opposition to it, Catholicism considers that one soul is of greater importance than the whole of the material plane and that the whole creation labours for the doing or the undoing of that soul. Every *person* is the great object of solicitude for the Church apart from all considerations of environment or heredity. The Church is no doubt a militant body, but it respects the free-will of every individual. Men are responsible to their Creator, whose claims they have to acknowledge, and if their loyalty is of the right kind, they will in no time approach God through the right way. Catholicism waits militantly, but it does not coerce. It makes the altitude of spiritual man reach up into the skies and his human nature to penetrate into the dark mysteries of his bodily existence. Percentages do not count in this lofty soul-culture, induced by contact with the divine personality of the incarnation. But at the same time, the soul is not to run riot in the spiritual plane without reference to the mundane bodily plane, but has to be continuously limited by the restraining influences of the sacraments of the Church. Of course Church discipline exists to make itself as unnecessary as possible as time goes on. If the soul is to be fitted for the activities of heaven, it has to be trained to the activities of the Church, which is nothing but a projection of the unseen into the visible universe. The Catholic Church claims to be in contact with the supernatural world and the contact cannot be seen by those who are exclusively in the visible universe. But this very claim was put forth by many a mortal body of believers and make-believers. What then? The Catholic Church has to be tested on its own merits. Are there miracles of the spiritual plane in it? Are there visions of the future world in it? Has it the abiding presence of the supernatural graces in it? Are their beautiful mansions of peace, rest, holiness, humility, calm and serenity in it? Do the down-trodden, the hopeless, the abandoned, the forlorn, the desolate, the unfathomably misery-stricken, the death-palored, the agonising, the unutterably pathetic,—do these find an asylum and a refuge in the Holy Catholic Church, as in the heart of the Great Saviour and Redeemer himself? Yes, they do.

A. R. C.

*Madras.*

# EAST & WEST.

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## LIFE'S COMEDY.

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THE twentieth century is not a poetic age, yet undoubtedly there has been a revival during the last seven or eight years of the study of that poet of poets, Dante. When Miss Maria Francesca Rossetti wrote her *Shadow of Dante*, she commented upon the scant number of his readers, asked how many cultivated persons would respond to an effort to make him the subject of conversation, and how many young people had made the study of his works a part of their education.

If frequent allusions to the author of the Divine Comedy, if abundant quotations from it, if lectures on Dante and Dante Reading Societies imply interest in him and acknowledgment of his intellectual influence, English society nowadays is freed from Miss Rossetti's reproach, so far as the letter of it is concerned; the spirit of her remarks conveys a truth that cannot be gainsaid. In spite of glib quotations of melodious lines, in spite of well-attended lectures and enthusiastic meetings in drawing-rooms, it is as true now as it has been in every age since that in which Dante Alighieri was born, that his readers are few, because few can learn his language.

We do not mean that Dante's Italian is too difficult to be understood by anybody who has any philological bent; we are not alluding to phrases and obscurities that try the intellectual muscles of grammatical athletes; we are speaking of the words within words, of the soul's language in thoughts of which words are the outward expression, of that speech which can only be heard when its vibrations excite responsive vibrations in the souls of others and cause the ears of the mind to open. Only a great spirit is alive to the inspiration of the great Florentine; only a great heart can throb in response to his heart's pulse; only a great mind can learn, and a great intellect understand, the language Dante spoke when, in the

middle of life's pilgrimage, he found himself in a dark wood,  
 Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita  
 Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura.

*Inferno* i. 1, 2.

In the travail of his soul he brought forth his words,  
 Ahi quanto a dir qual'ere è cose dura  
 Questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte,  
 Che nel pensier rinnova la paura.\*

*Inferno* i. 4-6.

It is an interesting study to observe how the minds of great poets and thinkers have been steeped in the influence of the mind of the great mediæval poet: and how his works have been the life-long study of dreamers of grand dreams and of doers of great works, both of works that have obviously impressed the world and of those that, hidden away, have influenced thought with the secret influence of salt or leaven.

Dante was not only a poet, he was a prophet also, a revealer of that which is veiled to the eyes of the multitude. His sarcasm cut through the decorous rind of great evils and laid their dread reality bare; his scorn burned through the coverings of deceit and hypocrisy; his indignation blew like a hot blast on all false-seemings, and left malignancy and meanness standing naked; his penetration pierced to the pith and marrow of men's thoughts and designs, and questionings and desires; his aspirations soared, and made the clouds above this little world of ours open, and reveal secrets beyond the realm of sense; his spirit sighed with longing for Reality, and was borne up on the sigh to the very steps of the Throne of Truth; his heart was so consumed with the passion of love that it burned away all that lies between desire and satisfaction—and there—speech failed:

Da quinci innanzi il mio veder fu maggio  
 Che il parlar nostro ch'a tal vista cede,  
 E cede la memoria a tanto oltraggio.†

*Paradiso* xxxiii. 55-58.

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\* Ah! how hard a thing it is to tell

How wild and harsh and rugged was this wood  
 That in the thought of it renews the fear.

† Thenceforward was my vision greater far  
 Than speech can reach, for at that sight speech faileth  
 Naileth memory too at such too great demand.

Yet the vision remained in his heart and has made him the prophet he has been and will continue to be as long as human hearts continue to beat.

. . . che quasi tutta cessa  
Mia visione, ed ancor mi distilla  
Nel cor lo dolce che nacque da essa. \*

*Paradiso xxxiii. 61-63.*

Although, as we maintain, only the few can read his inner language, or, to speak more truly, hear the voice of Dante's soul speaking to their own, many are students of his poem, and can be influenced and energised by their study. If it were not so, this little meditation would not be written. It is but a meditation, written for the pleasure of dwelling on such a theme, and to prove how great a joy may be experienced even by those who do not belong to the "inner circle"; and to suggest how great must be the exhilarating effect of such a study on minds of the same texture as Dante's, but sufficiently smaller to enable them to feel expansion as they follow the workings of his thoughts.

We ask why this should be so. Why do spirits attracted to Dante by the law of like drawing to like feel a rapture that draws them out of the commonplace of life and, at the same time, a steady influence that makes their footing firmer in the doubtful paths of earth's problems and temptations? Why do those who occupy a lower room at the feast, feel life to be invested with a meaning and a glory unperceived before?

Why does each thoughtful reader find a teaching, a prophecy for himself individually, let translators vary in their renderings, critics quibble as to the meaning, as they may? Doubtless each enquirer will find an answer for himself. For us, it is because Dante, like Virgil, his dolce duco sang of Man.

✓ The *Commedia* is the Drama of Humanity.

Do we ask why it is called a comedy? Dante himself gives us the answer in a letter to *Can Grande*. He says, to condense the passage: "Comoedia, being formed of the two words *kome* = village and *ode* = song, may begin with something harsh but hath a pros-

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\* —for though the vision ceaseth  
In entirety, yet doth the sweetness born from it  
Fall drop by drop within my heart.

perous ending ; whereas tragedy, from *tragos* = goat and *ode* = song, may begin calmly but in the end is stinking and horrible." Hence his *Commedia*, which begins in hell and ends with Paradise, is logically so called, having no claim to a tragic ending.

The key to the secret of his power over diverse minds belonging to different nationalities, classes, casts of mind, and schools of thought, seems to be that he sang of Man ; his drama the drama of human nature ; his scope the realm of vice and misery—the abjection of the creature ; the realm of struggle and expiation—the progress of the soul ; the realm of emancipation of soul and body—the consummation of humanity in its return to the source of being.

The powers that conceived and wrought out such a poem act and react upon one another. Only the eyes strong enough to bear the light of Infinity can peer into the aby'ss of Crime and Depravity ; contrariwise, only the gaze that has penetrated into the depths into which the soul can be dragged by evil, realises the glory of that Light, which knows no limit, no abatement, because it transcends space and all that can be a boundary, and can conceive the limitless progress of the God-created soul in communication with God. Only the heart that can beat in unison with the pulsations of that Glory which is "L' Amor che move il sol e l'altre stelle"\* can escape paralysis in reaching the extremity of pain and woe ; contrariwise, only the heart that has been broken on the wheel of such knowledge can know the Healing that lies under the shadow of perfect Goodness.

It is only by realising the heights man was destined to enjoy and the depths to which he can fall, by refusing the privileges of his destiny, that we gain an insight into the mystery of Will, human and divine. Dante, "of the dread Inferno" possessed this power of vision, this realisation of suffering and bliss, this power of prophecy, that is, of revealing his vision. Dante, who "once prepared to paint an angel," has brought down to us with his pen many gracious Presences from the hosts of the Most High. Dante, who "loved well because he hated, hated wickedness that hinders loving," could fathom the profundity of woe because he could conceive the sublimity of bliss ; he knew that it is the refusal of bliss which envenoms woe ; the refusal of that which, by a divine paradox, is a

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\* The love that moves the sun and other stars.

satisfaction that can never be satiated, must result in regret unceasingly poignant. In reading this comedy of human nature, we feel that no possibility of woe has been unexplored, while the possibilities of bliss are shown to be unexplorable, because reaching beyond all that is conceivable by a finite mind. It is this grasp of the verities of existence, this gaze into the mysteries of the unknowable, that give Dante his hold—his world-wide, age-long hold on the minds of men—of men so diverse that, though this class of minds, that school of thought, this Church, and that philosophic body, may each claim Dante as its own peculiar representative and prophet, he stands aloof from identification, while mysteriously near in communion of thought. Patriot of patriots, devout son of a Church definitely outlined and fenced round, expressing himself and revealing others with pitiless clarity, he yet belongs to all nations and to all schools of deep and earnest thought, because he is a true Poet and Prophet. Sciences and definitions express a part of the Truth seen by certain eyes in certain ages ; systems try to bring into practical working some part of the Truth that has been perceived, but Truth transcends the limits of human intellect and the bounds of Time. He comes nearest to a definition of Truth who says, in the words of the Christian Apostle, " Behold, I show you a mystery."

Dante is a true poet and a prophet of the Truth, because he shows us the mystery of life. We may be accused of paradox, because we are bound to assert that no poet under the sun has ever been more definite, more exact, more relentlessly minute in his descriptions of what he saw and experienced than Dante was. How can we reconcile explicit realism with implicit mysticism ? May we not answer that it is because this clear vision is an apocalypse ? John Addington Symonds says that the *Divine Comedy* is less allegorical than apocalyptic, and the more we study it, the more we feel the truth of this definition.

Dante brings before us real people, historical personages, as well as the creatures of myth and legend and fancy ; he flashes the search-lights of his memory, sarcasm and insight on real events and historic happenings ; but he does this, not as writing history, not as painting brain-pictures, but as illustrating the great mystery of man, the intercommunion between the seen and the unseen Creation, the connection between man and God. To those who study life, let them

call themselves mystics, philosophers, men of science, or what they will, the truth of his apocalypse is brought home. We need not hold the eschatological doctrines as expressed by the Church in Dante's day to affirm the doctrine that man feels "immortal longings" not to be satisfied by anything in the world of time and sense; that his desire to soar is combated by an inclination to grovel; that every upward choice strengthens the wings of his soul, however many times he falls in his flight, and every downward sweep means a weakening of his pinions. Whether or not we call man's abasement *Inferno*, and his struggles *Purgatorio*, or by whatsoever name we call them, few reach the "mezzo del cammin di nostra vita" without needing to be "girt with the rush and to bathe their face from impurities."

Va dunque, fa che tu costui ricinghe  
D'un giunco schietto, e che gli lavi il viso  
Si che ogni sucidume quindi stinghe.\*

*Purgatorio*, i. 94-96.

Does not every great soul willingly hide itself in the fire that purifies, like Arnaut in *Purgatorio*? (xxvi. 4-8.)

Poi s'acose nel foco che gli affina. †

Is there not for every soul that shuns not the marshy lowlands, where the rushes grow, nor the seven times heated furnace in haste to rid itself of all impurity that fire can burn and flood can wash away, a cleansing and a renewal such as Dante felt before his soul made ready for its highest flight?

Io ritornai dalla santissimi ? onda  
‡ Rifatto si come piante novelle  
Rinnovellate di novella fronda,  
Puro e disposto a salire alle stelle. †

*Purgatorio* xxxiii. 142-145.

Then come the vision and the splendour that consume earth's shadows and make her pageantry shrivel and palely flicker away.

\* Go thou, and see to it that thou dost gird  
This man with supple rush, and bathe his face,  
That so deflement may be laved away.

† Then did he hide himself within the flaming fire.

‡ I came back from the most holy waves  
With fresh recovered being, as young plants  
Renewed by their new leaves,  
Pure and intent to mount unto the stars.

Lume è lassu, che visibile face  
 Lo Creatore a quella creatura  
 Che solo in lui vedere ha la Sua pace. \*

*Paradiso xxx. 100-102.*

The *Paradiso* enables us to understand Browning's assertion that Dante hated well, because he loved well, "hated wickedness that hinders loving." For it presents a conception of Infinite Love that makes refusal of it so hideous a thing, that the imagery of the *Inferno* alone can represent it; a conception of Holiness so absolute, that repudiation of evil is seen to be no arbitrary act, but an inevitable fact. There can be no fellowship between Light and Darkness.

We cannot agree with Macaulay that the description of bliss in the *Paradiso* is inferior to the description of torment in the *Inferno*. Strange that Dante should have appeared to him among the beatified as one who had nothing in common with them, incapable of comprehending, not only the degree but the nature of their enjoyment. Macaulay's image of the poet "standing amidst those smiling and radiant spirits with that scowl of unutterable misery on his brow, that curl of bitter disdain on his lips, which all his portraits have preserved," is a fluent bit of rhetoric, but it is at variance with the image Dante's own words present of himself †

E quasi peregrin che si recrea  
 Nel tempio del suo voto riguardando,  
 E spera già rëdir com'ello stea. †

*Paradiso xxxi. 43-45.*

He goes on to describe his eager drinking-in of light :

Così la mente mia, tutta sospesa,  
 Mirava fissi, immobile ed attenta  
 E semper del mirar faceasi accesa  
 A quella luce cotal si diventa,

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\* There above is Light which maketh visible  
 The Creator unto His creature  
 Who, in seeing Him, hath his own peace.

† And as a pilgrim, gazing round him  
 In the temple of his vow, is born anew  
 And hopes at once to make new telling of the way it stands.

Che volgensì da lei per altro aspetto  
E'impossibil che mai si consentar.\*

*Paradiso* xxxiii. 97-102.

Surely, it is in the *Paradiso* that the greatness of his idealism is seen. For despite the precision of his imagery, despite the concrete elements he introduces, despite passages that strike us as forced and grotesque, the whole poem is permeated with a glory that no words can describe, only genius can suggest. He proves the greatness of his Idealism by his impotence to express it. He could transcribe with his poignant pen the woes of that realm the entrance to which is the surrender of hope :

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate.† *Inferno*, iii. 9.

The throes of repentant souls, quickened by hope and love to bear remedial pain, palpitate through the people of his brain in *Purgatorio*, but of the Light that passeth knowledge he can only say :

O quanto è corto il dire e como fioco  
Al mio concetto ! e questo, a quel ch'io vidi,  
E tanto che non basta a dicer poco.‡

*Paradiso* xxxiii. 121-124.

It seems inconceivable that anyone should regard the *Commedia* as the safety-valve of an embittered mind, but some have so regarded it, have looked upon it as a sort of mediæval caricature, a sublimated "London Charivari," devised by Dante to give vent to personal spite, hatred and revenge. Doubtless, the *Commedia* would never have been written had he not moved through the middle and latter years of his life a heart-sore, banished man. Doubtless, the individual wrongs of "Dante the Wayfarer" quickened Dante the Poet's sense of the evils of his time, and confirmed his opinion that this mortal life is, in itself, a state of exile from the highest bliss. But which of our great masterpieces of poetry, music, painting or sculp-

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\* Thus did my mind, poised fixedly,  
Look on intent not to be moved,  
And ever kindled by the gazing.  
Such doth one become at presence of that Light  
That he consenteth never more to turn  
To other sight — that were impossible.

† Leave behind every hope, ye who enter.

‡ O how short my utterance and how infirm  
To my conceit, and it, to what I saw,  
Is such that it sufficeth not to call it little

ture would have been achieved had not throbs of anguish identified the artist with the Sorrow-bearers of the world?

Dante sorrowed and he sinned. Did he spare himself in his merciless revelations? Did he spare his kindred? Did his devotion to the hierarchy and to imperial rule as being both of them divinely appointed, lead him to deal leniently with individual popes and emperors? On the contrary, the higher the standing of a delinquent, the greater his privileges, so much the more scathing were Dante's denunciations. He has been accused of gloating over the torments of those damned by himself, and, if he had not followed the *Inferno* by *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*, the accusation might hold good, but when we survey the whole poem, when we think of Dante seeing life—this little life of men—from end to end, we hold fast to our conviction that he is the poet of Hope.

Does not the *Commedia* prove that Good is finally stronger than Evil, the Fire of Love so much more intense than the flames of wickedness "that hinders loving," that it forms a fiery rampart round whatever is animated by a single spark of good, and draws it up eventually into a mystery of bliss, of perfect freedom of movement for man's highest being, perfect wholeness? And this, not so much because Dante crystallised the doctrine of the Truth as known in his day, as in spite of his scholastic definitions. He has made us see the impotence as well as the power, the limitations as well as the greatness, of dogma and theology. He has made us perceive the need of a science of belief in order to gain approximate expression for faith in mysteries transcending expression; he has made us feel also how immeasurable and incomprehensible those mysteries are, how powerless his genius is to set them forth.

He has convinced us that, but for his scholastic knowledge and theological skill, his mind, taking the vast range it did, would have been unable to focus Truth and concentrate his gaze on proportionate objects; and he has made us realise also the inadequacy of all human theories and systems. By his breadth, revealing the narrow limits of finite intellect, by his penetration going below the superficialities of usual ground of thought, he has incurred many reproaches during the swinging march of Time down the centuries to the present day. To those who confuse orthodoxy with Faith, the Truth with that which can be formulated about it, he is Dante the heretic;

to those who confuse forms of government and modes of action with principles, he is a revolutionary and a turncoat ; to those who can realise nothing but facts stubborn as a stone wall, he is a crazy visionary. But to those, whatever may be their race, their formulated creed, their politics, in whom beats, however feebly, the pulse of poetry, the creative faculty, which is the very essence of life, he is the Poet of poets, whose heart thrilled in response to the heart of the human race, and who even in this life, drew so near to the end of our being that he could say :

Ma già volgera il mio desiro e il velle,  
 Si come rota ch' equalmente è mossa,  
 L'Amor che move il sol e l'altre stelle.\*

*Paradiso*—(last lines.)

JEAN ROBERTS

2, Regent Street,  
 Oxford.

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\* But already my desire and will were rolled  
 As by a wheel that moveth equally—  
 The Love that moves the sun and other stars.

## THE AFGHANISTAN OF THE AMIR AND THE ANCIENT MAZDAYAÇNÂNS.

“ L'histoire de l'Afghanistan interesse à la fois l'Inde et la Perse, car il a tour à tour oscillé dans l'orbite de l'une et de l'autre. Sous les successeurs d'Alexandre en particulier, sous les noms d'Arie, Arachosie, Paroponise, et Drangiane, il a été la siège d'un mouvement de civilisation très intense et très varié ; c'est de là que la civilisation grecque a rayonné sur l'Inde ; il a été plus tard le premier centre de l'empire indo-scythe ; quatre civilisations, quatre religions, le Mazdéisme, le Brahamanisme, le Buddisme, et l'Hellenisme, s'y sont rencontrés, s'y sont juxtaposés et semblent y avoir vécu en paix sous la tutelle des rois barbares.”

(Professor James Darmesteter, in his  
“ Triennial Report of the work done  
by the Asiatic Society of Paris,” for  
the years 1888—1890.)

**A**S Professor Darmesteter says, “ the history of Afghanistan interests India and Persia at one and the same time, because it oscillates in turn in the orbit of one or the other. Under the successors of Alexander in particular, under the names of Arie, Arachosia, Paraponusus and Drangiana, it has been the seat of a movement of a very great and variegated civilisation. It was from there that the civilisation of Greece had radiated over India. It has been, later on, the important centre of the Indo-Scythian Empire. Four civilisations, four religions—the Mazdayaçnân, the Brahmanic, the Buddhistic and the Greek—have met there, have been there in juxtaposition and appear to have lived there in peace under the guardianship of uncivilised kings.”

It is the ruler of a country with such glorious past associations that visits our country now. His visit, as the friend of our august Emperor, our benign Government and our beloved country, has drawn towards itself the attention of all the various communities in general, and of the Mahomedans and Parsees in particular. The Mahomedans look upon this visit with particular interest, as the Amir is one of the three great potentates of Islamic faith. The Parsees

look upon it with great interest for the reason that, as pointed out by Professor Darmesteter in the passage quoted at the top of this paper, his country was at one time the seat of their Mazdayaçnân religion and of their ancient Iranian civilisation. His Majesty's country of Afghanistan is a country which has many of their old associations connected with it. It is a country which was at one time the cradle of their religion and the home of some of their early forefathers. It is a country over which, at one time, ruled many of the kings of the ancient dynasties of Irân. It is a country whose ancient history and geography are referred to in their old scriptures and in their later Pahlavi and Persian literature. It is a country a part of which was, according to Firdousi, ruled over, as feudal chiefs, by the celebrated Rostam and Zâl. It is a country which cherished, up to a late period, the ancient traditions of Irân which supplied to Firdousi a great part of the materials for his Shâhnâmeh. It is no wonder, then, if the monarch of a land, with which such of their old associations are connected, is looked upon by the Parsees with esteem and respect, and if, on his visit to this city, they give expression to their feelings of respectful welcome.

On the subject of the origin of the Afghans and of their language there has been a difference of opinion among scholars. The Afghans themselves trace their descent from the Jews. We find in the Asiatic Researches,\* a letter from Henry Vansittart to Sir William Jones, giving an abridged outline of their early history as given by the Afghans themselves in a work called *Asrârul Afghinah* or the "Secrets of the Afghans." We read there that, "the Afghans, according to their own traditions, are the posterity of Melic Talut (King Saul) who, in the opinion of some, was a descendant of Judah, the son of Jacob ; and according to others, of Benjamin, the brother of Joseph." According to Dr. Bellew "the traditions of this people refer them to Syria as the country of their residence at the time they were carried away into captivity by Bukhtunassar (Nebuchadnezzar), † and planted as colonists in different parts of Persia and Media. From these positions they, at some subsequent period, emigrated eastward

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\* Vol. ii. pp. 67-74.

† According to Maçoudi (truduit par Barbier de Meynard, ii. pp. 121-22), he was a *mârzbân* or Lord Marcher of King Lohrâsp, the father of Gushtasp of old Irân. The Pahlavi Dinkard and the Minokherad support Maçoudi.

into the mountainous country of Ghor, where they were called by the neighbouring peoples 'Bani Afghan' and 'Bani Israel,' or children of Afghan and children of Israel."\*

Captain Raverty says :

I am inclined to conclude from the great affinity I have shown to exist between the Pushto and the Semitic and Iranian dialects, from the numerous traditions on the subject, from the Levitical customs still prevalent among the Afghans, after the lapse of twenty-five centuries from the Jewish captivity, from their great and decided difference in feature from any other people, . . . and from the numerous proofs we possess of their gradually having advanced from the west of Asia—that the Afghans are a remnant of the lost tribes of Israel." †

Thus, we see that the Afghans are believed to be "a remnant of the lost tribes of Israel," and that they are believed to have "gradually advanced from the west of Asia." Mr. Fitzgerald Lee, in his recent book, "The Greater Exodus and the Cradle of the Semitic Race," "tries to show that the cradle of the Semitic race is not in Western Asia, as it is generally believed, but in America; that it was from America that the ancient Israelites migrated to Asia; and that it was in this migration from America to Western Asia *via* the Behring Straits, that the Afghans were left in their modern country as an offshoot of the Israelites." ‡

As to Pustu, the language of the Afghans,

The late Professor James Darmesteter, who had come to India in 1886-87, on a special errand to study Pushtu, and had stayed for several months at Peshâwar and Abbotâbâd, came to the conclusion that the Pushtu belonged to the Iranian stock, and that it was, as it were, an offspring of the ancient Zend. § It was the Zend of Arachosia.

He says,

Le phonétisme afghan ne présente aucun des traits essentiels de l'Inde et présente tous ceux qui sont essentiels à la famille iranienne. A l'intérieur de cette famille, il se rattache, non au rameau perse, mais au rameau zend; car dans les traits caractéristiques où le Zend diffère du Perse, c'est le Zend qu'il suit; autrement dit, l'Afghan est le Zend de Arachosie.

\* "The Races of Afghanistan," p. 15.

† "A Dictionary of the Pukhto, Pustû, or Language of the Afghans," preface, p. xiv.

‡ Vide my "Glimpse into the work of the B. B. R. A. Society during the last hundred years, from a Parsee point of view." p. 138.

§ Ibid. p. 137.

The Afghanistan of the present time is much reduced in area. It is not what it once was. As Dr. Bellew says, by the term Afghanistan we must understand "all that region which is bounded on the north by the Oxus, and on the south by Balochistan; on the east by the middle course of the Indus, and on the west by the desert of Persia."\* Up to the beginning of the eighteenth century Afghanistan was included in the general name of Khorasan.†

The name Afghanistan comes from one Afghana, who was believed to be their ancestor. Tradition attributes to him the same sort of semi-miraculous birth as that attributed to the Iranian hero Rustam, whose home and country, as mentioned by Firdousi, were Jaboul and Kaboul in Afghanistan. It is said of Rustam that, on the advice of the Simurg, his mother Roudabeh had to go through a surgical operation to give birth to Rustam, whose body had overgrown the usual size of a child in the womb of his mother. When relieved of her pains after the birth of the child, the first word she is said to have uttered was "Rastam," i.e., "I am relieved of pains." This word is said to have given the name to the child. A similar story is said of Afghana. The first word that his mother is said to have uttered on her being relieved of her pains was "Afghana," i.e., "I am relieved of pains." This word gave the name to the child.

Now, coming to the question of the ancient history of the country of Afghanistan and its connection with the ancient Iranians or Zoroastrians, we find that we have at the very frontiers of Afghanistan many traditions about the ancient Iranians. For example, when going to the fortress of Ali Masjid in the Khyber Pass in 1877, I heard that the fort of Jamrud, situated on this side of the Khyber, had its name associated with the name of King Jamshed, who is also known in Parsee books by the name of Jam, the later equivalent of its Avesta form Yima. The tradition of the Jehan-numai Jân (i.e., the world-showing cup) of Jamshed and Kaikhosru is connected with a *tâlâb*, i.e., a pond said to be in the neighbourhood of this fort. This cup of Jamshed reminds one of the cup of Joseph in Egypt (Genesis, xlv. 2, 5), of the cup of Nestor in Greece, of the cup of King Kaid in India, and of the Holy Grail of Christ.

\* "The Races of Afghanistan," by Dr. Bellew, p. 12.

† *ibid.* p. 25.

Again, we find that many of the towns and localities of Afghanistan are mentioned in the Avesta. Though scholars differ in the identification of some places, there is no doubt that many of the towns mentioned in the first chapter of the Vendidad belonged to Afghanistan. For places like Sughdā, Bākhdhi, Haroyu, Vaékêrêta, Urva, Harahvaiti and Haetumant, mentioned in the Vendidad, one has to look to the East and to the country of Afghanistan. They have been identified with several towns of this country.

Coming to the Yashts, some of the places of worship mentioned in the Abân Yasht, as those where some of the grandees of ancient Irân prayed for strength of body and mind to attain their objects of desire, are the places of Afghanistan, notably the Paesanangha (the modern Peshin) valley and the Frazdan lake, places connected with the name of Keresapa and King Gushtâsp. For most of the places mentioned in the Meher Yasht, such as Aishkata, and Poruta, we have to look to the Paroponessus, which is connected with Afghanistan. The Zamyâd Yasht gives a long list of the mountains of Ancient Irân. Some of these, such as the Ushidarena, Ereziphya, Vaiti-gaesa, and Ishkata, have been identified with the mountains of Afghanistan. The mountain Khanvant of the Tir Yasht is identified with the Bamian mountains of Afghanistan.

Coming to the Pahlavi treatise known as *Afdiya va Sahigaya-i-Sistan*, one has to look to Afghanistan, and especially to Seistan for the identification of most of the places mentioned in it. Many of the places associated therein with the name of Zoroaster are to be found in this part of the country. It was the very cradle of Zoroastrianism. According to Dr. Stein, the well-known traveller of Central Asia, even now there lives a tribe called Kianian on the banks of the Helmund, which is the Haetmand of this Pahlavi treatise, the Haetumat of the Avesta, and the Etymander of the Greeks. Lakes Frazdan and Kansu, referred to as the residences of the apostles, Hoshedar and Soshyôs, and mount Hosh-dâstâr, referred to as the holy mountain of the inspiration of the prophet, all belong to this part of Afghanistan. The region of Frazdan was the first place in Seistan where Gushtâsp is said to have promulgated the religion of Zoroaster.

The Pahlavi treatise of *Shatroihâ-i-Irân* throws a good deal of light on the question of the connection of the ancient kings and

heroes of Irân with Seistan, which forms an important part of Afghanistan. According to Sir F. Goldsmith,\* "it is somewhat embarrassing at the present day to define the limits of the province of Sistan. We may suppose two territories, one compact and concentrated, which may be termed 'Sistan proper,' the other detached and irregular, which may be termed 'outer Sistan.'" According to Dr. Bellew† "Nimruz (which was another name of Seistan) included the modern Seistan, which represents but a trivial portion of the area included in the Sakistan of the Greeks and the Sajestan or Sijistan of the Arabs. Further, the whole of Sijistan country is included in the more extensive region of Khorassan." As to the name "Nimrôz" *i.e.* "half a day," applied to Seistan, tradition says that it "was once entirely under water, but having been drained, in the short space of half a day by the Genii, it hence received the name of Nimroze."

According to the above-mentioned Pahlavi treatise, Kavul (modern Cabul) was at one time considered to be a part of Seistan. The Arab geographer Ebn Haukal‡ supports this statement. According to Edrisi,§ another Arab geographer, no king could assume the title of Shah until he was enthroned at Kabul. The above Pahlavi treatise attributes its foundation—and in the case of many of the towns referred to by it, by 'foundation' we must at times also understand re-building or embellishment—to "Artashir-i-Spendadat," *i.e.*, Bahaman, the son of Asfandyar, the son of Gushtasp.

Some scholars identify the Vaêkêrêta of the Vendidâd, and some the Urva of the Vendidâd with Cabul. I think it is the latter. It is the Ortospa of the writers who describe the travels of Alexander the Great. Another name of this Ortospa was Carura.|| According to Ptolemy, this Carura later became Caboura, which again latterly became Cabul.¶

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\* "Journey from Bunder Abbâs to Meshed by Sistan," in the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. xxii. p. 88.

† "From the Indus to the Tigris," p. 262.

‡ Ousley's "Oriental Geography," p. 207.

§ Edrisi, par Jaubert, i. p. 183.

|| Strabo, traduit en Français, prem. partie, p. 459. D'Anville's "Ancient Geography," vol. ii. p. 65.

¶ "The Invasion of India by Alexander the Great," by M'Crindle, p. 331.

Tabari\* indirectly supports the statement which connects Bahman Asfandyar with Cabul. According to Maçoudi,† this Bahman had founded in Seistan the fire-temple of Kerâkerkân. It is the fire-temple of Kerkôe, referred to in the Atash Niayish. It is the locality of this fire-temple that was lately discovered by an English civil officer doing duty in Seistan.‡

Next to Cabul, Kandhâr, or Khandhar is another important city of Afghanistan. Some scholars have identified it with the Khanent of the Vendidad, the last part 'har' being a later addition. According to Maçoudi, § it was also known as Rahput. So, it seems to be the city of Râvad spoken of in the Pahlavi Shatroihai-Îrân, as founded by Rehâm of Godrez after his having killed a Turanian officer. Perhaps it is the Raibad of Firdousi || where, in the well-known fight between the eleven heroes of Îrân and the eleven heroes of Turan, Reham of Godrez killed Bârman.

Bost is another principal city of Afghanistan referred to in connection with the ancient Zoroastrians. Ebn Haukal,¶ Maçoudi\*\* and Edrisi †† consider this city to be one of the principal cities of Seistan. It is the town which, according to the Shahnameh, Kaikhosru gives to Rustam as a gift on his retirement from the throne. It was situated on the Helmund, which according to Maçoudi‡‡ is also known as the river of Bost. According to D'Anville,§§ Kinneir,|| and Malcolm, it is the Abeste of Pliny. According to Dr. Bellew,¶¶ on some excavations being made there at the time of his travels, two or three fire-altars and some Sassanian coins were found. This town of Bost had derived its name from Bastvairi of the Farvardin Yasht,\*\*\* the Bastur or Nastur††† of the Shahnameh, who founded it. According to the Pahlavi treatise of the "Cities of Iran," it was founded, or rather rebuilt and embellished, "at the time when king Vishtasp was in the adjoining district of lake Frazdan to promulgate the

\* Tabari, par Zotenberg, i. p. 507.

† Maçoudi, par Barbier de Meynard, vol. iv. p. 73.

‡ Vide "The Parsi," of 1905.

§ Maçoudi, par Barbier de Meynard, i. p. 372. || Mohl, iii. p. 589.

¶ Ousley's "Ancient Geography," p. 207.

\*\* Barbier de Meynard, v. 302.

†† Edrisi, par Jaubert, i. pp. 417, 442.

‡‡ Maçoudi, par Barbier de Meynard, ii. pp. 77-80.

§§ "Ancient Geography," ii. p. 64.

|| "Persian Empire," p. 180.

¶¶ "From the Indus to the Tigris," p. 175.

\*\*\* Yasht xiii. 103.

††† Mohl, p. iv. 418.

religion of Zoroaster." Vishtasp (Gushtasp) and his other family-chiefs are said to have belonged to this city. Saëna Ahum Satudân of the Farvardin Yasht,\* who had flourished 100 years after Zoroaster and who was the preceptor of a hundred disciples whom he had brought to the fold of Zoroastrian religion, belonged, according to another Pahlavi treatise†, to this city. It was the centre of the promulgation of the Zoroastrian religion in its early years.

The Pahlavi treatise the "Cities of Iran" attributes to Rustam the formation of two cities of Afghanistan. They are Fariâv, the Fâriâb of Firdousi,‡ and Zavulastân, the Zabolustân of Firdousi. It speaks of Rustam as the Shâh of Jâvulastân.

According to Arab writers, this Fariab was founded by Kaikobad. This city seems to be the Farah of Ebn Haukal§. It is the "Parrak mentioned in ancient geography, capital of the Parthian province of Anaban and at that time a place of great splendour and extent.¶" As to Zavoulustân or Zabol, the district round Gizni and Caboul was then known by that name.

The next important city of Seistan is Dooshak,¶ which is the Zerenj of the Pahlavi treatise of the "Cities of Iran." It is the Zerandj of Tabari\*\* who calls it the capital of Seistan, Zarinje of Ebn Haukal†† who calls it the largest city of Seistan, and Zarednj of Edrisi‡‡ who calls it the principal city of Sedjestan or Seistan. It is the Zaranga of Ptolemy. At first Râm Scheristân on the banks of the Helmund was the capital of Seistan, but the river having changed its course from there, later on, Zarang or Dooshaka on the Helmund was made the capital. The fire-temple of Karkoe referred to above as being founded in Seistan was situated in this city. In its early history the name of Afrasiâb is connected with it. King Kaikhosru added splendour

\* Yasht xiii. 97; Afrin-i-Rapithavin; "Sacred Books of the East," vol. xxxvii. Dinkard, bk. ix. chap. xxiv. 17, xxxiii. 5; "S. B. E." vol. xlvi. Dinkard, bk. vii. chap. vii. 6.

† "Afdaya va Sahigiya-i-Sistan." Vide my translation, p. 125.

‡ Mohl, iii. p. 506.

§ Ousley's "Oriental Geography," p. 208.

¶ Kinneir's "Persian Empire," p. 193. D'Anville's "Ancient Geography," ii. p. 65.

¶ Kinneir's "Persian Empire," p. 192.

\*\* Tabari, par Zotenberg, iii. p. 517.

†† Ousley's "Oriental Geography," pp. 203, 207.

‡‡ Edrisi, par Jaubert, i. p. 442.

to it. Ardeshir Babegân (Artaxerxes), the founder of the Sassanian dynasty, is said to have rebuilt and embellished this city.

The river Ardvicûra, whose praises are partly sung in the Aban Yasht, is identified by different scholars with different rivers of Central Asia. I agree with Dr. Geiger in thinking that it is the Oxus, a large part of which runs from the dominions of the Amîr. The name Oxus is derived from Aksu, one of its principal tributaries, and I think that the name Aksu has some connection with Ardvicu (ra). We learn from Col. Gordon\* that the district of the Pamirs, whence the Oxus flows, had a Zoroastrian population as late as about 700 years ago. He says :

According to Shigni accounts, the family of the Shah of Shignan originally came from Persia, and the first arrival from that country (said to have been between 500 and 700 years ago) was the Shah-i-Khamosh, who was a Syed and a Fakir. The country was at that time in the hands of the Zardushtis (ancient Guebers, fire-worshippers), a powerful and learned race. The Shah-i-Khamosh commenced to teach these people the Koran. There were already at this time Musalmans in the neighbouring country of Darwaz, and many of them flocked into Shignan as followers of the Shah-i-Khamosh. In about ten years he had converted large numbers of the people, and a religious war commenced, which ended in this leader wresting the kingdom from Kahakuh, the ruler of Shignan and Roshan under the Zardushtis, the seat of whose Government was then at Balkh. After this the teaching of the people continued, and in ten years more all had been converted to the Shiah form of the Muhammadan faith.

If this be true, it is probable that proselytising expeditions were sent into Wakhan and the neighbouring hill countries, and extended their operations even to Sirikol and Kunjut gaining all over to the Shiah faith which they now profess. The ruins of three forts, said by the natives to have been erected by the "Atashparastan" (fire-worshippers) still exist in Wakhan, one called "Kahakuh" in the Ishttrak district; another named "Maichun" in the vicinity of Khandut; and the third, Kila Sangibar, close to the hamlet of Hissar. The first was the residence of the ruler of the Zardushtis.

Lieut. Wood, who travelled in the Pamirs in 1837, supports Gordon. He says: "Since crossing the Pass of Ish Kashm, we had seen the ruins of three Kaffer forts, which the natives believed to have been erected by the Guebres or fire-worshippers; one called Sumri, in

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\* "The Roof of the World," p. 141.

the neighbourhood of Kundut ; another in the vicinity of Ishtakh, named Kakah ; and the last, Kila Zanguebar, close to the hamlet of Issar. I have elsewhere mentioned the repugnance with which a Badakhshi blows out a light. Similar lingering remnants of Zoroaster's creed are to be detected here. A Wakhari considers it bad luck to blow out a light by the breath, and will rather wave his hand for several minutes under the flame of his pine-slip than resort to the sure but to him disagreeable alternative."\*

JIVANJI JAMSHEDJI MODI.

*28th January, 1907.*

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\* Wood's "Journey to the Source of the River Oxus," p. 333.

## ST. AGATHA AND THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION OF 1669.

### I.

#### PEACEFUL DAYS.

**T**HE story of St. Agatha is one of intense interest in itself ; and because of her connection in the minds of the Sicilians with volcanic eruptions, it is one which is appropriate to the present time when attention is so especially directed to the awful phenomena of nature. I visited Sicily during the time the Feast of St. Agatha was being celebrated and I studied her life from the best Latin and Italian sources.

They tell us how more than 1600 years ago there lived in the city of Catania, on the eastern coast of Sicily, a maiden named Agatha, whom the noble and illustrious family of Colonna reckon among their ancestors. Agatha was beautiful as an angel, with ruby lips and golden hair, and grey eyes that sparkled with intelligence. Joyous as innocence itself, it seemed as if God had created her in a smile of love, to give men a divine proof of what an exquisite work His hands could fashion. Endowed with a brilliant intellect, tender-hearted, as winning and graceful in manner as she was lovely in face and form, who can wonder that she was the idol of her parents, who loved her as the apple of their eye? Not to them, however, did she owe her first instruction in Christianity, which had borne fruit in a living faith in Jesus, that added the heavenly radiance of the spirit's graces to her manifold gifts and endowments of body and mind.

Whilst Agatha Colonna was still a child, a pious lady caused her to be secretly taught the Christian religion at the church of S. Maria Rotunda, which was built B.C. 200 as the temple of the Pantheon, but is said to have been converted into a church as early

as the first century of our era, since which time it has remained a Christian fane down to our own age. The sight of its rotunda, raising its head near the old Greek theatre of Catania, calls up thoughts of the days when the noble Sicilian maiden loved to pass long hours within its walls, pondering in silent meditation on the wondrous truths that had been instilled into her mind. Here too she prayed with such fervour that the tears used to be seen coursing down her cheeks. The allurements of the world had no attractions for the gentle girl, whose youth was spent in a peaceful seclusion that would have seemed monotonous to many a gay pleasure-seeker, but to Agatha was full of a deep happiness derived from the love of her parents—a happiness that was, alas! only too short-lived, for scarcely had she completed her fifteenth year ere she was orphaned of them both. She inherited from them a splendid palace, precious vessels of gold and silver, costly gems, and coffers filled with a plenteous store of money; yet the sight of these things did but renew her grief, by reminding her that it was through the death of those she had loved so dearly she had become the possessor of this enormous wealth. The stately apartments in which they had lived as a happy family were now so lonely to her that she deserted them for the smallest room in her palace, and there spent much of her time in arranging the distribution of her immense income in charity. In spite, however, of her plain attire, and the quiet life she was leading, all Sicily had heard the fame of the rich and lovely orphan, and as in that southern land she was already considered to have reached a marriageable age, many of the most distinguished inhabitants of the island became suitors for her hand; but since none of them were like-minded with herself in religious matters, she refused them all, and determined to remain single until she should meet one with whom she could walk hand in hand along the heavenward path.

Absorbed in her ministrations amongst the poor, Agatha gave little heed to an event which was destined to cast the shadow of death over her young life. In the course of the year A.D. 252 the Emperor Decius sent to Catania as his Proconsul in Sicily a certain Quintianus, a person of low birth, who had made his way to power by deeds of infamy.

He was ruddy of complexion, with a long shaggy beard, and

eyes that looked out from under lowering brows with a glance so penetrating that it seemed to pierce those on whom it was directed through and through, and freeze their very marrow ; and they instinctively shrank from the dreaded presence of a man whose ferocious expression bore witness to the habitual cruelties in the exercise of which his evil nature took delight. Woe to the miserable being who, having unwittingly incurred the tyrant's hatred, was unfortunate enough to fall into his hands ; the thousand persecutions to which he was subjected being rendered the more galling by the hypocritical veil of mock justice under which Quintianus strove to mask his inhumanities, a veil so thin that it did not long impose upon the Sicilians, whose general detestation of the ruler Decius had set over them, caused him to live in such constant fear of assassination that he placed savage dogs at his palace gates, and surrounded himself with a host of bodyguards, desperadoes, and spies.

From the very first moment of his arrival at Catania the praises of the orphan Agatha had been sounding in the ears of Quintianus, and he was filled with desire to see this highly-extolled being. At last the day came when he found himself in her presence : his rough nature was taken captive by the power of beauty which seemed to him superhuman, and the love that was at once kindled for her in his heart gathered purity from the modest maiden who had inspired it.

He did not suffer many days to elapse ere he sent one of his most intimate friends, Silvinus by name, to ask her hand in marriage. "Tell her," said he, "that I love her with my whole soul, and will honour and reverence her : that all Sicily will be subject to her, that her slightest wish shall be law to its inhabitants, that every luxury befitting the wife of a Prætor shall be hers, if only she will consent to be mine."

Long seemed the hours of waiting to the impatient lover, pacing up and down his marble halls, and his heart beat quicker as the returning footsteps of his messenger approached. Quintianus had felt so certain that the young orphan would deem herself honoured by his proposal to lay the whole of Sicily in his person at her feet, that he was little prepared for her answer, telling him she would never consent to be unfaithful to her Master, the heavenly Bridegroom, by becoming the bride of a heathen, were he the Emperor himself. On receiving these unwelcome tidings from Silvinus, the governor fell

into a passion ; stamping violently on the ground, biting his lips and rending his black toga, he exclaimed—"Does the proud beauty dare to despise me ? I will bring her weeping to my feet. She boasts of being a Christian— all the surer, then, shall I be of getting her into my power."

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## II.

### A NOBLE CONFESSION OF FAITH.

Meanwhile Agatha, well aware of the probable consequences of her refusal to become the wife of Quintianus, thought it prudent to retire to Galermo, a pleasant little village in the neighbourhood of Catania. \* Here, shortly after sunrise on the 25th December A. D. 252, she opened the wooden casement of her chamber to enjoy a fresh breeze. It was such a morning as we should look for in vain, under our grey wintry skies, before the middle of May. The rosy flush which had tinged the snows of Etna had given place to a glorious flood of golden sunshine that shed a warmth and radiance as of summer upon the rich masses of evergreen verdure that then, as now, entitled the lower slopes of the volcano and the plain at its foot to be called "the garden of Italy." The beautiful scenes of nature displayed before her, raised the thoughts of the pious maiden to their Divine Creator, and she murmured, "O my God, if the works of Thy hands be so fair, what must Thou Thyself be in the glory of Thy perfection !"

Her meditations were suddenly disturbed by the tramp of horsemen and the clang of arms, followed by a running hither and thither within the house ; and the mingled sound of the harsh voices of strange men and the weeping of her women-servants grated on her ears. "What has happened ?" asked the young mistress, calmly, of one of these trembling domestics who rushed towards her. Ere she could receive a reply, her question was answered through the appearance of the band of soldiers sent by Quintianus to seize the victim whose hiding-place had been betrayed to him. On their sternly bidding her surrender herself to them as their prisoner, Agatha made answer, "There was no need for your master to have despatched so many armed men to capture a defenceless girl ; I am ready to follow you without resistance." While preparations were

being made for her departure, she retired into an adjoining room, and kneeling down, prayed fervently in these words : " O Divine Jesus, Who knowest I have put my trust in Thee, do Thou sustain me against the tyrant whose anger I have provoked. Thou knowest the frailty of my nature, and that I can do nothing of myself, but do Thou, O my God, keep me pure, and grant that my enemy may not triumph over me and say, ' Where is the God of whom she boasted ? ' Do Thou accept my tears as a pledge of the sacrifice of myself that I desire to offer up to Thee, Who only art the Lord, and to Whom alone be all glory ascribed." The peace of God that had entered into the heart of Agatha, shone upon her countenance as she rose from her knees and walked with a firm step, into the midst of the rough soldiers who were impatiently awaiting her.

When the innocent and beautiful young Colonna returned to her native Catania as a captive, the whole city was in an uproar, and crowds gathered in every street through which the cavalcade passed, anxiously watching to see what Quintianus was about to do with his precious prize.

He was still in love with Agatha, but since her refusal of him his love was no longer mingled with reverence for her, and he now hoped that by lowering her moral standard to his own, he might induce her to accept his addresses. To this end he had her conveyed to the house of a lady named Aphrodisia, who though of good family, was of no good fame, and was, in fact, the very Circe of her age. To this woman he thus opened his mind, " To thy care, O Aphrodisia, do I commit the treasure dearest to my heart. She is obstinate in her adhesion to this new and fanatical belief that men call Christianity, but do thou penetrate into the brazen tower in which her Christ keeps her fast, and show her the delights of the senses, and if thou canst but succeed in winning her for me, no reward shall be too great to recompense thee."

Having received these injunctions, Aphrodisia came forward to greet her charge with every demonstration of affection and respect which she knew full well how to assume. The mansion in which Agatha found herself was almost equal to her own in size, and was luxuriously furnished. Its gilded saloons were redolent of the most delicious perfumes, bronze statuettes and vases of gold and silver adorned every table, and paintings like those with which Pompeii

has made us familiar covered the walls. The viands were of the choicest description, and the days were spent by Aphrodisia and her bevy of gay damsels in one continual round of sumptuous festivities, enlivened by dance and song. But all this revelry had no charms for the Christian maiden, who could see too plainly that "the trail of the serpent was over it all."

Fleeing from these voluptuous orgies, she sought the solitude of her chamber, where she passed many hours in weeping and prayer. Hither Aphrodisia followed her and lavished upon her every art of cajolery to win her over. "My own Agatha," she pleaded, "do come and grace our entertainment with thy smile: thou art the dearest, the sweetest of creatures, and if thou wouldst not turn a deaf ear to my motherly counsels, thou shouldst not only be the queen of our festivities, but the ruler of this whole island of Sicily: to thee every heart within should bow, yea, even the heart of the governor himself, who would adore thee as a greater goddess than Venus. With tears in my eyes I implore thee to renounce a religion which makes thee despise the pleasures of youth; and taste the delights of living for thyself, and for our gods."

Silent and immovable sat Agatha with downcast eyes, looking as if she had been turned into stone, upon which Aphrodisia, enraged at the utter failure of all her efforts, suddenly changed her tone. "Foolish girl," she exclaimed, "have you forgotten that this very same Quintianus who has stooped to ask your love is the delegate of the Emperor, and that he can enforce the fatal edict against you, and subject you to excruciating tortures? I give you timely warning that your life is in peril, and if you persist in your wilful obstinacy you must pay the penalty with your blood." Threats, however, proved as powerless as honeyed flatteries to shake the constancy of the young disciple of Christ. "My hope is in God," was her noble reply, "with His aid I shall overcome every torment, and vanquish death itself. Your words can never move me, for my soul rests not upon the shifting sands of its own strength, but is founded upon a strong rock, even upon the omnipotent Jesus."

At the end of thirty days Aphrodisia was obliged to report to the Governor that all her arts had been in vain, and that one might more easily turn a stone into soft wax, than make any impression upon the heart of Agatha. As is so often the case with

ill-regulated minds, thwarted love was changed within the breast of Quintianus into bitterest hate, and from the moment he received these tidings, his fixed idea was the infliction of the most terrible vengeance upon the being who had thus slighted him. "She has made me the talk of Sicily," he muttered, "she shall surely die, and the people shall see in me the Prætor, and shall know that I can wield the penal axe." Having commanded Agatha to be brought before him without delay, he seated himself upon his tribunal, and, grasping a dagger in his right hand, he cast a stern look upon his prisoner, and asked her the formal questions: "Who art thou? Where wast thou born, and what is thy religion?" "I am free-born," answered Agatha, "and am of a noble family, as all can testify. My religion is the faith of Christ."

"Dost thou not know the edict of the Emperor, which condemns to death every one who adores the God of the Christians? And dost thou not blush to lead an ignoble life so ill befitting thy high descent?"

"Blush to be called the servant of Jesus Christ! Nay, rather, no words can express my deep sense of the honour it is to serve my Master as a lowly slave."

"Thou insolent wretch!" angrily exclaimed Quintianus. "Cease thy blasphemy, and either adore great Jupiter and all the gods of Olympus, and of the infernal regions, or death shall be the reward of thy audacious folly. In the name of the Emperor I command thee forthwith to prostrate thyself before our altars, and with sacrifices and libations to appease the wrath of the divinities whose majesty thou hast insulted."

The clear young voice faltered not in uttering the swift reply: "Never will I adore any other deity, save the one, true, omnipotent God, the Ruler of all things. I belong to Christ alone, and my soul delighteth in Him."

How grandly does this confession of faith echo in our ears across the ages that have rolled by since it was made. It consists of only a few short words, but in their utterance the Christian maiden offered herself up, a willing victim, to endure an agonising death, as a witness for her Saviour.

## III.

## THE MARTYRDOM.

Scarcely had Agatha ended openly and publicly professing the Lord Jesus when the Prætor gave orders that she should be at once cast into prison, and this scion of the noble house of Colonna, who had been surrounded by her loving parents with every luxury, found herself in a narrow cell into whose dark and dismal depths the light of day never penetrated, and the mournful silence of which was only broken by the constant dropping of water from its roof. Yet even in this dreary dungeon, like Paul and Silas of old, Agatha could rejoice in being counted worthy to suffer for the Saviour who had died for her ; and as her thoughts dwelt on His cross and passion, and on His prayer for His murderers, the spirit of the loving Jesus entered into her soul, and enabled her to forgive and to pray for all who were wronging her.

On the morrow Quintianus summoned his prisoner to appear again before him, and as she entered his judgment hall, radiant with a loveliness which was enhanced by the beauty of holiness, he felt in spite of himself a momentary return of his love for her, and a desire to give her one more chance of life. For this end he painted anew in glowing colours all the luxuries that should surround her, and the empire over the hearts of men that she should enjoy, if only she would consent to renounce her religion and to be his.

To these alluring offers she answered calmly that she could never renounce Her Saviour, and added, " I fear not death, for my soul longeth to flee away as a dove and be at rest in the presence of God, who is the very joy of my heart."

" Die, then ! " exclaimed the indignant Prætor, " since thou so willest it," and turning to his lictors, he commanded them to " execute the will of Cæsar upon the accursed enchantress and put her to the torture."

The tyrant had inspired those about him with such abject fear that they dared not disobey his mandate, and having bound the unfortunate maiden upon an instrument of torture called the *querleus* (which seems to have resembled the rack) they strained at the ropes and pulleys as if it had been a mere web of coarse cloth that they were stretching, instead of a delicately wrought human frame that they were agonising in every nerve. Not a sound, however, escaped

the sufferer's lips, till her very patience irritated the inhuman Prætor, and caused him to give orders that she should be scourged.

A murmur of mingled horror and compassion arose from the crowd of bystanders, but none durst raise a finger to rescue Agatha, as barefooted, with her hands fastened behind her back, she was dragged roughly along by a band of soldiers. Arrived in the midst of the principal square of Catania, they bound her with thongs to a column. There is no need to harrow the reader's feelings with the details of a Roman scourging, which, it is well-known, equalled in severity the Russian knouting, but as even this sharp pain failed to wring more than a single involuntary cry from his victim, Quintianus had her still further tortured with red-hot plates of metal and iron hooks. All this while the martyr's lips moved in silent prayer : and so completely was her spirit wrapped in an ecstasy of devotion, that she seemed scarcely conscious of the fiery trial through which her body was passing.

Like a tiger that has tasted blood, the Prætor now determined to satiate his revenge to the uttermost on the woman who had resisted alike his blandishments and his threats, and whose constancy none of the torments he had inflicted on her had overcome. Agatha would have been more than human could she have remained silent during the fearful operation which the fiendish ingenuity of this monster of iniquity had devised and of which he superintended the execution. " Help me, O Lord, to bear this," she ejaculated ; then, turning to Quintianus, she exclaimed with tears in her eyes, " Dost thou not blush, O cruel tyrant, to deprive me of my tender breasts, like those from which thy mother nourished thee, when a babe ? " Unmoved by this appeal, he gave orders that she should be taken back to prison, and there left to die of her wounds and starvation. But pity for the gentle and beautiful girl at last overcame even the fear of punishment for their disobedience in her jailors as well as in her friends, and the dungeondoor having been purposely left unlocked, many stole in to minister to her. With a kindness that the event proved to have been a mistaken one, they brought her nourishing food, and carefully dressed her wounds, so as to stay the flight of her soul from her bruised and mangled body.

As soon as she was strong enough to walk, they urged her to make her escape. But with true Christian heroism she refused to

do anything which might bring her jailors into trouble, and thus it came to pass that four days after, Quintianus having heard to his amazement that his prisoner was yet alive, summoned her before him for the third time. Once more she fearlessly avowed her faith in the Redeemer. "Christ," she said "is my life and my salvation." "Christ!" exclaimed the Prætor, "how that name makes me tremble with rage!" Then, appealing to the obsequious ministers of his will, who had thronged around him, he asked "What think ye, of this sorceress?" "She scorns the worship of our gods, let her be put to death," was their unanimous verdict. "Yes, let her be put to death," echoed Quintianus; "let us see whether this Christ, in whom she continues to make her boast, is able to save her from the extreme penalty to which I condemn her."

A fire having been kindled, fragments of potsherds were mingled with it, and Agatha, bound hand and foot, was thrown into the midst of the burning mass, and dragged over the red-hot embers and glowing pottery. Even this utter anguish she received grace to bear with angelic patience, as seeing Him who is invisible; but now the hour of her deliverance drew nigh; and in the occurrence at this very time of one of those mighty convulsions of nature, which so often have devastated the fair coasts of Sicily,\* her Christian contemporaries thought they saw the hand of that Lord in Whom His youthful disciple had trusted, stretched forth to rescue her from further torments.

Suddenly the sky grew lowering, the sea ebbed back beyond its lowest tide, then rushed in upon the land with a devastating recoil; the earth opened in many a yawning fissure; every house in the city rocked to and fro under the stress of the repeated earthquake-shocks, and many fell crashing to the ground. Part of the Governor's palace gave way, burying his two friends Silvinus and Falcarius in its ruins, and this ill-omened event confirmed the populace in their persuasion that the awful visitation which had so unexpectedly overtaken Catania was a chastisement of heaven for the crimes of the man whose rule they detested. Maddened, therefore, with rage against the Prætor, as the cause of all their misfortunes, they pursued him from street to street, clamorous

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\* As in 1169 and 1693, on both of which occasions Catania was almost totally overthrown by earthquakes.

for his death. Knowing well how greatly the high-born and lovely Agatha Colonna had endeared herself by her many deeds of charity to her heathen as well as her Christian fellow-citizens, Quintianus thought to pacify the mob by giving orders that she was to be removed from the glowing embers, but the surging crowd still continued to seek his life so that he was obliged to fly from the town. Escaping through a secret postern he reached the river Simeto in safety, and entered a ferry-boat with the intention of crossing to the opposite bank. In this boat were two horses, which took to fighting each other during the passage, and in their struggles kicked the unfortunate Prætor on the head. Mortally wounded, he fell into the turbid stream, and its swift-flowing current bore his body so rapidly away that the boatmen were unable to recover it.

In their terror at the first violent earthquake shock, Agatha's torturers suffered the embers, over which they had been dragging her, to grow cold, and thus when they received the commands of Quintianus that she was to be unbound and carried back to prison, the martyr was still alive, though the deadly pallor that had overspread her features made them seem chiselled in white marble, and the radiance which illumined her eyes, was a reflection of glory from the heavenly Jerusalem on which her far-away gaze was fixed. Sinking on her knees, and extending her hands towards heaven, she uttered this fervent supplication: "O my God, my loving Jesus, Thou who hast ever protected me from childhood, my Guide and my Master, who hast taken me from the love of this world, and hast given me grace to endure my sufferings with constancy—deliver now my soul, I humbly beseech Thee, from the fetters of earth, that I may flee to Thee. Have mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great goodness, and grant me to behold Thy face, O Thou most Holy! O Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

Scarcely had these words of prayer died away upon the lips of the saintly maiden ere slumber, peaceful as an infant's, closed her eyes for ever to a world which was not worthy of her, and she slept, as she had lived, in Jesus.

A feeling of duty and the love of their fellow-creatures nerves men, even at the present day, to endure with patient heroism sufferings almost as great as those Agatha went through; amongst many examples of this, we may instance the well-known one of the steers-

man, whose charred hand still grasped in death the wheel by which he had continued to guide the burning vessel, whilst himself all the while slowly roasted in the flames; yet, as we meditate on the constancy of the young Sicilian martyr, the question forces itself upon us: "If the Son of Man were to come now, would He find such faith as hers on the earth?" For it was faith in the living Christ, and love towards Him, which alone caused her to rejoice in being made a partaker of His sufferings, and enabled her to triumph over the instinctive shrinking of our frail human nature from agony and death.

The glad tidings that Quintianus was no more, having caused the dread edict of Decius to lose its terrors for the Christians of Catania, who now no longer feared to avow their belief, they flocked to Agatha's prison to show their reverence for the faithful servant of Jesus, whose good confession they had lacked the courage to imitate, by rendering the last offices to her mangled body, and their tears flowed freely as they anointed it with odoriferous balsams, and wrapping it in cerements of the finest texture, bore it through the crowded streets, singing hymns of praise to God, and laid it in a marble sarcophagus within the church now called *S. Agata dei Goti*. As they knelt around the tomb, a young man who was recently a disciple of Jesus, and whose rich and costly attire proclaimed him to belong to the patrician class, drew near, and gently raising the martyr's head, placed beneath it a white marble tablet, on which was graven in letters of gold an inscription to the memory of one whose example had won him to the allegiance of the Master for Whom she had laid down her life.

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#### IV.

##### THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA IN 1669.

Fourteen centuries had passed since the grave had closed over the mortal remains of Agatha Colonna. The Roman Governor and the Saracen Emir had given place to the Viceroy of the most Catholic Monarch Charles II, King of Spain, Naples, and Sicily, whose banner now waved over the prosperous city of Catania, the metropolis of wealth and learning. It was early springtide, the pleasantest season of the year in Sicily's genial clime, and like summer butterflies, crowds of the light-hearted Catanian populace were abroad basking in

the sunshine, enjoying the delights of *dolce far niente* at their house-doors, or strolling along the main street looking towards Etna's snow-clad cone. Some few of the more thoughtful amongst them grew grave as they heard subterranean rumblings proceeding from the mountain, and noticed an ominous stillness in the air, which they feared might presage a coming eruption, but their companions laughed at their gloomy forebodings, until on the 8th March, 1669, a terrific crash was heard, and the south-eastern flank of the volcano was rent open from top to bottom by a broad fissure which emitted a most vivid light. The terrified beholders next saw five other parallel fissures open one after the other, sending up clouds of smoke, and bellowing with a mighty roar, which could be heard forty miles off; whilst from the lower extremity of the first fissure there gushed forth a vast lava current twenty-five feet in width, which flowed at the rate of 162 feet an hour, and, overwhelming in its course fourteen towns and villages, some of them having a population of between three and four thousand souls, came ever nearer and nearer to Catania itself, till it seemed as if nothing could save the doomed city. At this awful juncture, its inhabitants moved in a body towards the ramparts facing Mount Etna near the Benedictine convent of San Niccolo, and there poured forth their whole souls in an agony of prayer and supplication to the God of all Mercy, that He would pardon their many sins and avert the threatened evil. What a solemn time it must have been when the cry of that vast multitude went up as one voice to the Throne of Grace, and still the fiery flood flowed on with a velocity of twenty-two feet an hour, a breadth of six hundred yards, and a depth of forty feet, until at last it reached the base of the city wall that had been raised to the height of sixty feet as a barrier against it; but all the efforts of man proved of no avail, the burning mass only stayed in its course until it had accumulated upon itself an altitude greater than that of the rampart, which it then surmounted, flowing down the innerside in a cascade of fire, without, however, overthrowing the wall itself, that is yet to be seen, at the present day, with a wave of lava consolidated in the act of curling over it. Thus the dreaded enemy had come in like a flood, resistless in its might; but the Lord who dwelleth on high was mightier, and He granted the fervent prayer of the weeping Catanians at the very moment when all hope seemed at an end, by causing the lava current suddenly to

alter its course, so as to leave the greater part of Catania uninjured, whilst circling round it to the Mediterranean, where it formed a promontory projecting half a mile out to sea.

The faith of the citizens had saved them, and we are forcibly reminded by it of a similar instance of faith in our own times which met with a like reward when (as described by Miss Gordon Cumming) in 1880-81, the sides of the great Hawaiian volcano Manna Loa were riven asunder, and a stream of liquid lava issued forth, which rolled along at a white heat for many a long league, till at last it arrived within a mile or two of the village of Hilo. There was held a day of solemn prayer, when even the Chinamen entered the church of the Christians to join in the universal supplication to the Saviour of the world. At the very hour of the evening service the fire-flood was stayed, which for nine months had been steadily moving towards the village, and the great fountain on the mountain-top that had fed its molten current ceased to flow. The tale of the eruption of 1669, as believed in by the Catanians of the present day, offers an even closer parallel to the deliverance of Hilo than the scientific record of the same event which I have taken as the basis of my narrative : for they point to a high vertical mass of lava, rising within a few feet of the monastery of S. Benedetto, as a convincing proof of the truth of their statement, that the lava current stopped short when just outside the city wall, and without touching that rampart turned aside at right angles to itself, thus bending away from Catania in a miraculous manner. Yet, however marvellous the idea of such an occurrence may appear to us, it might have been brought about by the Divine power acting through the ordinary laws of volcanic phenomena, for it is a well-known fact that "when a lava-current has met in its course with a flat and extensive surface perpendicularly opposed to its direction, such as the wall of a house, it has been observed to stop as if by magic, at the distance of a few miles, without coming into actual contact with the obstacle," and on these occasions it will sometimes "deviate in a lateral direction."\* The Catanian Roman Catholic ascribes the "miracle of 1669," not to the direct interposition of the Almighty, but to the good offices of his patron saint, the holy virgin Agatha, at the waving of whose veil by the priests, he will tell you, the stream of molten lava became instantly congealed ;

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\* Scrope's "Volcanoes," page 86.

and it has been necessary to dwell at considerable length upon the memorable events of the eruption of 1669, because the modern festas of St. Agatha owe much of their pomp to their commemoration of the martyr as the deliverer of her native city from impending destruction on this occasion ; though they were in existence centuries ago, the saint having always occupied a prominent place not only in her own land, but also throughout the whole Catholic world, having been formally canonised in the year 591, and her shrine having early been enriched with costly offerings from princes and crowned heads, amongst whom our own Richard Cœur de Lion is mentioned as having presented a diadem set with precious stones.

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V.

THE FESTA OF ST. AGATHA.

The name of Agatha is retained amongst the Black Letter Saints of our Prayer Book, where it occurs opposite the date February 5, which is believed to be that of her martyrdom, and on which day the week-long festival held in her honour, at Catania, reaches its culminating point. As this Festa differs in many respects from those familiar to the ordinary traveller on the mainland of Italy, I subjoin a few extracts descriptive of it, from the journal of my tour in Sicily.

*February 2.*—All Catania is in festal array : coroneted carriages keep passing and repassing, filled with gay dames in elaborate and costly toilettes, whilst the pedestrians of the fair sex (who belong to the lower orders, since no Catanian lady of any position would be seen on foot if she could help it) make the streets appear like beds of flowers as they crowd their pavements in rich array of velvet, silk, satin, plush and brocade, blue, green, yellow, pink and violet. Here and there you may meet with peasant women wrapped in eastern-looking shawls which envelope them from head to foot. They are for the most part country folk, and are all wending their way to the Piazza del Duomo, a square adorned with a curious old elephant in lava, bearing an Egyptian obelisk on its back, which may have attracted the attention of Agatha when a child ; not even a passing glance, however, do they vouchsafe to bestow on this relic of antiquity, but pressing eagerly through the open portals of the cathedral they hasten to cast themselves down before the

superbly decorated chapel of their patron saint, kissing passionately the railing in front of it, on which are suspended copies of the devotions to St. Agatha prescribed by their spiritual guides for their use during this week. A mitred Bishop in full canonicals swept past us, followed by a train of church dignitaries, one of whom, perceiving my mother and myself to be strangers, left the procession, and coming up to us, said, "You must come to-morrow to see the shrine of St. Agatha, which will then be exposed to the view of the faithful before being carried through the town on the two following days."

*February 3.*—All the bells in the city are ringing madly : military bands are parading the streets playing their loudest, and the constant letting-off of squibs, petards, and crackers, is adding to the general din, which I have only heard equalled in the island of Syra on Easter Day. How is it that the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches of the islands and seaboard of the Mediterranean cannot celebrate an ecclesiastical festival without an expenditure of gun-powder better fitted to propitiate some heathen god of war than to do honour to our religion of peace ? The barbarous idea of noise being pleasing to the deity must be a relic of the old pagan times, when the gods were supposed to require loud appeals to their senses to demonstrate to them the devotional feelings of worshippers whose inmost hearts they were unable to discern. Through the Piazza del Universita there passed at 12-30 P.M. a procession of municipal worthies and church dignitaries, headed by ten bishops and an archbishop, all robed in gold and silver and crimson brocade, the latter holding his jewelled crozier in one crimson-gloved hand, whilst with a rotary movement the other was continually blessing the assembled multitude as he moved slowly along under the crimson umbrella held over him by attendants. The procession was closed by men bearing on their heads the *Gilii*, elaborate gilt erections some twenty feet in height, surmounted by Roman candles adorned with wax angels, and wreaths of artificial flowers, and studded all round with groups of little coloured images representing various scenes in the martyrdom of St. Agatha, whilst from every part of their circumference projected innumerable tapers ; for these *Gilii* are the receptacles of the city's offering of candles to its patron saint. Tinselly though these gaudy structures look, they are of

enormous weight, and it is most painful to see the starting veins and twitching muscles in the faces of the bearers, showing too plainly what self-torture they are inflicting upon themselves in attempting (like the Cairene Dervish banner-bearers) to dance along with their unwieldy burdens.

The houses in the-Piazza del Duomo are all hung with many-coloured draperies, and one of them bears an inscription, setting forth how the youthful maiden

Beautiful in the sight of God,  
The heroic Catanian, St. Agatha,  
Confronted the armed might of the tyrant  
With the courageous confession of faith,  
This warrior spirit,  
With the sublime sacrifice of herself,  
Shook the throne of the Cæsars  
And made her native country Christian.

At 9 P.M. torch-bearers, waving their fire-brands wildly aloft, entered the square, followed by a military band that stationed itself just under our hotel, and played and sang well for about a quarter of an hour, when torches and band disappeared down the Via Stersicorea, whilst, at the same moment, another set of torch-bearers appeared on the scene, lighting a second band to the position of the first. A superb effect was produced by its accompaniment of the rich deep voices of singers who chanted a hymn to St. Agatha, addressing her as the saviour of Catania in the eruption of 1669. The subterranean rumbling of the dread volcano; the bursting forth of the fiery flood; its resistless flow towards the doomed city; the wild wail of agony, changing to a triumphant jubilee, all was represented to the listener's ear in the lofty sublimity and thrilling pathos of that never-to-be-forgotten strain.

*February 4.*—No less than eight military bands passed our windows before 7 A.M. this morning, all playing the same stirring march as they tramped on to the Cathedral, whence the relics of Sicily's patron saint were shortly afterwards brought out amid firing of guns, explosions of gunpowder, and deafening peals of bells.

Towards afternoon we watched the procession traverse the Piazza Stersicorea. As the gaudy *Gilli* I have before described appeared in sight, the excitement of the thronging multitude reached

the utmost pitch ; every head was turned in the direction of the Via Stersicorea, and the murmurs of expectation grew louder and louder at the approach of the Brethren of St. Agatha—a long train of white-robed men marching in double file, and drawing a lofty triumphal car of silver, and silver-gilt repoussé-work, surmounted by silver images of the saints, dazzling to behold as the burnished metal flashed in the blazing sunshine. A gallery ran round the car, on which two priests were standing, one of whom, clad in violet silk, richly trimmed with lace, rang a bell as a signal for the procession to halt at the entrance to the Piazza. Forthwith the church bells clanged forth, guns fired, squibs, petards and crackers were let off, and a fire-balloon in the shape of a star was sent up as an emblem of Agatha, “the Star of Catania,” whilst from every balcony there floated down coloured papers on which were printed hymns to the saint, that were eagerly scrambled for by the crowd, who showed great pride in their “dear Saint Agatha” but little religious emotion. “Viva Santa Agata !” shouted the white-robed Brotherhood, waving their handkerchiefs ; “Evviva Santa Agata !” uprose the answering cry from the vast multitude, as the cortège moved onward amid the enthusiastic waving of *fazzoletti*. Within the open car was a silver gilt and painted half-length image of St. Agatha, resplendent with the jewels presented by royal personages, and a magnificent silver sarcophagus ; in this and the hollow image, which were both made at Avignon in 1377, are contained the relics of the saint.

*February 5, Midnight.*—We went at 10 A.M. this morning to the High Mass with full orchestra at the Duomo. I was sadly struck with the want of reverence displayed by the congregation that filled the vast edifice almost to overflowing. A few, mostly peasants, knelt in heartfelt devotion, but many more chatted on different subjects, and even spat repeatedly on the marble pavement of the sacred building, close to the very altars at which mass was being celebrated. No one so much as attempted to stand up when the priests passed them in their eucharistic robes, and they did not seem to treat their ministers with half the respect they would have received in an English church, though they could not fail to have been impressed with the magnificent *coup d'œil* presented by the archbishop as he sat upon his lofty throne of state, under a splendid canopy, a superb gold mitre on his head, an equally superb golden

mantle over his vestments of rich crimson silk and white satin embroidered in gold. Motionless as an image of Buddha he sat, supported on either hand by mitred bishops gorgeously robed, and gentlemen of the black rod. In front of him stood attendants holding fans of peacock's feathers. His whole aspect was more like that of some proud Indian potentate than of the humble shepherd of a Christian flock, such as were the bishops at the period of the martyrdom over whose commemoration he was presiding.

Later in the day the Cathedral was the scene of a ceremonial the strangeness of which is most startling. It consists of a measured dance up and down the nave, executed by a number of the white-robed Brethren of St. Agatha, linked together arm in arm. This is a survival of a religious performance which at one time formed a considerable element, not only in pagan worship, but also in that of the true God—but whether in this case derived from the dance of David before the Ark, or from the heathen rhythmic dances emblematic of the movements of the heavenly bodies, is not clearly known.

Hour by hour the crowd grew denser in street and piazza, but though entirely composed of the lower classes, there was no pushing or rudeness to be seen nor any harsh language to be heard. In fact, all through this week the conduct of the populace (numbering, I am told, some 30,000) has been absolutely irreproachable, putting our English holiday-making poor sadly to the blush, for I believe there has not been a single case of drunkenness amongst all this vast multitude, in spite of the great heat which makes the Catanians extra thirsty, as the thriving trade done by the vendors of water proves. Though sober, the citizens are, however, far from grave, and a joyous hum and stir agitated the seething mass that filled our brilliantly illuminated Piazza, when towards 7 P.M., the Festa reached its climax, and the relics of Sicily's patron saint were borne through their midst in regal pomp back to their resting-place in the Cathedral. The procession was heralded by the lofty *Gilli* now transformed into pyramids of scintillating light, which cast their radiance upon the snowy robes of the confraternity of St. Agatha, as, straining at the ropes attached to the massive car, they clave their way through the yielding crowd, four abreast, and so many hundreds strong that their foremost ranks had already quitted the spacious Piazza at one end, ere those nearest the car had entered it at the other. T

triumphal car itself dazzled all beholders by the brilliancy of the myriads of tapers with which its every outline and minutest detail were told out, till it appeared a very chariot of fire. On reaching the centre of the Piazza, a train of gunpowder laid all round the square was exploded, shouts of "Evviva Santa Agata!" rent the air, fireworks were sent up, and the scene I have described as taking place yesterday afternoon was re-enacted on a much larger scale. A perfect Pandora's box of deafening noises seemed to have been let loose to craze the ear, louder and louder they grew as the night wore on, and the precious relics were being carried up the steps of the Duomo, and down the nave, when, suddenly, at the moment when the hands of the illuminated clock in our Piazza pointed to twelve, every sound was instantaneously hushed, as by the wave of an enchanter's wand, and the silence which reigns over all, awes the soul like the echo of the last note of some village chime ringing out the old year, reminding us that the joyous Festa has gone by for ever into the past, and leading us to meditate on the impressions it has left behind. Innocent as the display of light hearted gaiety is in itself, the remembrance of it jars sadly upon our feelings when we reflect on the contrast it presents to the lingering agonies of the death it is intended to commemorate. If the spirit of the martyr-maiden could have beheld the gay scene, her soul would have been grieved by the thought that such heathenish pomp and childish acclamations are supposed to be worthy tributes to her memory; not thus would she bid us honour her, but by offering ourselves, body, soul and spirit, a willing sacrifice to that Saviour in Whom she lived, and in Whose might she triumphed over torture and death.

A. G. WELD.

## SOME NOTES ON THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS OF 1906.

**P**ERHAPS in no year since its birth had the Indian National Congress drawn to itself in such large measure the attention of the public as it did last Christmas. In India as well as in England—if one may judge by the quantity of literature on the subject—the last Congress had for months before captivated the attention of its friends and critics alike.

Its friends could scarcely conceal their anxious concern about the threatened split in its ranks; its critics could scarcely disguise their feelings of satisfaction at what they hoped to be its approaching dissolution. Neither the friends nor the critics, however, appeared to have correctly read the situation, and perhaps it was no fault of theirs. It was not easy to penetrate the mist raised round it, so assiduously yet unconsciously, by parties both in and outside Bengal who professed to be anxious that the Congress movement should remain in the safe hands of its old and trusted leaders.

It was not long, however, before the air was cleared of its mist and the real situation laid bare. The day before the Congress assembled a meeting of the more prominent delegates was convened with the object, it was stated, of exchanging views on matters controversial. The meeting lasted over a couple of hours; views were exchanged in language which might be considered at times a trifle warm and emphatic; some appeared to indulge in confessions of faith, whilst others pleaded as if they were on their trial. But the net result of it all was thought to be eminently satisfactory. It became quite apparent to those who were present there that the noise heard loudest for months past was not, after all, the voice of the more numerous. Even those most warm and emphatic in support of their own opinion did not appear to be willing or prepared to create a split in the Congress camp—they too appeared anxious to stand united.

With the close of the meeting all anxiety appeared to have ended, and the only dominant thought in the minds of the leaders appeared to be

how best to frame resolutions to be submitted to the Congress so as to secure their unanimous adoption. Whether the policy of maintaining a united front is a policy which should be adhered to under all circumstances and at all times is a matter upon which opinions will differ; but that the leaders succeeded eminently in maintaining a united front at the last sessions of the Congress scarcely needs affirming.

On the first day of its sittings the proceedings of the Congress began shortly after two in the afternoon. Long before that hour, however, the mandap was filled to its utmost capacity, every available foot of space having been occupied. The number of those present was variously estimated at from twelve to fifteen thousand. The sight was at once interesting and impressive—presenting, perhaps, an object lesson of how the beginnings of a nation are made. Even the most cursory survey of the packed mass showed that it was composed of men who came from widely different parts of the country, belonged to distinct races and castes, and even strongly differed from one another in their sentiments and religious beliefs. Yet when the Parsi president-elect entered the mandap, this vast and heterogeneous concourse rose to a man and welcomed him with loud, continuous and ringing cheers and shouts of “Bande Mataram.” The cheering continued for several minutes and the enthusiastic mass refused to cease and settle down to business until the president-elect came forward on the platform and bowed his acknowledgments.

After a short prayer and the singing of “Bande Mataram,” the proceedings commenced. The president of the Reception Committee, in welcoming the delegates, delivered an eloquent and forcible address. It is difficult to understand why the president of the Reception Committee, while welcoming the delegates, should have the privilege of giving a general survey of the political situation during the past twelve months. Would not the discontinuance of such a practice save much time of the Congress? The three-quarters of an hour's speech of welcome did not apparently give sufficient time to the audience to cool down after its first burst of enthusiasm at the mere sight of the venerable president; for when it was moved that Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji be elected president of the Congress, it again broke out into almost wild enthusiasm and the cheering again lasted for several minutes. It has been said of the Indian that he cannot cheer—that he does not know how to cheer. If, however, the instances above noted are illustrative of his manner of cheering, then it would be safe to assert that he has mended that fault of his.

The proceedings of the first day concluded with the usual appointment of the Subjects Committee to draft resolutions. The proceedings in

the Subjects Committee the same evening, as well as the proceedings of the Congress the next day, were uneventful, as there was no divergence of views as regards resolutions considered in the Committee and submitted to the Congress.

The only questions which were considered likely to divide the opinion of the Congress were those of the Boycott and Swadeshi. The proceedings in the Subjects Committee; when draft resolutions on these two subjects came to be considered, were extremely lively. Many seemed anxious and almost impatient to enlighten the Committee with their own views on the subjects, and a keen competition was kept up between the intending speakers to catch the eye of the venerable President. As each speaker retired, half a dozen more stood up in their places impatient to mount the tribune. Under the circumstances the task of naming the best speaker was by no means an easy one, and at times there was even angry shouting and gesticulating on the part of those who failed to catch the President's eye. But no amount of noise or confusion disturbed the equanimity of the veteran leader. What a pathetic picture the venerable little figure made as he stood up to restore order, ringing the bell with his frail right hand until it bent double under its weight!

The draft resolution submitted to the Subjects Committee was in these terms:—

That, having regard to the fact that the people of this country have little or no voice in its administration, and that their representations to the Government do not receive due consideration, this Congress is of opinion that the boycott movement inaugurated in Bengal by way of protest against the partition of that province was and is legitimate, *and this Congress is also of opinion that it is calculated to further the industrial and political regeneration of the people.*

The speeches made in support of it and against it were numerous, All were equally characterised by earnestness and eloquence; but whilst the former appealed to sentiments and angry passions, the latter took their stand on reason and good sense. Various amendments to the resolution were moved, and eventually, by a large majority, the resolution was carried omitting therefrom the words in italics. Disappointed with the result of the voting, some of the supporters of the resolution as originally framed worked themselves up to a considerable pitch of excitement, and retired from the meeting in a manner which might appear dramatic, but which would also be open to the criticism that it was undignified in those who aspire to be leaders. The Subjects Committee, however, did not appear to be any the poorer without them. The Swadeshi resolution

was next taken in hand and agreed to without expression of much difference of opinion.

Thus the anticipations formed at the preliminary meeting above referred to were practically realised. The dissentients to the Bengal Boycott resolution, as approved by the Subjects Committee, were not numerous. At the sitting of the Congress the leaders might have done without their votes in support of it had they been so inclined; but they appeared unwilling to depart from their settled policy of a united front, and before the hour for moving the two resolutions in the Congress arrived they had succeeded in welding the divided mass into one whole again, and thus the resolutions were unanimously agreed to by the Congress.

An attempt has been made in certain quarters to argue that by the adoption of the Bengal Boycott resolution the Congress has made boycott a plank in their political platform. One has only to read the terms of the resolution to ascertain what truth there is in such argument. But if one's native intelligence does not help him enough to understand the terms of the resolution, he need not despair: the meaning of the resolution will be quite clear to him if he takes the trouble to read the speeches of the leading delegates from various centres of India—including Bengal—emphatically dissenting from the strange interpretation put upon it by Mr. Pal in his speech purporting to be in support of the resolution.

That was an exciting incident during the sessions of the Congress. Mr. Pal was not one of the speakers to the resolution named in the published programme; but as the resolution was being moved, he asked the President to be allowed to say a few words in support of it, and the permission was readily accorded to him. No one had any doubt in his mind as to the real meaning of the resolution; nor did any one doubt that Mr. Pal himself understood the real meaning. Whilst the boldness of Mr. Pal appeared to find favour with the spectators in the Congress mandap the delegates seemed stunned by it. It was not many moments, however, before they recovered from the shock; disapproval and indignation were stamped on their faces and the rush of the prominent delegates from Madras and other provinces to the President's chair and their hurried consultations with him soon made it apparent that Mr. Pal's interpretation of the resolution would not be allowed to pass unnoticed. Warmth and energy characterised the speeches of those who followed Mr. Pal and gave emphatic and indignant repudiation to his interpretation. Friends of the Congress consider that incident an extremely fortunate one, and feel doubly thankful to Mr. Pal for it. It gave an opportunity to the representatives from other parts of India of explaining and defining their

position in relation to the boycott, and it has cut off all Mr. Pal's future chances of interpreting in his own way the meaning of the resolution outside the Congress.

A settled calm spread through the Congress mandap after this incident; and resolutions on Self-Government and a constitution for the Congress were placed before the delegates and carried without exciting much interest or eloquence. The proceedings of the meeting were wound up by Mr. Lal Mohan Ghosh, in an eloquent and forcible speech, which commanded the attention and respect of the whole audience, though all that he said did not appear to find favour with some amongst it.

D. N. BAHADURJI.

*Bombay.*

## AN EPISODE OF PROGRESS AND REFORM.

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CERTAIN public workers in Bombay and elsewhere have conceived, and are attempting to carry on, in India, a gigantic enterprise of reform and reconciliation ; so at least I gather from a valuable book which a friend has kindly sent to me. As I read it, I was constantly reminded of an episode which passed in London, with comparatively little notice at the time outside of the Jewish community, though its consequences have been widespread and far-reaching, and which has always seemed to me to present, in a small compass, all the main features of reform at its purest and best—reform in its truest sense ; the re-formation and re-construction of a religious Ideal which has fallen into superstition and degradation.

India is a large country, and some things are most easily done on a small scale at first. It is true that difficulties present themselves when a thing has to be done on a large scale, which did not obstruct the path of those who were successful on the smaller one. Nevertheless, a record of a small experiment, under comparatively simple conditions, is sometimes suggestive to those who are wrestling with the more complicated circumstances ; and possibly, therefore, the following sketch may not be quite without interest.

It will be a great honour for me, if I may be privileged to introduce to the reformers in India such a man as my venerable friend, David Marks, the Leader of Reform in Anglo-Israël.

The father of David Marks, who had at one time been prosperous, died, in or about the year 1820, having been unfortunate in business and leaving hardly any provision for his young family. The widow, who is spoken of by her son as an excellent mother, had a struggle to maintain her children. She sent the boy to the Jews' Free School. He had been already well taught at home. He had read Hebrew and English before the age of four ; and soon after entering the

school, at nine, he was found useful in teaching other boys. At fourteen he left school and found employment, first as teacher in a family ; then as reader in a synagogue and teacher of languages and of the Jewish religion and literature in Liverpool.

At fourteen David Marks had got into his hands a copy of the New Testament, and began to attend the English Church on Sundays, without, however, leaving off his attendance at Synagogue on Saturdays (the Jewish Sabbath). The Jewish religion was at that time entangled in a mass of ignorant superstitions, and its condition much resembled the descriptions which I have heard of the Parsi religion as it existed in the early days of the last century. David Marks was fascinated by the New Testament, and by some aspects of the Christian religion as it existed in England. For some time he meditated "turning Christian" (as it is called) ; *i.e.*, renouncing Judaism, and joining some one or other of the many sects professing Christianity. As he told me long afterwards, if he had decided after only three years of study of the question, he would have taken the step across, but he waited to study further ; and, after six years, he decided that he would rather see what could be made of Judaism. It had occurred to him to observe that Jesus Christ, the object of worship to Christians, had never attempted to found any new church ; being born a Jew, he had remained so to the end, and not left the Church of Israël, but done his best to reform it and bring it back to consciousness of the essentials of Mosaism. At the age of twenty David Marks perceived that the best "Christianity" for a Jew is to follow the example of Jesus Christ by doing his best to purify the Church of Israël, to bring it back from a tangle of idle ceremonial to the ethical conception of faith in God, the Eternal *Unity*. When he was thirty, some wealthy London Jews, seeing no spiritual or other use in the mass of minute observances which at that time made so large a part of the routine life of Jews, built a synagogue for themselves, and commissioned the Reformer to draw up some rational form of ritual, which, while Jewish in its essence, should be compatible with the life of cultured citizens of a country such as England.

Here was his opportunity ; and nobly did he avail himself of it. Among the doctrines which he set before his congregation were the following :—

Man is by nature and inalienably, the child of God, the Unity, prior to, and independently of, any Church, creed, or religious opinion.

Races are selected by Divine Providence to bear witness to, and preserve from oblivion, special Truths. Each race has its special mission, to which it had better remain faithful.

The mission of Israëlis to preserve and teach the doctrine of the *Unity* of God. Until all the world is, in some form or other, monotheist, Israëlis should preserve its Church and ritual distinct from those of other races, as a perpetual witness of that special element of Truth—the Divine Unity.

But other races have other truths entrusted to them ; and each race, while preserving the ritual which fits it for its special mission, should, for the sake of its spiritual development, study the sacred books and the best literature of other races.

The ceremonial of a Church is the framework of discipline by which the race to which it belongs is prepared and fortified to be a witness for the special Truth entrusted to it.

Ceremonial lawfully may, and necessarily must, change with the progress of the ages. The reformers of each succeeding age should aim to select for preservation such elements of existing ceremonial as are suitable for keeping the people in touch with the most vital portions of their ancestral past, and most likely to brace them up to the truth for which their race is a chosen witness.

The distinction between religion and the knowledge called "secular" is an artificial one. The whole conception of such a thing as ignorant piety is essentially heathen and idolatrous ; he who truly loves the true God, in no matter what church, will desire to know as much as he can of the works of God and of the history of man.

It is unwise to become a convert from any church to any other ; because the doing so implies that one is safer in one church than another. Whereas man is safe in any church, God being the Father of all churches, and each one the vehicle of some special truth and the shelter of some race. Therefore, it is wise to remain in the church of one's fathers and endeavour to purify and reform it as opportunity offers.

Besides the above openly avowed doctrines, David Marks cherished certain aspirations, which, though not exactly expressed in

words, could easily be inferred from his sermons by any one observant enough to listen for Harmonic Undertones and to "read between lines." Among these cherished aspirations were the following :—

He hoped to destroy the prejudice against the New Testament and all connected with it, which had grown up in the Jewish mind by age-long association with persecution of Jews by so-called Christians.

He hoped to make of his synagogue a place where Jesus Christ (if he could come back to earth) would find himself at home and love to worship.

He hoped that some of his congregation would, at some future day, render signal service to England, as a thank-offering for the shelter extended to Jews by the English Government when they were persecuted in other parts of Europe.

And he hoped, especially, that some of his congregation would render service to the cause of national education in England.

The new synagogue was opened in January, 1842. The ritual is wonderfully beautiful and some of Mr. Marks' published sermons constitute a masterly summary of the duty of the pious Jew in a non-Jewish land—a priceless commentary on that utterance of Jesus, "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's." The first proceeding of the orthodox Jewish authorities was to pronounce on the reformer the sentence of excommunication. All the curses which the Hebrew language contains were written out, and then read aloud in the principal synagogue of London, as due to fall on the head of the reforming preacher, his congregation, and every one else who should be guilty of holding intercourse with him or giving him food, shelter, or countenance.

Then awoke in the young apostle of peace that fighting spirit which is a necessary underlying element in the composition of every effective reformer, no matter how charitable may be the Ideals present to his consciousness. Two new aims added themselves to those previously entertained by David Marks : He aspired to convince his congregation that "curses hurt no one except the utterers"; and he hoped to prove to the people of Israël that "no excommunication is worth the paper it is written on." (About this last

utterance of my revered teacher, I shall have a word to say in the sequel. For the present I am giving an account of David Marks, and need not express any views of my own.)

A few years after the opening of the Reform Synagogue, the undenominational College (London University College) needed a Professor of Hebrew and Syriac. David Marks secured the appointment ; and this opened up to him the acquaintance, which in some cases soon ripened into warm friendship, of several of the foremost non-Jew teachers of his own generation and the next. Charles Babbage, Augustus DeMorgan and Kingdon Clifford were successively his colleagues and friends, and it would be difficult to say which of the two has profited most, English science or Jewish culture, by the consequent interchange of ideas and ideals between the Semitic Reformer in Religion and the Saxon Reformers in Logic, who were trying to revive, in England, the old Asiatic Science of the use of accurate notations as implements and vehicles for accurate thought. David Marks is what is called "a scholar," *i.e.*, one learned in ancient languages and literature ; he has had little opportunity for understanding physical sciences or the details of mathematical procedure. His interest in Hebrew "religion" is attached to the religious and ethical side of that religion. No one could be more puzzled than he seems to be when he is told that the Hebrew ritual is a storehouse of mementoes of ancient methods of teaching science and logic ; and *his* a, by clearing it of accretions gathered in the dark ages of Mediæval Europe and presenting it to English thinkers in something like its pristine simplicity, he has opened up to us a long vista among many secrets of ancient science and art, the value of which he himself could only very dimly appreciate.

The Jewish authorities, I believe, had a genuine and cordial dread of the influence of the reformer. But they were not long in finding out that they had made a social mistake in attracting the notice of Christians to the fact that simple piety and true philosophic insight into the essentials of religion were *not compatible with Judaism as understood by orthodox Jews*. They wished to retrieve that mistake. By Jewish law, the curse, once laid on, could not be cancelled except on the penitent application of the accursed man. An intimation was conveyed to David Marks that if he would only

make the necessary application, he would be received back into communion with orthodox Israël, without much in the way of concession on his part. But the reformer had his own project to prove that curses do not hurt ; he therefore refused to say or do anything which could be interpreted as implying that he considered excommunication an evil, or that he had taken any notice whatever of the curses which had been hurled at him. His motive for this refusal was not understood ; and it increased the bitterness of his opponents. But they were "fighting against God" (to use the old religious formula). They were fighting against an unconquerable combination of forces, all enlisted on the side of the reformers.

David Marks is an extremely benevolent man ; it is intolerable to him that any creature should suffer pain, if he can by any means relieve the suffering. To help the poor and sick was, as long as he was able for the exertion, his greatest pleasure. He was appointed almoner to some wealthy members of his congregation, and was indefatigable in using the means thus placed at his disposal for the benefit of sufferers of all nationalities and all creeds. His wealthy co-religionists, however, naturally required him to give special attention to poor Jews. He became a well-known and welcome figure in the poor Jewish quarters. There were streets, where, at the age of seventy, he could hardly pass along, so obstructed was his path by men and women anxious to kiss his hands or touch his coat ; a member of his family informed me that, in those very same streets, he had, at and soon after his excommunication, been spat at and pelted with mud.

Then, again, he had a fine voice, and a manner of speech highly cultivated, yet entirely free from affectations ; and a delivery charged with that restrained passion which, more than any other quality, makes preaching impressive. A trained musician collected many beautiful old Hebrew chants, laments, and hymns, and wove them into a musical arrangement of great beauty. The whole service of worship at the reform synagogue is wonderfully attractive to the cultured and thoughtful. It is, however, unsuited and uninteresting to the mass of uncultured Jews. We may be thankful that the authorities have had the wisdom not to attempt to model the worship at other synagogues on Mr. Mark's pattern, although the orthodox synagogues have taken courage from the example set by

the reform synagogue to omit certain customs which fostered heathenish and barbarous ideas.

The reform synagogue, from the first, attracted a certain number of cultured non-Jews ; and David Marks occasionally addressed some portion of his sermons especially to these visitors from other religious persuasions, interpreting Jesus Christ to them, in the light of a typical Jew prophet and reformer. Not a few of these outside members of his congregation have applied to be received into the Jewish Church as converts. He has given me an amusing account of his answer to these applicants. He used to say to them : " You wish to join our Church formally ? Why ? What benefit do you expect to get by such a step ? You wish to join us in prayer ? Very well ; you will always be welcome among us whenever the synagogue is open for worship. You wish to read our Scriptures ? No one hinders you. You wish to keep the ethical commandments of Moses ? I am glad to hear it ; you will be all the better citizens. You wish to conform to our religious and domestic ceremonial ? It is the discipline of a Race ; for you it would be burdensome, unmeaning and useless. You wish to be descended from Abraham ? Ah ! I am sorry, it is not in my power to grant you that. Then, what is it that you seek from me ? " Sometimes the visitor would begin to talk about the value of Mr. Marks' instruction and the superiority of his sermons to those in Christian Churches. Then, his tone would change. " If I have taught you anything good, go away and practise it, and teach it in your own Church ; and do not come here flattering me. "

Flattering him about his sermons was the shortest and surest way out of his favour and into his contempt. I have sometimes been tempted to think that he held it as the one unpardonable offence ! The synagogue was, for him, the House of God ; to make of anything that went on there an occasion for glorifying man was utterly abhorrent to every instinct of his soul and every feeling of his loyal heart.

Leader. On his ninetieth birthday he sat, from ten o'clock in the morning till after dusk, receiving telegrams of congratulation from pious Jews all over Europe, and deputations of ministers from every synagogue in London. A letter from the Hebrew College of Cincinnati, America, appeared in the *Jewish Chronicle* of that morning, thanking him for having pioneered the Jews of the world into line with culture and progress.

And all the curses in the Hebrew language are still resting, unrepealed but harmless, on his venerable head! He has grandly carried out his intention of robbing of its terrors the terrible formula of cursing, before which intending reformers had so often quailed!

Various members of the reform synagogue have rendered good service to the cause of National Education for Christian England. One of their most valuable contributions has been Mr. Claude Montefiore's "Bible for Home Reading," which has taken the literature of ancient Palestine out of the category of sacred fetishes, and made it an available storehouse of knowledge of ancient Semitic religion, philosophy and literature. The book is held a household treasure in many a Christian home. We hope that Mr. Montefiore will, at some not too distant date, give as his impressions—those of a pious but liberal Jew—about the life-work of Jesus Christ, the martyred reformer of Israël.

Having said so much I feel that I should not be doing justice either to truth or to the Church of Israël if I did not express my sense of the profound wisdom of the custom of excommunicating (excommunication, *i.e.*, officially putting out of communion) those who attempt to modify a time-honoured ritual. The curses which used to accompany the ceremony are, of course, absurd remnants of some dark and savage age. But the ceremony itself is only a public recognition of the truth that a certain principle which everyone acknowledges with regard to attempts at material progress is valid also when intellectual and spiritual progress is in question, *viz.*, that *pioneers must accept loneliness for a time*. Explorers who are going to open up a new country must for a time forego the society of the weak, the timid, the sick, the maimed, the very young and the very old. Those who wish to experiment on chemicals the properties of which are as yet unknown, must begin by shutting the doors on ignorant, untrained, inquisitive and meddling children. Weaklings

need the shelter of accustomed surroundings, and ought not to be encouraged in following a reformer who is trying new methods till these methods have been tested by the brave and the strong. When we rightly understand the ethics of reform, excommunication will precede, not follow, the attempt at change. It will not be inflicted as a penalty, but applied for by the intending reformer as a protection from the responsibility of being followed against his will by those unfit to face doubt, perplexity and danger. It will be accompanied, not with curses, but with blessings, thank-offerings, and songs of praise. When brave men are starting out on an expedition of research, they hope to come back laden with good news which they will then be able to share with the weaker brethren whom Providence has marked out for some function less adventurous than that of the pioneer. Those who are to profit by their exceptional courage invite them to a farewell banquet at which the blessing of unseen powers is invoked to prosper their undertaking. The same idea, surely, should underlie the excommunication of a religious reformer.

*16, Ladbroke Road,  
London: W.*

MARY EVEREST BOOLE.

## HINDU WOMEN.

**T**HE social status held by women in any country is the true test of its civilisation. The religious, moral, and social ideas of women undoubtedly exercise an incalculable influence upon society at large. The rules of life which religion prescribes go a great way to mould the habits, manners, and customs of a people. This is particularly the case in our country. Everything here is rigorously fixed by law ; a text of Manu will silence the most persistent innovationist. Notwithstanding the thousand and one changes which are taking place around us, antiquated institutions and effete customs are still allowed to interfere with the commonest affairs of life. Here one must bow before the authority of the ancients. With obstinate tenacity the old system, though much mutilated, is maintained, and the majority of people are unable to strike out new paths for themselves. Such servile submission to custom without the least regard to its tendency for good or for evil, such implicit faith in the wisdom of those who lived in the infancy of the world, can only serve to keep society in a stagnant state of degradation. The strongest intellects have deteriorated through grovelling superstition. Formidable obstacles are ever interposed in the course of progress and improvement. Our countrymen have never, without stern opposition, been allowed to outgrow the errors of their forefathers.

Such is the state of things in India. The influence which the religious and social institutions exercise upon human interests is unquestionably tremendous in all parts of the world. The force of such institutions is still greater in India. But institutions which for ages have insulted the private judgment of individual members of society are not worthy of being prized for being national. The

customs, usages, and institutions for our country, specially as regards the fair sex, will serve as a comment upon the present state of our female society. There is a marked and invidious distinction between male and female children. The position of unmarried Hindu women only lasts for a period of ten years, reckoned from infancy. The birth of a girl is considered more a misfortune than a blessing. The sex of the child is a perpetual torment to its parents. Hindu women, therefore, long for male offspring in preference to female. A male child is often tended with greater care and attention. The degradation and thralldom to which Hindu women are generally subjected may perhaps justify the difference. Often devoid of education, and of wholesome moral training, and of every genteel accomplishment, a Hindu woman is far from being what she was originally designed by the Almighty to be—"a helpmate" for her lord.

Much more concern is manifested for the intellectual culture of boys than for that of girls, in total disregard of the fact of the vast influence women exercise over the happiness and well-being of society. While our law-givers are minute in their provisions for the intellectual culture of boys, nowhere between the two covers of any sacred law-book do we find precepts imposing any obligation upon parents to instruct their female children. The study of letters is considered a disqualification for domestic usefulness. The woman who can read and write is branded as the inheritor of misfortunes. All the training given to a girl consists in instruction by her mother, which is at best very crude, imperfect and incomplete. Religion has, of course, prominent attention paid to it; and hence the strong attachment to superstition and idolatry. The girls learn only what their mothers know. However, it fails not to make a lasting impression on their minds. Mothers always retain over their daughters greater authority than over their sons. The peculiar position of women is very invidiously defined in all the written laws of the land. Women have no ways pointed out to them by which they might distinguish themselves, the only occupation assigned to them being the ministering, daily and hourly, to the comfort of their husbands and children. And every to-morrow is a repetition of to-day.

The influence which women in other countries exercise over the happiness and well-being of society is extensive; but Hindu women cannot be said to exert any influence whatsoever on the

manners and morals of the people. No nation can rise in the scale of civilisation while perpetuating the moral degradation of the rising generation. The restraints under which Hindu women are placed, and the misdirection given to their tastes and tendencies, have produced, in process of time, a prejudice against their own improvement. The conventional rules of society have for ages proved cruel towards the weaker sex. No one can attempt to ameliorate this condition without encountering vehement opposition and being held up to ridicule. Taunts and sneers, always powerful in their operation on ordinary minds, disconcert the efforts of the friends of humanity.

Hindu women live shut up in the zenana. Their dress is hardly suited for the ordinary decorum of life. It may be far better adapted to the climate and to the menial service they have to perform than the dress of European ladies ; but we cannot help condemning it on the score of decency. Bereft of the advantages of reading and observation, their thoughts seldom extend beyond the walls of the zenana. They live in a state of moral insensibility. Trained under the influence of superstition and prejudice, they manifest no solicitude about being governed by principles, since as a people we are lax in moral discipline. Men, in our country, never hold conversation with women on subjects of importance that might require the exercise of effort or intelligence. They discuss with them only domestic matters ; such as the merits of cookery, or the cleanliness of their houses, or their ornaments, or their dress. Every circumstance that requires a cultivated mind to appreciate is carefully eschewed. Monotony of thought is the necessary result. Again, the prejudices of the country do not exclude women from witnessing sights and scenes that are indelicate. They are suffered to pollute their ears with unprincipled mirth, having a tendency undisguisedly pernicious. The female mind is capable of improvement in the East as it is in the West. A difference in climate cannot produce a disparity in mental constitution. The degradation of Hindu women is not necessary to their existence—to be help-mates to their husbands. The education of women may be considered a cause, and not an effect, of social improvement. The one is intimately connected with the other. No people can be civilised while their women are in a state of moral and intellectual prostration ; nor can women be long suffered to pine in ignorance where civilisation is introduced. God has made the sexes to differ.

We do not wish to compound the differences. Woman's destiny for ever differs from man's. Deep learning in a lady is not absolutely necessary to the world. She has some capacities to be cultivated ; let these be developed.

The ignorance of the Hindu woman is so interwoven with the entire government of the household, that no active measures can be extensively adopted. A well directed education must be looked upon as the only means for real improvement. A sound and substantial education of Hindu women may bring about a happy era in the history of our country. The home in India imperatively demands their intellectual and moral development. Their improvement will prove a blessing not only to themselves, but also to ourselves, our children, and our beloved country. The practice of immuring women and disposing of them in early life by marriage cannot but baffle all attempts at conferring public education on them. A systematic education and a single and pure faith are the only panacea for the regeneration of the daughters of Bengal. Common humanity demands that we should contend for their emancipation in spite of slanders. Various agencies have been employed for their improvement ; but progress has been very tardy. In India the days of small things must not be despised. No pecuniary outlay can be deemed too great, even if it produced one single educated Hindu woman in Bengal.

The practice of getting rid of daughters by early marriage, before they can possibly understand what marriage means, must exert a baneful influence upon their minds. When they are once bound by an indissoluble tie, they are readily moulded to the ways of strangers. Before any principles are formed, the passions are precociously developed by artificial means. They learn to pass their days as ministers of pleasure rather than companions or counsellors to their husbands. To be subservient to the whims of men is recognised as the only aim and end of female existence. The evil of Hindu marriage consists in the sufferance of polygamy. The multiplication of wives is another name for continual suffering and hardship to the female sex. The institution of *Kulinism*, which, however, is fast declining, has rendered the condition of a Hindu woman unhappy and degraded. To be a *Kulin's* daughter is certainly a misfortune in Bengal. Our women may have no aspiration beyond conjugal

happiness. The Hindu women can never be independent ; they must remain subject to the control of some relation or other. In infancy they are dependent on their fathers and natural guardians ; in youth on their husbands ; and in old age, on their sons. The language of law speaks of them as if they were mere babies.

The life of a Hindu widow is still more wretched. Immediately after the death of her husband, the wife renounces all her jewels for ever. She gives up her ordinary decorations and lives in a slovenly manner. Of every other emblem of matrimony she is forthwith divested. Widowhood, instead of attracting sympathy and commiseration, calls down on the head of the unfortunate victim nothing but neglect, reproach, contumely and disgrace. The very name of widow is a reproach. If a Hindu woman falls into this condition when young, without any property settled upon her by the father or the husband, she becomes a slave to the family of which she is a member. Often a widow has to burden her relations not only with herself, but with numerous offspring. So long as her parents live she is protected, but their death deprives her of her last refuge. The surviving relations of her husband are indeed bound, by the tenets of the *shastras*, to maintain her as long as she lives. Her friends do not allow her the pittance necessary for sustaining life without exacting hard labour from her ; and they scruple not to embitter her life of affliction by constantly reminding her that she is a dead weight on their purse. The ignorant woman, without any hopes to cheer her, naturally sinks under the weight of affliction. Her existence becomes a source of unmixed suffering and humiliation. The cruel hand of poverty presses heavy upon her. The perpetual widowhood to which the death of their husbands dooms the Bengal wives, is the precursor of misery and wretchedness. The number of widows in our country is very large. In many families the widows considerably outnumber the married women. Domestic infelicity cannot fail in a country where the number of widows is so great. Walls and strict customs may protect them from temptations, but they are not impregnable barricades. Destitution leads many widows astray. The Hindu law is exceedingly severe regarding women, and the first and the most favourite course which is recommended to a Hindu widow on the loss of her partner in life is self-immolation. If she is incapable of putting a violent end to her existence, there is

a series of the severest rules for the regulation of her life. She is then required to practise the most rigorous austerities, and to mortify herself incessantly. She is strictly prohibited from entering again into the state of wedlock, even when she loses her husband in early life. In the state of widowhood Hindu women ought to be more serviceable to themselves and to society than they can at present be. The servitude to which the death of their husbands reduces them, when they inherit no property, might be prevented in many of its unhappy consequences, if they would apply themselves to some kind of useful pursuit. Their misery and destitution under existing circumstances loudly call for alleviation. The provisions of our ancient legislators cannot, and do not, shield them from the unkind strokes of poverty and bondage. Society may derive benefits in various ways from intelligent and well-disposed widows. Having married in childhood, a Hindu girl has scarcely known the husband for whom she is required to mourn during the long years of her life. This is an obligation which ought not to be imposed upon her. In accordance with that law of liberty, which is the basis of all true morality, it should be left as a voluntary act, no legal prohibition fettering her who thinks that by a second marriage she can pass through life more safely, or better perform its duties. There can be but one opinion on the subject, and there is no other side to the question.

Concremation (*Sati*) has long been abolished. Such widows as betray their incapacity of practising the *Brahmacharya* or seven austerities imposed upon them require protection from the dangers to which constitutional imbecility might expose them. Every facility should be offered to them so that they might follow useful pursuits, or enter again into married life in order to lighten the burdens of their life-long misery and also to shed a humanising influence on the great body of the Hindu community. With the spread of education Hindu society has undergone several important changes; and under the altered circumstances of the country, the joint family system, a remnant of archaic civilisation, has almost passed away. To get maintenance from a common stock or from immediate relations is daily becoming extremely difficult. Again, under the urgency of changing circumstances, it has become hard for every one to make both ends meet. In such a case some

steps should be taken to help in all possible ways the wretched widows of our country, even though these steps may demand a sudden and violent revolution in the domestic economy of the Hindus, in order to render them superior to the weakness incident to ignorance, to restore them to their rightful position, and in the end to enable them to act their part as rational members of society. No attempt can be made for the consummation of the object so devoutly wished for without offending the time-honoured customs of the country, which have become a fruitful source of untold miseries and unmitigated evils to the fair sex. Hindu widows should no longer be doomed to life-long misery and neglect, and should by all means be helped to live, so that they might devote themselves to the noble work of enlightening ignorance, ministering to want and suffering, comforting sorrow, and living for others. We must not dote upon everything that is sanctioned by Manu or Vyâsa—anything that is hostile to advance towards improvement; but we should adapt ourselves to the requirements of modern life.

AKSHAYA K. GHOSH.

*Calcutta.*

## RELATIONS BETWEEN INDIANS AND ANGLO-INDIANS.

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SEVERAL articles, both by Indians and Anglo-Indians, have lately appeared in *East & West* on this important subject, and most of the causes which prevent these two classes from mixing more freely with each other have been mentioned and discussed; but the finger has not yet been placed on the spot. Consequently further discussion of the subject may still be considered desirable.

Among the causes to which the gulf between Indians and Anglo-Indians has been attributed are: 1. Language; 2. General manners and customs; 3. Religion and caste prejudices; 4. Status of women among the two Societies; 5. Colour; 6. Quality of the officers sent to India, and several others. That each of these causes has some effect in keeping the two classes apart will not be disputed; but the object is to ascertain definitely the most important causes—causes compared to which others may, for all practical purposes, be completely ignored.

Language is said to be one of the barriers, and several proposals have been put forward to improve the knowledge of the vernaculars amongst the officers. Now, people generally associate and mix with men of their own or nearly their own status or position. Taking, for example, the unit of British Administration, a district, who are the people with whom the administrative officers are expected to mix? Certainly not the people in the streets or villages. For them it is enough if the officers are able to understand their grievances and show sympathy and fairness in dealing with them. It is the educated people, the Indian officers of Government, the high-class merchant, municipal councillors, pleaders, doctors, in short, the people of the higher middle class with whom the officers are expected to mix. Most of these people know English well enough to perfectly understand the officers and make themselves understood. There are many among them who, by birth and education, are the equals of any

officers, and who therefore particularly feel the want of sympathy and consideration shown towards them by the officers. Language, therefore, is no reason for such want of intercourse. A better knowledge of the vernaculars among the officers will certainly greatly improve and facilitate the routine of administrative work, but it would hardly have any better effect on the intercourse between the officers and the leaders of Indian Society.

Difference in manners and customs is given as another cause. Here we must define more accurately what we mean by the mixing of Indians and Anglo-Indians. At present, I do not think Indians expect Anglo-Indians to visit them at their houses or take part in their social and religious functions. Not that this is considered undesirable, nay, some of them would even now welcome such intimacy, but most of them consider this almost impossible at present, and they would be amply satisfied if Anglo-Indians would meet them and show sympathy and consideration for them at clubs, gymkhanas, public meetings, &c. The manners and customs of the two classes need not prevent such intercourse at all. An Indian student who goes to England so far learns English manners and customs during the period of his voyage that by the time he reaches England he finds himself complimented on his refined manners. Is it therefore even imaginable that educated Indians and Anglo-Indians cannot so far learn each other's manners as to permit of the intercourse described above? Manners, therefore, is merely an excuse.

We will now consider Religion and Caste prejudices. England is the land of free thought. There are many eminent Englishmen who have no faith in the dogmas of Christianity. It is in England that we see a Gladstone and a Morley differing radically in their religious beliefs and still continuing a life-long friendship. Anglo-Indian officers know full well that perfect religious toleration is one of the most important principles of administration in India. Under these circumstances it would hardly be a compliment to these officers to suppose that they are capable of despising or not sympathising with Indians because they have a different religion.

Caste prejudices also form a part of religion as it is popularly understood. Is there any reason to suppose that the removal of these prejudices will serve to bring the two classes together? The Parsees and Mahomedans have no caste prejudices. Do Anglo-Indians mix more freely with them than with others? Not a bit. The Indian Christians, who have not only no caste prejudices, but who are the co-religionists of Anglo-Indians, are as studiously avoided as any other class of Indians.

The subject of the status of women, though of considerable intrinsic

importance, can hardly have any effect on the general relations of Indians and Anglo-Indians. If the status of Indian ladies were raised and they took greater part in social movements, more occasions would certainly be offered when Indians and Anglo-Indians could come together. But the question is not so much about the number of opportunities for coming together, as about how they treat one another even when they do come together. Even at present the ladies of the two classes can freely mix with each other. How many Anglo-Indian ladies have really cared to do so?

Colour can produce only a sentimental objection at the most, and no sane person will despise another simply because of his colour, specially for the reason that the colour of an individual is quite an accident and not of his or her own making. It may be that the colour produces certain impressions and brings into mind certain associations which cause the dislike. We will refer to this question more fully further on.

A writer in *East & West* for November 1906 attributes this gulf, to a considerable extent, to the quality of the officers of the Indian Civil Service. He says that the tests for I.C.S. are only educational and do not necessarily secure gentlemen who can only be born and not manufactured by education. He, therefore, suggests nomination as the better method of selecting these officers. Now instances do occasionally occur of officers ill-treating Indians or doing something which produces quite an unnecessary bitterness of feeling; but certainly this is not common. Often there is a misunderstanding, and not rarely the offending act is the outcome more of the policy of Government than that of any wanton rudeness or wickedness on the part of the officer. The remedy he suggests would be worse than the evil. Experience has proved that examinations—in spite of all their evils—are after all the fairest and the most practicable means of selecting the best intellects. And if all the training in schools and colleges, and the study of such subjects as history, philosophy, religion, &c. combined with intellect, cannot produce a gentleman, it is the system of education that is seriously at fault and not the system of selection.

What then are the chief causes of this gulf? Let us take note of what is happening in the world out of India. Whatever differences there may be among the Christian nations of Europe, they are all unanimous about one thing. They would all like to see the Turk out of Europe at any rate. Old Abdul Hamid has the honour of being the mos abused of all the monarchs of Europe. With the help of the Christian powers almost all his Christian subjects have acquired independence, and he is

being continually relieved of portions of his European Empire. Practically the whole of Africa has been parcelled out among the Christian nations of Europe. The natives everywhere occupy the lowest positions and are being taught the dignity of labour by being forced to work in the mines owned by Europeans. The Transvaal and Orange River Colony have already been granted self-government, while in these very colonies, the Indian subjects of the King are being treated as outcasts. In Asia the British flag flies almost in a continuous line from Aden to Hongkong, and Russia dominates the whole of the North. Persia, Afghanistan, Siam and China can be called independent nations only by courtesy, and they would have ceased to be even so, but for the mutual jealousies among the European powers. Immigration of non-whites is strictly prohibited in America and all the Colonies of England. And last of all, even the liberty-loving, democratic Americans cannot tolerate the Japanese children being educated with theirs.

What does all this mean? All these facts and many others have led the educated people of Asia and Africa to firmly believe that the white Christian powers have established a sort of brotherhood with the common object of subjugating and keeping under subjection all the coloured races and using them and their countries to their own best advantage. They all notice that the dominating position which almost all the Christian powers occupy at present has produced in them an idea of their racial superiority. These white powers consider all the coloured races as altogether of an inferior stamp and fit only to be governed and used for the benefit of the superior races. Thus is created a gulf, a conflict of interests and a racial antagonism all over the world between the white Christian races on one side and all the coloured races on the other. The massacres in Turkey, the spirit of Pan-Islamism, the fears of the yellow peril and the Boxer troubles in China are all manifestations of this gulf, this conflict of interests and this racial antagonism; and the gulf between Indians and Anglo-Indians in India will be best understood only as a local manifestation of this world-wide phenomenon. The common aspirations of the Anglo-Indians, their pride of racial superiority and their being the sole ruling class in India are the chief causes of the gulf between the Indians and Anglo-Indians. These circumstances remaining unchanged, no amount of knowledge of vernaculars among the officers, uniformity of manners, abolition of caste prejudices or personal individual kindness on the part of Anglo-Indians will make the slightest difference. But let England regard India as a real co-ordinate partner in the Empire, let Anglo-Indians treat Indians as brother-Aryans and as fellow-subjects

of the King and not as subjects of subjects, and let Indians have a fair share in the administration of India, and no amount of difference in language, manners or religion will prevent Indians from regarding Anglo-Indians with a sense of love and esteem.

In this connection a consideration of the mutual relations of the various classes of Indians will also be instructive. The Mahomedans, Hindus and Parsees mix freely with one another and often establish most intimate relations. Occasionally, religious fanaticism or sectarian interests produce a discord amongst the comparatively ignorant of these communities; but the relations between the educated people among them are always cordial. The reason is that though they differ from one another in language, religion and social customs, they approach each other with a sense of perfect equality, and the more enlightened among them also recognise a more or less perfect identity of interests—the strongest bond of union being, of course, the fact that they are all Indians and have to continue as such. The Mahomedans and Parsees may have come to India from outside, but situated as they are at present, India is their motherland just as much as it is of the Hindus. Latterly, attempts are being made to interest the Parsees in their original land, Persia. The religious persecution which drove them out of Persia has disappeared, and the strong support of the British Government is offered to those who would care to resettle there either for trade or other purposes. If ever these attempts succeed enough to make the Parsees look upon Persia as their motherland again, and India only as a secondary place of abode, there is not the slightest doubt that the relations between them and the Indians will cease to be cordial. They will be regarded as strangers and intruders, and not as brother-Indians. Let us hope India will never lose the Parsees.

The Christians in India deserve special consideration. In religion, social customs, language, dress and other things, they resemble the Anglo-Indians more than the other Indians. But do they, as a class, mix more freely with the Anglo-Indians? On the contrary, Anglo-Indians are often heard saying that they would rather mix with a pure Hindu or Mahomedan than with a native Christian. The older Christians in South India mix freely with the non-Christians about them and are treated as equals. The native Christians connected with the various missions all over India form a group of their own. Without meaning to give the slightest offence to them, it may be said that, as a class, they come from the lower classes of the Hindus and Mahomedans, whose orphans are taken over by the missionaries and then brought up. Now, these persons are nursed

by the European missionaries as infants, fed and educated by them as boys and girls, married and established in life by them, and practically they pass their whole life under the eyes of the missionaries. The missionaries give them their own names and help them when in need. Many of these Christians are well educated and clever, and are perfect gentlemen. But dare they ever claim an equality with European Missionaries? Never. Will these Missionaries like to see them intermarrying with Europeans? Never. Why? Because they belong to an inferior race. Nor do these Christians mix very much with other Indians, because the latter consider them as of low origin, as under the influence of Europeans, and as of doubtful loyalty to India.

The Eurasians are a growing class among Indians—let us hope of Indians. As a rule, the European blood comes from the paternal side and so this class is inclined more towards the nationality of Anglo-Indians than of the Indians. At present at least, it appears doubtful if the Eurasians have made up their minds to consider India as their motherland and regard Indians as their national brothers. They consider the white blood as a special qualification, treat the Indians with indifference, and claim special privileges—often successfully too—on the ground of a relationship with the ruling class; and offer in return, unswerving loyalty to Britain in case of emergency, presumably against the Indians. They show no sympathy for the aspirations of Indians in general and keep aloof from their political movements. Naturally, the Hindus, Mahomedans and Parsees mix as little with them as with the Anglo-Indians. The Anglo-Indians, on their part, also regard them with disfavour as men who have brought a certain amount of discredit to their nationality, and would be glad if this class did not exist at all. But as it is the Anglo-Indians naturally try to retain their sympathy towards themselves by offering them—the Eurasians—some special advantages.

Then there is the domiciled Englishman. His relations with Indians would differ little from those of Anglo-Indians, but for the fact that he calls India the country of his adoption. As described by "One of them" in his article in *East & West* for January 1906, he adopts India as his place of residence because it enables him to live a comfortable life with moderate means, and because, after a prolonged residence in India, he has more ties here than in his native country. This adoption, while it gives him the comforts he desires, also subjects him to some disabilities along with the Indians. This he does not like. He would like to have only the roses of India without its thorns. He claims special consideration at the hands of the Government of India because, like the Eurasian, he belongs

to a "section of this vast population of different races and creeds which can be absolutely relied upon to be loyal to the British Raj in times of trouble." He blames also the Congresswallah for not pleading his cause. In the same article, however, he refers to India as "our great dependency." Of course the Congress does not plead his cause. The Congress never pretended to plead the cause of those who regard India as their dependency; stay in India as a matter of convenience, and base their claims for Government support on the grounds mentioned above. The Congress—whether its claims are right or wrong—only pleads for those who regard India as their mother-land and whose highest ambition is the good of this motherland. Let the "Domiciled Englishman" look upon the Mahomedan or Hindu as his national brother, let him plead for the Civil Service in India for all, and not for his class alone, let him recognise that his sentences, "there are plenty of men outside the magic pale of Government Service who are the superiors of many a civil servant or other official," and "the idea of supposing that merely going across the seas and passing an examination qualifies a man for life-long work in India, while failure to leave this country renders him unfit for employment in an Indian department, is as illogical as it is unjust,"—let him recognise that these views are just as true about a Hindu or a Mahomedan or a Parsee, and he will find the Congress at once pleading for him.

From all the facts mentioned above, it will be clearly seen that even the relations of the various classes of people residing in India are based on the same considerations of common aspirations, race and political status, and not on considerations of language or social customs or the like.

Let us now consider some of the observations made by various writers on this subject. One of the most common is that an Englishman is quite free and affable west of Suez, but suddenly gets reserved and unamiable east of it. The reason is not far to seek. East of Suez he is a representative of the superior race, sent to govern an inferior one. He therefore stands on his dignity and position. West of Suez he is an ordinary gentleman, having just the same rights as any other man, dark or fair. An Indian in England is a real fellow-citizen of the Englishman, though not so in India. But even an Indian in England hardly mixes with Englishmen. The *London Times*, not very long ago, made the same observation and suggested that special efforts should be made to enable the Indian student in England to see more of high-class English society, so that he may get a correct idea of English character. Bodies like the National Indian Association or the Northbrook Society in London try to bring together Indians and English-

men who are interested in them. But the meetings of these Societies are also quite formal. In fact, it would be too much to expect such meetings to bridge over the gulf due to the important causes mentioned above.

This would perhaps be the best occasion to consider another remark frequently made by Anglo-Indians that an England-returned Indian seems to hate the Anglo-Indians more than one who has not gone out of India. How unnatural it would be if an Indian, after enjoying the rights of a free citizen in England, did not feel bitterly the restrictions on his liberty in India? How heartless he must be if, after seeing the wealth and prosperity of advanced nations like England and America, he did not feel for the poverty of India, and how absolutely devoid of nerves he must be if, after hearing a shoe-black in America aspiring some day to become the President of the Republic, he did not blush at the fact that even the wisest and noblest of his race have to bow their heads before the ordinary mediocrities of another race! No wonder, then, if an England-returned Indian feels more for his country than other Indians. Nor does he make a secret of it; and, knowing that if England only would, it certainly could make India almost an image of itself, he openly blames England for not doing so. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that it is he—the England-returned Indian—who appreciates the merits of Englishmen most, the merits which he knows are responsible for England's high position. While, therefore, he appears to hate the Englishman, he really admires him and only pleads for his country.

Some make light of this gulf and call it only a creation of "that microscopic minority of the so-called educated Indians." They appear to think that the masses have full confidence in the Sirkar and would stand by it; and that the so-called public opinion of India is not the opinion of the masses at all. The French Revolution was mainly worked up by the writings of a few thinkers like Voltaire and Rousseau. Prince Bismarck in his day governed the policy of the whole of Europe. It will generally be admitted that whatever progress is seen at present in the economical and political life of Russia, is all due to one man—Sergius Witte; and the leaders of the present revolutionary movement in Russia are students and professors in colleges, and not peasants. Even to-day, those who govern the policy of England can be counted on the tips of one's fingers. And India is no exception to the rule. In any country the men who can really speak for the people are always in a microscopic minority. Their opinions gradually filter down among the people and the masses only follow. They form the brain of the nation and are perfectly qualified to speak for the nation. It would, therefore, be absurd to

disregard the opinions of this microscopic minority and wait for the masses to speak for themselves.

We may now consider the remedies to bridge over this gulf and to remove this indifference of one class towards the other. In this connection one more observation, frequently made by Anglo-Indians, deserves to be noticed. It has often been alleged that it is impossible to understand the mind of an Oriental. The Englishman is described as blunt, downright and straightforward, while the Indian is subtle and inclined to work underground by preference. Alas! What greater insult could be added to injury! This is the opinion about Indians formed by Anglo-Indian officials who deal with few outside the sphere of their subordinates, and who have the power to make and unmake almost anybody in their jurisdiction. What wonder if he who has the power is downright and straightforward! How can one who has no power, who knows that straightforwardness is mistaken for impudence and is promptly checked, who knows that bluntness, if unpleasant to the man in power, would mean ruin for him, and who sees flattery at least apparently rewarded,—how can such a man be blunt, straightforward and downright? Is it not only human that he should be subtle and inclined to work underground by preference? Think of the same qualities in a nation instead of in an individual and you will understand them better. A nation that is strong and sure of its victory in war states its demands bluntly and straightforwardly, while the weaker one has to protect itself by every means in its power, fair or foul. This is called Diplomacy: and nations pride themselves on their diplomacy, while an individual who uses similar means is called mean and cowardly. There need be no doubt whatever that an Indian, if properly approached and fairly treated, will be found as honest and straightforward as any other man in the world.

Now to the remedies: The best remedy is, of course, to remove the causes. From the nature of the causes of this gulf mentioned above, it will be seen that the remedy lies solely with the Anglo-Indians, or to be more accurate with the British Nation. It takes a long time, however, for a nation to move and in the meantime those Anglo-Indians who really desire to see this gulf removed, can help a good deal towards attaining this end by removing the causes as far as they are individually concerned. If Anglo-Indian officers show by their actions that they administer their charge quite in the interests of the governed, treat the Indians about them as real fellow-citizens, show sympathy with their legitimate aspirations and of course correct them if they are in the wrong, then the response they will receive from the Indians will never disappoint them.

As for the Indians, though they cannot remove the causes themselves, they can either encourage the removal of these causes or discourage it by the attitude they take up and the way they behave. They must not forget that after all the world is guided by self-interest, and that magnanimity and generosity are generally without meaning in international affairs. It is childish to reiterate that England did not conquer India but got it simply by treachery and deceit. If it really was so, so much the greater shame for Indians for being such simpletons. Treachery and deceit may help force, but cannot long be a substitute for it. After having acquired such advantages in India, it is but human that England should be reluctant to part with them. If we consider any of these advantages as our dues, we must show ourselves worthy of the same and we will get them in course of time. It is specially lucky for us that our trust is in the hands of the most enlightened and powerful nation in the world, and there need be no doubt that it will be handed back to us when we show ourselves fit to receive it. Of course, we must work for it in the right direction.

Lieut.-Col. G. H. Watson, in his article in *East & West* for October 1906, says: "At present I think the blame for whatever misunderstanding there may be, lies chiefly, though not altogether, on the shoulders of the educated Indian, rather than our own. It is impossible to have very friendly feelings towards those who perpetually vilify and abuse, who misrepresent every action and habitually impute the worst and most unworthy motives." It has to be painfully admitted that there is some truth in this statement. Criticism is necessary. It may even be fearless, but it need not be abusive for that reason. Even if the Anglo-Indian press be considered guilty of the same, it cannot be a justification for the Indian press. Due appreciation of a good act encourages another, while the policy of pin-pricking only irritates.

In the end, let Indians also improve their attitude towards Anglo-Indians. Let them approach the Anglo-Indian purely for fellowship or for public good, and not for sordid personal motives. It is foolish to imagine that Anglo-Indian officers cannot distinguish between flattery and due praise or between honest information and back-biting. Do not misuse the liberty given you, and command respect rather than demand it. This done, you will have done your duty, not a small consolation by any means.

**SOME ASPECTS OF THE ZOROASTRIAN  
SCRIPTURES.**

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**II.**

**PARSI FUNERAL CEREMONIES.**

**I** THINK it is quite correct to say that no unprejudiced person, on first contemplating the Zoroastrian scriptures, can fail to perceive that those writings do not carry on their surface their real meaning. In fact, so obvious is it that the underlying ideas, whatever they are, are expressed in set symbols, that for the most part no other intelligent explanation is possible.

Then, as if to guard against the idea that the writings are fanciful and trivial, there are constantly to be found references to the Supreme Being, and the relationship of humanity to It. It is these that stamp the writings as of serious import, and which, coupled with their symbolical character, proclaim them as Divinely inspired—the mark of inspiration being the inner meanings which a knowledge of the symbolism brings eventually to light.

Indeed, the Zend Avesta is more obviously inspired than the Jewish and Christian scriptures, for the latter bear so largely an historical aspect as to suggest the idea that historical meanings have been intended, meanings that could have been set down by any uninspired person acquainted with the personal and social facts. This historical character of sacred books has led to the curious amalgam of religion and history which distinguishes modern Christianity, and must seem so odd to the Eastern mind.

The Mazdean religion has been saved from this pitfall of anecdote, by the fact that its sacred writings are entirely free from the historical element. Yet, if the Parsis have not had the pitfall of history to fall into, they have been caught in a snare equally non-religious, which has bound them in the meshes of a wearisome and distasteful ritual which will, I think, if not cast off in time, lead rapidly, in these enquiring days, to the extinction of the Parsi creed and community.

The origin of all religious ritual, the world over, may be truly said to be the misunderstanding of the sacred scriptures. Symbolical statements in the sacred text have been fixed upon and interpreted literally with painful insistence and utter incongruity, and so has grown up a ceremonial of physical observances, quite meaningless spiritually, and stultifying to the intellect.

In my previous article on "The 'Dogs' of the Vendidad," I incidentally showed the origin of some of the Parsi funeral ceremonies, from a mistaken application of outwardly curious statements in the Vendidad; statements which were plainly and unmistakably symbolical, the real meaning of which had nothing whatever to do with physical dead bodies, their treatment and disruption.

As far as I have been able to investigate, I find other observances, and the self-denying use of distasteful drinks, all originating in the mistaken worship of the letter of the scriptures, whereby the soul is bound in fetters of its own contriving. For instance, there is a seemingly painful statement in the Fifth Fargard of the Vendidad about penalties attached to "a woman bearing a child still-born" which, through literalism, must have led to a world of trouble. Now, as I understand the passage, the meaning is spiritual and religious, not physical and irreligious. The "woman bearing the still-born child" signifies the external world of matter unable to bring forth the living child of the spirit; in other words, the ineffectual attempt of the lower nature of itself to bring forth holy thoughts and emotions, until energised by the Spirit. The penalties attached to the "woman" signify the effect of the workings of Wisdom in the lower nature, which yield pain and sorrow to the lower self, but joy and liberty to the higher self, or soul. The *nirang* which the "woman" is required to drink is a symbol of bitterness and sorrow which yield experience and wisdom. The meaning of this soul-culture is so beautifully expressed in the Jewish book "Ecclesiasticus" (ch. 4, v. 11 to 19) that I cannot refrain from a quotation:—

Wisdom exalteth her children, and layeth hold of them that seek her . . . For at first she will walk with him (her disciple) by crooked ways, and bring fear and dread upon him, and torment him with her discipline, until she may trust his soul, and try him by her laws. Then will she return the straight way unto him, and comfort him, and show him her secrets.

It may be asked, What is meant by Wisdom? Wisdom, or Intuition, is a quality in God and humanity which is higher than mind or reason. It is spoken of in the Christian religion as the third aspect of the God-head—the Holy Spirit or Holy Ghost. In the Mazdean religion various symbols are used for this Divine quality of Wisdom, of which Armaiti and Spantomad are the principal. In other religions there are other names, such as Isis, Ishtar, Hera, &c. It is the function of Wisdom to raise and purify the emotions, in proportion as the soul on its part aspires towards righteousness. Now, there is a symbol of Wisdom which is common to several great religions, and that is the "Cow." In the Hindu, the Egyptian, and the Scandinavian systems we find the "Celestial Cow," as well as in the Zoroastrian. Hence the figurative idea of "the drinking of cow's urine," symbolising the undergoing of the bitter and tormenting discipline of Wisdom in Her effort to exalt Her children. On the other hand, the "milk" of the heavenly "cow" signifies the transmutation of emotions ("plants") into higher desires and faculties, thereby nourishing and supporting the higher life of the soul.

Surely, the interpretations I have given are infinitely more religious and illuminating than the priest-made physical ritual of modern Parsiism. I venture to say that the meanings I am suggesting, show that I am a more thorough believer in the Divine inspiration of the Zend Avesta than the Parsis themselves. It is to me a degradation of Holy Scripture to interpret its mystic utterances in terms of irrational ceremonies, instead of the teaching of the Holy Spirit of Truth.

I hope for the day when the Parsi community will cast off the shackles of dead forms, and rise to the higher spiritual conceptions which are certainly to be found under the vast symbology of their sacred books.

In the same fifth Fargard is another curious statement that "a man is impious and damned who lets fall a scrap of clothing on a dead body." Now the condemnation is simply because the "clothing" is a symbol, and corresponds to that which would preserve and perpetuate the lower nature, or the personality ("corpse") which has to be discarded, and not encased protectively and attended upon. The teaching is that we must grow out of our lower nature, never fostering and preserving low desires and bad habits, which must die

out of us and pass away. The mind is impious which clothes its fleeting personality with that which would keep it from the dissolution which comes to it, as the higher individuality grows out of it. This I believe to be the real meaning of the sacred text, a meaning which lends no countenance to any funeral observance.

Again, it is held that the great source of defilement is a dead body, and the authority for this idea is such a text as the following: — “It grieves the sun, O holy Zoroaster, to shine upon a man defiled by the dead ; it grieves the moon ; it grieves the stars.” As I have already pointed out, a “dead body” is, in the Zoroastrian scriptures, a symbol of the fleeting personality, and the “defilement” meant is not physical but mental. The sun is the great symbol of the supreme Self or manifested God ; the moon is a symbol of the emotions ; and the stars are symbols of mental qualities. The true meaning, then, of the above text is, that a mind (“man”) clinging to the personality and stultifying the growth of the higher nature through spirit, emotion, and intellect, is defiled, or acquires the marks of mental dissolution, the “evil odour of decay.”

The tedious and extravagant ceremonies connected with the supposed expulsion of the “Druj Nasu” from the bodies of living people, “who have been polluted by contact with the dead,” are also based upon a serious and deplorable misunderstanding of certain texts. (Vend. 8.) The outwardly absurd form of expression was insufficient to warn the priestly mind that the meaning was not to be found on the surface, but was to be sought for in the symbolism under which it was hidden. Everything stated in the text has a meaning, but all the procedure takes place in the soul and not in the body ; the purification is spiritual and unaffected by any ceremonies.

To the scientific mind it is obvious that a dead body does not defile anything or anybody until it becomes corrupt, and then it can be cremated, given to the birds, or buried, equally without offence to man or God. At physical death the soul passes out of its earthly habitation, and every link with the corpse is severed.

The concluding funeral observances, and the disposal of the dead bodies in the Dakhmas, there to be eaten by vultures, seem to be based upon erroneous interpretations. Referring to Vend. 5, the “three houses,” where the “corpse” lies for a time, are the physical, emotional, and mental bodies, in which the personality (“corpse”)

abides during life below : these three vehicles of activity are successively discarded by the soul, and ultimately disintegrate. The "corpse-eating birds" are, to my mind the disruptive forces of nature. There is no reference, that I have seen, to funeral arrangements, and no authority in the Holy Scriptures for the "Towers of Silence" and the Parsi mode of the disposal of the dead.

10, *Ditchling Road,*  
*Brighton.*

G. A. GASKELL.

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## A PORTRAIT.

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"No. 487. Recently presented to the Gallery by an anonymous donor. The name of the subject and the painter of the portrait are alike unknown. The singular beauty of the sitter is liable to obscure certain minor defects in technique that betray themselves on closer inspection."

If I could be a breath of air,  
I'd toss those curls about,  
And wander in and out  
Amid that waving wealth of hair ;  
The livelong day I'd wanton there,  
If I were but a breath of air.

If I could be a little bird,  
Around her would I move,  
Twittering songs of love.  
I'd whisper in her ear a word,  
Sweeter than maiden ever heard,  
If I were but a little bird.

If I could be that pink moss rose,  
That nestles there at rest,  
In the cradle of her breast,  
I would open and I'd close,  
As I lay in soft repose,  
A warm, contented, blushing rose.

If I were my own self, and she,  
Glancing on me awhile,  
With her gay winsome smile,  
A living sweet reality,  
This earth would hold no place for me,  
If I were I, the picture she.

A. H. C. HAMILTON.

*Allahabad.*

## A PLEA FOR POLITICAL EDUCATION.

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**T**IME was when physical education was almost ignored in our schools, but those who had the interest of this country at heart sounded unmistakably a note of alarm whenever a premature death occurred amongst the educated classes of the community. The loss of mental and physical stamina before even the early age of forty was reached, the blasting of a successful career and the blighting of the fond hopes of ruined families, elicited now and again vigorous protests against the one-sided education that was being given, but the educational authorities had for some years to be content, for want of funds, with the makeshifts of gymnasias. This state of things continued in our Presidency for about a generation until that keen lover of manly games, Lord Harris, put all the authority of his high position as Governor, and withal the incentive of his own personal example, into the other scale, and encouraged schools and colleges to form teams for playing cricket and other games. What educationist, or rather what lover of India, does not now rejoice to see the open spaces outside each town converted into play-grounds, by our young men playing some sort of outdoor game ?

So also moral education has now and then been a subject of much comment in the past, and whenever there was some sort of rowdiness or some unseemly behaviour on the part of school-boys or college students, fulminations against the Department of Public Instruction or the heads of the local educational institutions concerned have not been unknown. The decidedly favourable attitude with which the local as well as the Imperial Government have latterly received proposals for the attachment of hostels to higher grade educational institutions is due in a great measure to a desire to improve the moral tone and the behaviour of students.

Thus the physical and moral education of the rising generations has been well taken in hand both by Government and by the managers of educational institutions conducted by private enterprise, and all praise is due to them for the seriousness with which they are devoting themselves to this work. But what can we say of the political education of the

successive generations of our youths that are passing through our Universities to play their parts in the wider world? Are they to be left entirely to themselves, to be drawn into the vortex of every passing eddy of the surging ocean of European or Indian politics? Are they to be allowed to indulge in dreams of impossible Utopias? Are they to take no thought whatever of the present circumstances of their country, the jarring notes of discord among themselves, the jealousies of castes and sub-castes, not to mention the hereditary hatred of races? Are they to be permitted to leave the portals of our Universities utterly devoid of any sense of what they owe to the Government which has given them peace and liberty, and under which alone even their own awakening to a consciousness of political life has become possible? Have any means yet been devised by any one for the guidance of our young men in what cannot but be a subject of grave anxiety to all well-wishers of the country?

These questions are asked in no disparagement of the existing educational institutions. For, it may very properly be urged that this is none of their legitimate business. In Western countries, no direct teaching in politics is necessary, because the political institutions of those countries are not the exotics that they are in India. The forefathers of those who wield political power in the West at the present day took a part in building up the political fabric, and there a political creed is almost as much a piece of heredity as caste is in India. In India, on the other hand, political agitation, in the proper sense of the word, was almost unknown up to the seventies, and even now those who profess to be political leaders are often content with catching up a cry raised by some noisier demagogue, as deficient as themselves in the proper intellectual equipment for political leadership, and perhaps even more thoughtless of the ultimate consequences of his words or acts than his followers. Their one fatal defect is their apparent obliviousness to their present situation and their incapacity for political work. How is this blindness to their present environments to be cured? What agency will give them the necessary outfit or add to their scanty stock-in-trade?

Education is admitted on all hands to be a panacea for all sublunary evils. Can we educate our future political workers? Can the colleges do it? Will the Universities do it?

Government cannot, for obvious reasons, blow its own trumpet, and the utmost that professors in colleges can do is indirectly to instil into the minds of the pupils right principles of conduct in worldly affairs. The University, being also in some sense a quasi-Government institution, will be chary of doing anything direct in this matter.

What, then, must be the *modus operandi* to furnish our young men with juster views of their responsibilities and their duties to the State, and also to define the limits and the goal of their political aspirations? Having laid open the treasures of western knowledge and literature, Government cannot now say, "Thus far and no further." What then is the remedy? How is it that the political leaders of the preceding generation enunciated no impossible programme, propounded no chimerical ideals to be vainly striven after? The answer to this question may be found in the broader culture and the juster views of life with which they started in their worldly career. The University of Bombay exacted for many years from Matriculation candidates some acquaintance with the histories of Rome and Greece. The reading of these histories was sufficient to impress on the minds of pupils clearly, though indirectly, certain lessons in political science, with the result that their judgments were sobered and their ardour tempered by the examples of Rome and Greece. These histories were removed from the matriculation syllabus in deference to the wishes of some well-meaning but short-sighted people who complained that the reading of four histories overtaxed the energies of pupils and overloaded the memory to no purpose.

In addition to the histories of Rome and Greece, the late Sir J. B. Peile, who was then Director of Public Instruction, enforced in high schools the study of a Universal History, and himself prepared and published a short outline for the use of teachers and pupils. When the cry against the Histories of Rome and Greece was heard, and acted on in the University, Peile's outlines of Universal History were quietly dropped by the schools, to the regret of several school-masters.

In a scheme of liberal education which is intended as ground-work and preparation for the liberal professions, some acquaintance with modern history may fairly be insisted on. A survey of the political condition of the different countries of the world will, by widening the mental horizon of pupils, show them better than any direct teaching how India is placed, and will put them on their guard against being misled by the socialistic propaganda of other countries.

Politics is emphatically a science of practical affairs, and the wisest politician can have no higher ambition to gratify and can render no nobler service to his country than so welding existing political forces as to make them yield the greatest amount of good to the greatest number. If we look about ourselves now for a moment, and give a thought to what latter-day politicians are saying and doing, what do we find but general incapacity to understand the present situation, inability to read aright

the lessons of the past, and inexcusable disregard of the highest and permanent interests of their country? Can all this be averted in the future? Why is it that our great octogenarian political leader, so highly revered and loved all over the country, Mr. Dadaboy Nowrojee, and all the worthy old leaders of political thought, the brilliant Telang, the philosophic Ranade, the sagacious Tyebji, not to mention a host of other departed worthies of other provinces or their present living representatives, like the redoubtable Sir P. Mehta in Bombay, have time after time exhorted their countrymen to take the British occupation of India as an incontrovertible fact and considered our present connection, in Ranade's words, as a "dispensation from Heaven" for our own good? Why, in flagrant contrast to this political creed of half a century, are our brand-new patriots agitating for Home Rule pure and simple? The explanation in our opinion is to be found in the narrow vision, the cramped comprehension and the unbalanced judgment of the so-called leaders. The heaviest indictment that can be made by these people against the present Government is that *it is not Swadeshi*. The excellence of the fabric will be admitted even by the worst of them. They would only wish that the Government had been *Swadeshi* instead of alien. But they ought to ask themselves another question—Would Shivaji, Nana Phadnavis or Babar or Akbar have given them the present form of government or even the knowledge to understand it or to aspire after it? Could they have obtained from these national heroes a tithe of the liberty of act and speech that they enjoy under this *non-Swadeshi* Government? The institution of the Press, the freedom of criticism allowed by law, the rights of petition and of holding public meetings, popular representation on municipal and local boards and Legislative Councils, the trial by jury or assessors in criminal cases—all these safeguards of popular liberty were unknown under the *Swadeshi* régime of the past.

If education can bring about the millennium, let us by all means educate the people to appreciate and use aright the blessings of a settled and constitutional Government. This can be done only by widening the course of reading prescribed for the Matriculation, by the inclusion of some course of modern history. This the University is competent to do under the new Act.

The complaint that was once made in regard to the burdensomeness of the Matriculation examination cannot now lie, since by the institution of the School Final examination all the inferior material is carefully weeded out and the pick and flower only of the juvenile talent of the country is attracted towards the matriculation.

In our opinion, it will not suffice to introduce an elementary knowledge of the political history of Europe, but to supplement it with some information in regard to the progress made by India under the present Government. This latter will naturally come as a striking contrast with the crude native Governments which preceded the British occupation, and will have a salutary influence in that it will inculcate the benefits even of an alien rule as compared with some of the autocratic Governments of modern Europe.

The Calcutta University has, very wisely we think, in its new regulations incorporated in the history section "The Progress of India under British Rule" as a separate head. The preparation of a suitable text-book which will be the property of the University is announced, and we would recommend that the Bombay University should copy the example set by the sister University. The text-book which is being prepared by the Calcutta University may or may not be adopted, but the outline of the subject that will be covered by the book gives all the more salient features of the all-round progress that is being made under the Suzerainty of England, and affords sufficient evidence of the enlightened character of the present rule. To enable the reader to judge for himself, we quote the main heads of the Calcutta syllabus as sanctioned by Government.

*Progress of India under British Rule.*— 1. Earliest declarations of principles of English Rule—Variety of races and religions, and of conflicting interests subordinated to one great common interest that all have as subjects and citizens of one State. No ruling caste in India—the Queen's Proclamation.

2. Respect for indigenous ideas and institutions—Freedom of faith and worship for all classes. No interference with seats of Oriental learning. Their encouragement in latter times. Hindu Law applicable to Hindus, and Mahomedan Law to Mahomedans, in certain classes of cases. Methods of land settlement, early Village Police, Panchayats, early methods of judicial administration.

3. Advanced Western ideas and institutions adopted and introduced as an agency of progress.

I. *Political.*—Codes embodying the most modern juridical ideas. Open administration of justice. Equality of all men in the eye of the law. Litigious system of criminal procedure. The right of prisoners to be defended by counsel. No conviction or sentence without a trial. Trial by jury. Varieties of local self-government. Progress of the elective system.

II. *Social.*—Social practices of a criminal character not tolerated, abolition of suttee, of infanticide, of hook swinging. Legalisation of the

remarriage of Hindu widows. Removal of disabilities of Hindus from conversion to Christianity. Female education. Laws in regard to decency and morals.

III. *Educational*.—Primary, secondary and higher education. Higher education through the medium of the English language. Religious neutrality and education. Education open to all castes, races and sects. Scientific, technical and artistic education. Research. Education in foreign countries. Universities; Libraries; Museums; Learned societies; Preservation of ancient records. Encouragement of authors.

IV. *Economic*.—Encouragement of industries; Free trade; Protective works against famine, famine relief, remission of revenue, measures for the benefit of ryots, agricultural banks, saving-banks, protection of inventions, industrial exhibitions, free scope for commercial and industrial enterprise.

V. *Material*.—Reclamation of waste lands, railways, telegraphs, irrigation works, mills, factories, dock-yards, tanks, wells, bridges, landing places, roads, harbours, fortifications, sanitation, measures dealing with epidemics, geological and other surveys. Forest laws, mining operations, preservation of ancient monuments.

VI. *Civic*.—Freedom of the press, Right of public meeting, Right of petitioning, Eligibility to appointments in the public service and to honorary offices, Openness of the professions.

VII. *General*.—A high standard of general efficiency in the administration; repression of thuggi and dacoity; increased security of life and property; widened spheres of popular activity, awakening of a new national life.

The above is sufficient to show at a glance what progress has been already made in the way of a constitutional Government. A wise teacher will certainly make excellent use of this material to enable his pupils to form a political creed which will serve as a basis for future work

The adoption of some such syllabus will be beneficial in another way. Pupils at school have some knowledge imparted to them of the British constitution. They are taught how the genius of the English people has devised a form of Government which, through monarchical, is broad-based on the suffrages of the people, an excellent compromise between autocracy and democracy, which has maintained its ground amidst strange vicissitudes for more than a thousand years. An inquisitive pupil will naturally ask, after he has studied the history of England, what he has got in the way of a constitution for the Government of India. A syllabus of the kind above described will satisfy his curiosity.

It is in our opinion high time that something should be done to provide some guidance to students in this direction, and it is hoped that our Universities, to whose wise counsel, initiative and help the sacred cause of education is entrusted, will not fail to discern the spirit of the times and rise to the occasion by taking some action that may commend itself to the wisdom and liberality of the members who compose these corporate bodies.

"AGASTYA."

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UMBRIA.

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Thou art a holy poem, sweet Umbrian plain,  
For ever sung to the angelic ear ;  
Thy wreathing vines beneath these hills austere,  
Thy shining poppies and thy springing grain,  
All murmur softly one melodious strain,  
While Brother Wind breathes low that he may hear,  
And bending o'er yon far horizon clear  
Our Sister Clouds hearken the glad refrain.

A poem of love remembered—day by day,  
Here, with some chosen brother of his band,  
God's Little Poor One wandered, lorn and gay,  
Weeping, yet singing on his homeless way,  
Lands of the creatures : and the lovely land  
Still holds his voice for those who understand.

## NASRIN : OR AN INDIAN MEDLEY.

(Continued from our last number.)

### CHAPTER III.

THE drive was a long one, and it was already past ten when Nawab Haidar Jung returned home. The whole household was in a flutter, for it actually was the first time that the young Nawab had stayed out so late without previous intimation. The doorkeeper shed tears of joy when he saw him alight from the carriage. His old and loving father, supporting himself on a stick, met him at the door and conducted him to his mother.

"Light of my eyes, solace of my heart!" \* said the old lady, as she fondly kissed his forehead, and drew her hands over his face to avert all his misfortunes. "Why have you been so late? How could you forget that your old mother would die of anxiety? As to your father, his soul had come up to his very lips, ready to pass away. Did you wish to see any of us dead?"

"My son, you should not be so late," said his father. "Tell me what kept you away so long."

"I simply went to the gardens and then drove through Aminabad," replied Haidar Jung. "The night was really beautiful, so I drove home slowly."

"That comes of an English education," said the old Nawab. "We in our days never thought of driving about the roads at night. You ought to have sent a man to inform us, and then you could have stayed away as long as you liked. Just see how my heart beats!"

"We sent a number of servants to find you," added his mother, "and were extremely anxious about you."

"But why were you so anxious?" asked Haidar. "I am, after all, only about an hour late, and I had gone to no dangerous place."

"Boy," said his mother, "you will feel as we do when your head begins to shake like ours with old age, and your only child is out of your sight."

"Now go and rest yourself," put in his father, "and henceforth pray never stay away without informing us."

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\* Literally, "Part of my liver."

"I will in future do as you tell me, father," said the young Nawab, as he turned towards his own apartments.

When he entered his room, he found his wife asleep on the small bedstead which she used for resting during the day. The bed was clean and white as swansdown; her rose-coloured muslin sari had fallen from her head, and her long, dishevelled hair, after curling round her snowy neck like a black cobra, hung loosely down from the pillow. A young maidservant was sitting near the bed, waving a small fan over the face of her mistress.

When the maid saw the Nawab come in, she began to awaken his wife.

"Chhoti Begum Sahib, Chhoti Begum Sahib," she said in a gentle voice, "please open your eyes and see who is standing by your pillow."

"Wake up dearest," said Haidar Jung, under the sway of somewhat mixed emotions. "Do get up and give me a betel with your own hands."

"Pray do not torment me," said his wife. "My head is aching."

"Oh!" said he, as he parted her hair over her forehead and kissed her gently.

"Now, don't tease me," said the Begum peevishly, covering her face with her sari, "go and enjoy yourself where you have stayed so long."

"Oho!" exclaimed Haidar Jung, drawing away the sari, "let your anger disperse like an April thundercloud. These are strange manners, indeed! I have returned home, and instead of being welcomed I have to—"

"Have to! . . . What unpleasant thing have you had to do? Does even awakening me tire you? So worthless have I now become that when he hears my name he closes his ears!"

"Dearest," pleaded the Nawab, "see how my magic has worked and unlocked your sealed lips."

"Do not try and put me off," said she, her mood suddenly changing. "Tell me where you have been so long."

"I just went out for a drive," he replied, "I am not a child that I should always be protected. The doctor says it is good for me to go out for a drive in the evening."

"Leave the doctor alone," said she, "you cannot deceive me with your empty words."

"Your tongue works like a pair of scissors," said he.

"By the grace of God you have got no beard as yet," she retorted.

"I love you for your ready repartee," he answered, kissing her again.

"Now come and have some food," she said. "Here is a letter that has come for you." And she handed an envelope to him.

"It is an invitation for dinner to-morrow at Mazher's house," said he, reading the letter. "I think I must go, as he leaves for England the day after."

"Of course you will," said his wife. "It is we women who must always remain within the four walls, and see nothing of the outer world. Are you surprised that I am cross to-day? While you have been amusing yourself with your friends, I have been waiting and waiting for you wearily, waiting like the *chikor* for my moon to rise and brighten up this house of gloom, consoling myself by kissing your photograph. While the inner eye of my mind is at the door waiting and waiting for you, you in your excitement and pleasure forget how lonely is the life of those you leave behind."

"I plead guilty," said the young Nawab repentantly. "I shall never do so again." But all the while his heart murmured that he would return once more to see the pretty maid who had enthralled his fancy.

In a little while, the dinner was served. Husband and wife dined together, and soon retired.

The Nawab got up late next morning, and resolved to spend the day with his wife in the seraglio. They had games of chess and cards, and like children played hide and seek. The Begum, flushed with excitement, taking a *sitar* poured forth the passion of her soul in a song :—

"Would God, that I could love thee less!  
 My days are lost in dreams of thee  
 I do my work in weariness,  
 Till kindly twilight sets me free.  
 Throughout the night thy beauty burns,  
 The more possessed the more desired,  
 Until another day returns  
 To find me desperately tired.  
 Ah me! that I could love thee more!  
 I know thee kind, I see thee fair;  
 Why can I not, as oft of yore,  
 In soft caresses lose my care?  
 These lovers who can understand?  
 Their vivid joy, their wild despair . . .  
 He does but live to kiss her hand,  
 And she would die to touch his hair."\*

She laid her *sitar* aside and cast such a loving, beseeching glance at the Nawab, that he enfolded her in his arms and smothered her with kisses, while burning tears dropped from her eyes, as if she felt that such happiness could not last long. Thus they sat for a long while, talking of nothing but love. Such was the intensity of his young wife's devotion that the Nawab for the time being completely forgot the new passion which had sprung up in his heart, stronger and fiercer than anything he had ever experienced for the tender woman who now sat beside him.

The long summer day passed away like a short hour; the Lord of Day put on the yellow robes of renunciation, resplendent with living spiritual fire, and quitted his throne. The young Nawab hastily dressed himself, ordered his carriage and drove to the house of Nawab Mazher Ali Khan. The Begum from a window saw her husband get into the carriage and disappear, and she sank on her low seat as if the light of the heavens had vanished from her sight for ever.

Haider Jung was received with great warmth by his friend, Mazher Ali Khan, who was clad in a very modern dress-suit, made in Paris. His refined face was lit up by a warm smile showing two rows of perfect teeth.

"Now let me introduce you to my friends," he said, as he conducted the Nawab to a drawing-room furnished "à la mode anglaise," where five or six men, in the most variegated attires conceivable, were already seated.

Here is my friend and philosopher Mr. Ahmed," said Mazher, as a thin, small man, with fine Grecian features, rose to meet him. "I am not an adept in flattery, like the people of Lucknow, but he is a real ornament to our society."

"I am glad to meet you," said Ahmed, without any warmth.

"Here are my other friends," continued Mazher; "my friends Mr. Chand, a rising barrister; Hira Lal, who is a prophet in embryo, while Niam Khan has wedded himself to books and can sleep but seldom. Besides Hinduism, Islam and Philosophy, we have here two pillars of the Khalsa,\* all the more representative in that they are so dissimilar; Balwant Singh has been a member of the Imperial Cadet Corps, and is a true soldier both by nature and by training; as for Azad Singh, his brother-in-law, he floats like a lotus on the stormy sea of life, and dreams away his whole existence."

"I am honoured, I am delighted," said Haider, shaking hands with each in turn, and bending himself nearly double in a succession of profuse bows.

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\* Sikhism.

"I say, Haidar," said Mazher Ali in English, "when will you cast off this effeminate dress? What! You still stain your nails with henna! I pray to God to make you a man."

"Pardon my bluntness," replied Haidar, "but you look like a hog just come out of a sweet potato field."

"Well said, Haidar," put in Ahmed. "Our friend Mazher dislikes everything Indian. It is only to please him that I have come in what I call the 'monkey-brand.'"

"I am a practical man," said Mazher. "English dress is a dress meant for work, while these delicate silks which my friend displays are only fit for the fair sex who have no work to do."

"I back you up," said Mr. Chand. "This dress is suited only for lotus eaters, who raise and demolish kingdoms in their own imagination, without setting foot outside their courtyard."

"You go too far," interposed Niam Khan with great emphasis. "Our dress is very artistic, and as for work, we have never been behind anyone in this world. We were the first in art, war and philosophy, in spite of our dress. Do you think that simply because our star is under a cloud at present, all that belongs to us is bad?"

"You must own," put in Balwant Singh, whose figure looked very attractive in the white tunic fringed with gold which he wore, being in the full dress of the Imperial Cadet Corps, which he was still fond of wearing on festive occasions, "that the English dress is really smart. Now, I can vouch for what my friends say. I can ride and do my work far better in the English dress than in my own." And he looked down complacently on his black, shining, patent-leather top-boots.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new," observed Azad, from his quiet corner, "and it is no use talking of a past which our present so clearly reveals. We have yet to make our future. Thank Heaven, we are beginning to think of progress."

"Progress, indeed!" said Ahmed. "This new civilisation is sucking up the very life-blood of the nations. It is making people selfish, and throwing more and more power into the hands of the capitalists, who work their labourers like slaves. I have been to Europe, where the contrast between the rich and the poor is simply appalling. If this is what you mean by progress, I shall be sorry when India reaches that stage."

"My dear friend," replied Azad, "you seem to take it for granted that society has now reached a stage beyond which it cannot go, while on the contrary I hope that we shall progress onward from the present order of things, just as we have marched out of the old chaos of things gone by."

"Here is our impractical Tolstoyan, always preaching what he forgets to practise," quoth Mr. Chand.

"I shall be sorry if Indians ever become as restless as the Americans," said Ahmed; "their minds seem to be made of quicksilver. I admire the old Indian ideal of drawing inwards, and thus reaching peace."

"And it is precisely that selfish ideal," observed Niam Khan, whose ideas were not always consistent, "which has brought India to its present degraded condition. When every man in a nation thinks of his own selfish peace, how can there be any social progress?"

"Look how the social conscience in Europe has been awakened," added Azad; "how every individual takes an interest in the welfare of the society in which he lives. There in Europe, in a few decades, they may have an ideal society founded on a communistic basis, which we have for such a long time dreamed of in India, without trying to bring it about."

"We will see," said Ahmed, rather discontentedly, for he was enamoured of the scientific precision of the terms used in the great philosophical systems, the study of which absorbed his mind, "we will see what comes of it all."

"We should not let our past hold us in bondage," put in Niam Khan. "We should do our best to uplift our countrymen, and show these Englishmen that we are men like them and will not allow ourselves to be treated like beasts . . . or babies."

"I entirely agree with you," said Hira Lal, "these people are becoming very, very obnoxious and extremely overbearing. One cannot travel a hundred miles without having some nasty experience. The old-time rulers, at least, knew how to be polite. No doubt they plundered us occasionally, but they also knew how to scatter lakhs about."

"Yes," commented Ahmed with a dry smile, "in olden times the country was like a man prostrated with violent ague one day, but able to enjoy life the next; whereas now it is like a patient undermined by the constant strain of slow fever."

"I do not know," said Azad, "why they are so careless of consequences, for they must know that the safety of their rule lies in keeping us contented and happy."

"They seem to think," interposed Mr. Chand, "that they would lose their prestige if they treated all Indians politely; and Indian gentlemen, sensitive as they are, refuse to hang about waiting in their verandahs. That is why the gulf is widening."

"We cannot but talk politics whenever we meet," remarked Mahzer

Ali. "This sort of talk is becoming very nauseating. Wherever you go you hear nothing but complaints against Englishmen."

"That shows how high the feelings are running," said Niam Khan. "Englishmen are wrong in thinking that only educated men are discontented. The educated men at least know what their grievances are; but the masses are discontented without knowing the cause of their discontent: they have simply taken their cue from the educated class."

"Now let us have our dinner," said Mazher Ali decisively; and they all adjourned to the dining-room.

The dinner was served on a table arranged after the English fashion, and all the friends dined together in spite of their different creeds and castes.

"So you are going, after all," said Haidar, addressing the host. "I wish I were going with you."

"Your father would never allow you to cross the black water," replied Mazher. "As for myself, though of course I go willingly, yet at the same time this parting from you all makes me very sad."

"You will make new friends in no time," said Ahmed, "and you will soon forget us."

"How can I ever forget my best friends?" said Mazher. "You do me an injustice in thinking me so fickle."

"We shall see," said Ahmed. "In the meanwhile I wish you a happy and successful career in England."

The friend talked on till late and it was nearly midnight when they bade good-bye to their host and started homewards.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

Nawab Haidar Jung was up before sunrise next morning. A hundred bells were melodiously tinkling in the Hindu temples to greet the return of the Lord of Day, when he drove past on his way to the station to see his friend Mazher Ali off. When he arrived there, he found all his friends of the night before strolling about the platform and chatting light-heartedly. After the usual greetings, he enquired if Mazher Ali had not yet come.

"No," said Mr. Chand, "he must be taking leave of his parents. We did not go to his house as we did not wish to hear the lamentations of his family."

"Yes," said Haidar Jung, "they cannot help but feel the parting. I am really surprised that they have allowed him to go."

"Do we not feel the same pang?" asked Ahmed. "But I do not like the crying which our people so much indulge in."

"I envy Mazher his trip to England," said Chand. "I wish I were also going, for the days I spent there were the happiest I have ever known."

"It is altogether a new world," observed Ahmed. "When you step on its soil, you feel as if a new wave of life were rushing through your body."

"England is a garden," said Chand, "though for my part I like France better. But the strong genius of the English people has turned an uncongenial land into a paradise of comfort and plenty. Rivers, hills, fields, and the sea itself, seem to have been touched and vanquished by the hand of a master."

"Well, here comes our friend," exclaimed the friends with one voice, as Mazher walked into the station. "Now let us go and have our *chota hazri*."

Mazher came dressed in knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket made of some very light material, ready for a long journey. He tried to look cheerful as he said, "It was with great difficulty that I succeeded in persuading my people to stay at home; for I did not wish to make an exhibition of myself and to be stared at by everybody."

"You have done well," said Chand. "Now let us have our tea together."

The friends went to the refreshment-room and had their tea. When they returned, there was a crowd on the platform: people bustling to get into the train, men with children in their arms trying to elbow their way into compartments that were already full, women wrapped in thick veils, like ghosts in winding-sheets, stumbling into their carriages, while the railway staff nonchalantly strolled about or talked with each other, as if totally unconcerned in the matter.

When the train was about to start, Nawab Mazher Ali Khan took his seat in a first-class compartment. The station master gave the signal, the engine whistled, and the Bombay mail rumbled out of the station and gradually vanished in a cloud of dust, while Mazher and his friends waved their handkerchiefs and shouted a last farewell.

"He is such a nice fellow," said Ahmed. "I am sorry he has gone. I feel a sort of void—but why should it be so? If I could see him in myself and myself in God, this feeling of separation ought to disappear."

"A very long process that, is it not?" queried Azad Singh. "In spite of all your philosophy you cannot help feeling. It puzzles me a great deal why men desert the work they are best fitted for, and try to do that which is not in their line. Now you are a born poet, an artist and a

lover of nature, yet you try to be a dry-as-dust philosopher, which you cannot become; and so your intellectual reasoning is continually intruded upon by your feelings."

"You are mistaken," said Ahmed calmly, though in the innermost recesses of his heart something whispered that his friend Azad was right. "There is no fire in me. 'My clay with long oblivion has gone dry.' " \*

Slowly they walked out of the station, their minds already occupied with a thousand sundry things other than the thought of the friend who had just departed. It seemed as if he were a mere phantom who had just vanished into space, leaving nought but a chain of memory behind. They got into their carriages, bade each other farewell, and parted.

Haidar Jung was all the time thinking of nothing but Nasrin. Her thought was uppermost in his mind, though he tried to forget her. He reprimanded himself for his faithlessness to his devoted wife, but it was all in vain: there was something that rankled like a wound in his heart and whispered where the balm could be found. The plaintive song of a bulbul from a mango-tree fanned into a blaze the smouldering fire of his love, and losing all restraint over his mind, he directed Juman to take him to the house of Nasrin. Arriving there, he alighted from his carriage and, rapidly crossing the passage and stairs, knocked at the door, which was opened by Nasrin herself. She smiled a genial welcome and conducted him to a small alcove, where she herself had been reading an English magazine.

"You are welcome," she said, "I did not receive you on the first day, as it would have given pain to my foster-mother. Since I have seen you, I cannot think of anything. I was just trying to read, but my mind refused to follow what my eyes saw. Before that I went out for a walk in the garden and it seemed to me like a wilderness. I tried to paint, but my fancy was building its own castles. Oh! why did God endow us with a troublesome and restless mind?"

"Why, indeed?" echoed he.

"I have been trying to forget you. I have been endeavouring to think that you did not exist at all, and were a mere phantom of my dreams. But alas! it is of no use; you have thrust a barb into my soul and it is there, and my heart is bleeding."

"I have been wondering," she continued, "why I love you so. I do not know you; I do not know your ways and habits. Your face, which attracted me at first sight, may be, as many another, encased by an ugly heart . . . And yet I am irresistibly drawn to you. Something obscures my

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\* Omâr Khayyam.

reason; something tells me to leave all questions aside and surrender myself to you. Truly, love is a contradiction of all intelligent judgment. Now that you are near me, I feel happy. I feel as if I could do anything. In a little while, when you are gone, it will seem to me as if part of my life had disappeared."

"I feel the same way," Haider, replied in a tone which was very unlike his usual affected way of talking. "Your face haunts me day and night, and I wish to fling my youth, my life, my heart beneath your feet."

"When reading about love in books," Nasrin interrupted, "I used to laugh at the heroes and heroines who seemed to me to have gone mad—little dreaming that I myself would one day fall a prey to the keen darts of the Love-God. You, my friend, may forget me; but I can never, never forget my first love."

"Forget you!" exclaimed he. "If I could rip my breast open and fling away my heart, I might perhaps be able to forget you. But as long as this living heart throbs within me, it breathes your name with every pulse."

"It must be so," said she. "I feel just as you do. It is a fire divine which, once kindled, can never be put out."

"My soul, my life, my love!" he exclaimed. "I am thirsty. Withhold not from me the nectar which is hidden in your lips. May not I just touch this fountain of my life?"

"You may," she said, bringing her face close to his, in complete self-surrender. "Am I not yours?"

He bent forward and touched her fair lips with his own. Who can describe the bliss of that moment? Their souls melted into one through that gentle touch, and all idea of time and space was utterly annihilated. The bliss of a thousand years was crowded into that one short moment: they felt that they were united in one eternal living present.

For some time they did not breathe a word, but remained mute in the silence of rapture, looking into each other's eyes with a glance more eloquent than any words could ever be.

"Oh, the bliss of it!" murmured he, after a long pause. "Why do people speak evil of love, the divine, the one heavenly balm of all the ills of mortal life, the all-powerful solvent which alchemists seek for in vain, and which alone can transform a puny human being into a divine soul, opening the gates of heaven and utterly annihilating Time, the Master of Illusion, the dark magician under whose spell mankind has fallen."

"How true!" she whispered, drawing closer to him, "I feel as if we had been lifted up to some heavenly abode."

"What words can express," said he, "the ecstasy of love? One must feel it to know it. 'If the Wise Ones knew how happy is the heart enchained in the musk locks of some fair one, the Wise Ones would go mad with longing for such imprisonment.'" \*

"This cannot last for ever," she said, as if awakened from a dream. "I cannot be so fortunate."

"And why not?" said he. "God, who has united us heart and soul, cannot separate us now."

"It may be so," she replied, in a sad tone of voice, "but I have a strange presentiment that it cannot last long; that this is the climax of my happiness and that I must treasure up the sweetness of this one moment to strengthen and sustain me through all the dark hours of the future."

"Ah, do not let sad thoughts mar the bliss of the present moment," he implored. "Why should not this moment broaden into and embrace the remaining years of our life? Why should we not marry and live together for ever? A second marriage is allowed amongst us."

"A second marriage!" she exclaimed, as she straightened herself and the rosy bloom of her complexion gave place to lily whiteness. "Are you married already? . . . Have you got a wife? . . . O my God, my God!" she groaned

"I am married and have got a wife," he managed to say with a great effort. "I was married when I was barely fifteen, a mere school-boy, doing as I was bidden without knowing why. It was all my father's doing. Can such a marriage strictly be called mine? Why should we let it stand in our way, when the law freely allows me to marry you? You surely do not mean to doom me to eternal wretchedness."

"Married!" she gasped, as she sank in the seat beside him. "Why was I not told of it before?"

"Light of my life," said the Nawab, "do not let despair cloud your sunny face. Your sadness gives me such pain as I can hardly bear. What is there to be in despair about?"

"Ah!" said she, with a great effort, as though the words were wrung out of her very soul. "I have received some education, and for all that is dear to me in the world, even for your sake, I would not marry a man who is already married. Who knows?—your wife may be in love with you. How can I be a party to that which may bring despair to an innocent and loving heart? Why, oh why, did I ever see you?"

"Have pity on me!" he pleaded, his whole soul coming out in these words. "Do not, for God's sake, drive me away."

## NASRIN: OR AN INDIAN MEDLEY

"My Nawab," said she, with all the tenderness of a lover, "I cannot help but call you mine, for *mine* you shall remain all your life. But it is impossible. You already have a wife to whom you have vowed fidelity, though you were not then able to know what it all meant; and I will not help you to perjure yourself."

"When did I vow fidelity to my wife?" exclaimed the Nawab. "Can you hold a doll responsible because it has been married by its master or mistress to another doll? How cruel our laws are! How we are forced to lead incomplete lives, without knowing or experiencing the divine passion of love!"

"Alas!" said she, "we have outgrown these things, and yet our old-customs cramp us like a steel armour rivetted on the growing body of boyhood. Oh, God! when will these things change?"

"Nasrin, my Nasrin!" he said, "have pity upon me and give me hope, or kill me outright. I cannot endure your despair; I cannot live and see you so unhappy!"

"Miserable wretch that I am!" she said, passionately wringing her hands, "that I should not only be cursed with my own misery, but must have the poignant grief of knowing that he whom I love is also suffering. But, though I may have to endure a world of torments, I will not do that which would take away from me the little satisfaction of knowing that I am acting rightly. Courage, my dear friend, courage! Not a leaf on a tree can move without His order. May it be as He has willed it!"

"Having come to the river-bank," murmured he, "I have not tasted a drop of water, yet the waves are rolling angrily, and the bubbles are like unto the eyes of them whose hearts have turned away. A day as black as death awaits me."

"Do not give way to despair," said she, trying to look more cheerful. "Do you not know what the moth said when questioned why he singed his wings in the flame?"

"No," said he, "but I think I can guess, now, what the moth must have said."

"It said, 'There is a living flame within me, which finds satisfaction in mixing its light with the flame of the candle. And so I am glad to let myself burn and enjoy the bliss of it' . . . Let us, like the moth, nurse this real flame of love, that it may consume us."

"I will do as you bid me," he faltered "for now *you* are my *Kaaba*."\*

"Go now," she said, "and leave me to myself. You will go out into the world and forget me; . . . while my love for you can never, never decay."

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\* The House of God.

"How cruel you are!" said he. "You do not know how you torment me when you say such things. My heart will now remain with you for ever."

"Adieu," she said, rising. "I hope we may meet again. Farewell!"

She rose, impressed a loving kiss on his brow and crossed into another room, leaving him alone. In vain he waited for her to return. As she did not show herself again, he staggered out of the house pale and haggard, sighing as if he had no life left in him. He threw himself into his carriage and drove home.

When he reached his apartments and found his wife waiting for him at the door, he was really ashamed of himself and was afraid of having a scene. But to his great mortification, his wife turned to him with loving solicitude. "How are you?" she anxiously enquired. "You are looking so pale. I do hope your enemies are not unwell."\*

"I have a slight headache," said the Nawab by way of excuse, "other wise I am all right"

"You are feverish," said the Begum, lovingly touching him.

"No, I don't think I have fever," he replied, as he flung himself on the bed: "I am oppressed by the heat, and that is all"

The Begum took a bottle of syrup, mixed some juice of keora in it, cooled it with a lump of ice, and brought it to her husband to drink. He drank it off and said, after a little while, "This is somewhat refreshing."

"Let me rub some oil into your hair to cool your head," said the Begum.

"You may," he answered curtly, while in his heart he murmured, "You do not know the inner fire which your cool drinks and oils cannot quench. The disease of love is cured only by the sherbet of union."

And all the time he felt a strange pity for his wife who seemed to be so lovingly anxious about him. She brought a small cut-glass bottle of deliciously scented oil, poured some of it on his hair, and gently rubbed it on his head with her delicate fingers. But the Nawab remained as restless as a fly caught in a spider's web,† and the day seemed to him as long as a whole weary year.

(To be continued.)

JOGENDRA SINGH.

*Aiva Estate,  
Khari District, Oudh.*

\* To ask a person if he is unwell is considered inauspicious, therefore "his enemies" are substituted for him in the query.

† The vernacular says, "As a fish out of water."

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

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### The Writing on the Wall.

History is said to make men wise : does it make them sanguine ? The Past is a graveyard : trees and flower-plants may grow on the spot— emblems of hope and revival. We may there be reminded that Life is eternal, while living bodies perish, that all decay is preparation for a new growth ; yet the surroundings are depressing, and voices from the deep seem to bid aspiration to restrain itself and ambition to dismount. The greatness of nations has ebbed away in the past, even as the life of individuals declines, and prophets can with confidence warn any nation, even in the zenith of its glory, that some time or other its glory must fade. Some Daniels in England have deciphered the word *Mene*, and have read the doo n of that country, and, indeed, of Western civilisation generally. Others have interpreted *Tekel*, and declared that the white man, with his material civilisation, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. They may be as right as others before them in other countries have been. Many—perhaps twenty-three—centuries ago, an Indian king dreamt a dream in which he saw

Bulls first, and trees, and cows, and calves,  
Horse, dish, she-jackal, water-pot,  
A pond, raw rice, and sandal-wood,  
And gourds that sank and stones that swam,  
With frogs that gobbled up black snakes,  
A crow with gay-plumed retinue,  
And wolves in panic-fear of goats !

The Daniels of Kosala predicted that kings would be unrighteous and niggardly, and famines would be of frequent occurrence, that girls would be married when quite young, that children would not obey their parents, that the burden of taxes would lie heavy

on the backs of the cultivators, and that power would pass into the hands of upstarts and cowards. From time to time these gruesome forebodings have been repeated in India, and they are believed to have been verified. The general conclusion is in every country the same: the signs that are read by the wise men vary. The astrologers in England have for some time past been busy interpreting the horoscope of the nation, and they have been gravely shaking their heads. Some of the German editors, who were recently invited to London, have announced to the world that they saw no peasantry in England to maintain the nation's strength, that the hard-working armies of industry and commerce were lacking every healthy pleasure of life, and that England's army was merely a luxury for times of peace. There are not a few thoughtful men in England who deplore the migration of the people from the country to the manufacturing centres, which are so ruinous to their health, and perhaps also to their morality. The Army has had its own critics since at least the late South African war. Sir Arnold Forster has solemnly warned the nation that cheap, and therefore popular, reforms are not necessarily good, and that his countrymen will one day wring their hands, if they now rejoice in economies which do not make for efficiency. He may be unnecessarily apprehensive, and Mr. Haldane perhaps knows his business quite as well as his predecessor in office. The sting in the criticism of the German editors lies in the fact that the critics are German. What exactly German ambitions are, few can define with precision. The rapid development of the German navy has caused a vague sense of misgiving in England. The conquest of England may be out of the question, but the threat of an attack on the Mistress of the Seas—the very idea being a violation of a hallowed and unquestioned sentiment—might paralyse the action of England in regions where the great Teutonic Power wishes to pursue her schemes unopposed by any European rival. It is believed by some that Germany wishes to spread out her limbs to the Straits of Dover on the one side, and the Adriatic Sea on the other. This would involve the absorption of the two little innocent states of Holland and Belgium, and the idea presupposes the collapse of the Austrian Empire. Reaching the Mediterranean, Germany can more confidently pursue her schemes in Western Asia, where her railway projects are

making rather slow progress. To reach Persia and the Persian Gulf and to be within striking distance of Suez are ambitions too magnificent to be articulated, and yet not too hypothetical to be suspected. The rivalry between the Teuton and the Anglo-Saxon will be not only for the foundation of Empires in the East, but for keeping the gateway to Western and Southern Asia. In view of this expected clash of interests on some future day, German criticism of the British Army, and the veiled contempt with which certain German observers have written about the ascendancy of the amateur and the subordinate position assigned to the military expert in England, become particularly annoying. Even those, however, who, like Mr. James Stanley Little, believe in the possibility of Germany forging a mighty world-empire for herself out of the wreck of existing empires and kingdoms, read the handwriting on the wall as foreboding the doom of Western Civilisation generally. The Anglo-Saxons believe that their Teutonic brethren have no heart, no sympathy with the races whom they have subdued and may subdue, and therefore their Empire over the coloured races of the earth cannot be lasting. What is more, Germany is not immune from the cankers of civilisation which are said to be eating into the vitals of other European nations.

These forebodings are too gloomy to contemplate even with profit—pleasure they cannot afford. Yet the future of India being bound up with that of England, and the Indian races, according to the usual interpretation of history, having already declined, some amount of curiosity, if not concern, attaches to the fit of pessimism that has recently come over the prophets of Great Britain. The signs of the times are ugly enough : we may doubt whether they are all peculiar to our times, and where they are, what exactly their true significance is. In the judgment of Mr. James Stanley Little, his countrymen have become a nation of fritterers. The increasing numbers of solicitors, brokers, bankers, secretaries of public companies, and other persons in positions of trust, who are found guilty of diverting the money of their clients to their own use, are an unpleasant symptom of the times. We are not sure if Englishmen will generally acquiesce in the statement that the present generation is really worse than its predecessors, or whether they will discover sufficient warrant in history to lay the flattering unction to their

souls that it is only the publicity which every misdemeanour gains through the newspapers in our times, that gives us an exaggerated picture of the 'stains on our garments. The history of English Society in India would not prepare one to believe that England was morally deteriorating. We may not be getting nowadays rulers of the calibre and capacity for sympathy of Elphinstone, Munro or the Lawrences—it is a doubtful point on which much may be said on both sides, as the times have so changed that a comparison must be misleading; yet, taking the ruling class as a whole, there is not much inclination anywhere to wish the past back again in the place of the present. The reason, perhaps, is that the history of English Society in India has been to some extent the reverse of the history of the British nation. Here the transition has been from commercialism to government, while the nation as a whole has developed its commercialism now to an extent which has materially changed its character, even since the days when it was scorned as a nation of shop-keepers. The creed of the moment is said to be that "any means of making money is allowable, short of those which involve the risk of proceedings in a criminal court." Not only in England, but in some other parts of the Western world even to a greater extent than in Great Britain, the interpreters of the handwriting tell us that "the ambition to do good and honest work, in commerce, in the arts and in the professions, even the desire for fame, count for nothing in comparison with the consuming passion to gain money." Some doubts may be reasonably entertained as to the exact consequences which must follow to the Western nations from the passion for money, which has replaced the desire for fame. The doom of one civilisation can be sealed only through another more virile civilisation. The prosperity and the vitality of a nation depend to a large extent on its moral ideals, and not merely on its physical vigour. So far as commercial morality and the ethics of public life are concerned, who will take the place of the Western nations, when they are dethroned from the eminence which they now occupy? This must be an interesting inquiry. There are people in India, who are confident that India will one day teach the world what a spiritual civilisation can do. While western observers have much to say in praise of the tone of refinement noticeable in the private and the family life even of a peasant, they do not hold up for

admiration our public spirit, and the results of the spiritual life of the Indian as reflected in his ideals of public conduct. Politically, the prophets of the West seem to entertain no apprehensions of an invasion of Europe or America by the people of India. Apparently, our doom has already been worked out. It is to the Mongol that the wise men of the West turn their eyes as to the coming leader of the world: it is not clear why, from the moralist's point of view, for Mongolian morality is not said to be of a very high order. The way in which the Yellow Man will oust the White Man is outlined somewhat as follows: The increasing love of luxury will disincline the white labourer to toil for his own good. The shorter hours and higher wages, which he demands, must ultimately drive the employers of labour to look outside Europe for hands to work their mills and factories. The result will be not only a "peaceful penetration" of Europe by races who can live more cheaply and work for longer hours, but the seats of the world's industries will be transferred to the East, where labour is cheaper, and the skill will be gradually acquired, while the natural advantages will be brought to light by the scientific explorer, and the raw materials will be supplied by the earth and the sky. So, there does not seem to be any danger of Europe and America being overrun by armed hordes of Mongols. The war will be fought out with industrial weapons: there will be no firing of guns, but of chimneys. It seems that the Mongolian races will be found to have retained their vitality when the white races have hopelessly degenerated in consequence of their fondness for luxuries.

From the point of view of the future of the races, the alleged tendency towards physical degeneracy is a more serious symptom than the ugly revelations of misappropriation of funds and breaches of trust in public affairs. The columns of English newspapers have recently been flooded with discussions of the true significance of the decline of the birth-rate, and of marriages among the classes which ought to be perpetuated in the interests of the nation. The press has been even more severe in its condemnation of vice than the pulpit. It would be difficult to use stronger language in the denunciation of a society than Mr. James Stanley Little has adopted in prophesying the doom of Western civilisation. A large section of European women, he writes, "are running amuck, throwing to the winds all, or nearly all, the old, time-honoured conventions of self-

respect and modest reserve ; marrying without love to escape parental restraint, and demanding and extorting entire freedom of action thereafter." Nor does he confine his denunciation to the smart set : all women who force the males out of employment and seek an independent living come in for his castigation : " Unfit to be wives, unfit to be mothers ; knowing nothing of the simplest requirements of home service, without modesty or the love of virtue, they frequently end by breaking through all restraints of morality and self-respect. Consequently, marriage goes out of favour, and the very classes which ought to provide the backbone of the nation are losing themselves in the welter of lewdness." One can only hope that there is more earnestness than truth in this picture of large sections of British society of the twentieth century. The picture is, indeed, so uninviting that Mr. Little says he has begun to ask himself whether the Eastern belief as to the status of woman has not more to commend it than the Western mind has been disposed to concede hitherto ; and the tendency of Eastern women to imitate their Western sisters has filled him with misgivings, though it has his sympathy. Apparently, the sympathy will extend up to a certain point, where emancipation does not degenerate into license. To advance up to that point, and then stop, constitutes the trial of every society. Further advance, which is really a march downhill, causes a reaction in sentiment, and perhaps in the adjustment of social conventions. There is a theory which attributes the marriage customs of the higher classes of Indian society to the operation of a spirit of reaction from the consequences of the liberty at one time enjoyed by women and the age at which they were allowed to marry. Materials for a continuous history of social customs are notoriously meagre in India ; yet the theory of a reaction is not altogether without foundation, and it may be advanced with some degree of plausibility. The description in the Indian epic of Balarama's picnic party, with which the late Dr. Rajendralal Mitra has familiarised the student of Indian social customs, is one of those evidences of the laxity which social conventions might possibly have attained at some period of Indian history, which cannot be exactly fixed. One may also read of the celebration of certain festivals, in which girls were allowed to roam in the streets, throw flowers and coloured water at their lovers from behind hiding places, in sport, and indulge in

other practices which would now cause a shock to Indian feeling. It is just possible that the ideal of renunciation and of complete sacrifice of woman to man was the outcome of a reaction, and Mr. Little's appreciation of the Eastern ideal, though he claims to have himself borne a part in the cause of woman's emancipation, is suggestive of the course which social evolution might have followed in India. Whatever the ultimate future of Western civilisation may be, its near future does not seem to be quite so gloomy as the remote picture might lead one to imagine. The Mongolian races are as yet content to accept a position of tutelage towards Western civilisation. European languages and European thought are making their way everywhere, and European science is considered necessary for progress and prosperity. Science, indeed, knows no racial distinction, and in the hands of the Mongolian it will be as effective a weapon for good or evil as in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon. Yet it takes a considerable time for a conservative nation to assimilate the knowledge of another nation, and it must take a still longer time for the students of to-day to emulate their masters and to apply their knowledge with a deadly effect in remote parts of the globe. Peaceful penetration is a still more tardy process. It may take almost a geological period before the doleful prophecy on the wall is fulfilled. Meanwhile, who knows that the Mongolian, too, will not fall a victim to the very evils which are consuming the substance and sapping the vitality of the West? For the present, at any rate, a contingency of that kind is not more hypothetical than the doom which is eventually to overtake Western civilisation. It is also pleasant to observe that the prophets have not failed to notice in the midst of corruption and decay much that must cheer the heart and gladden the eye. An eminent divine, who is also a scholar, has written of the poor of England: "The great majority are men and women of very noble lives, loving and helpful to one another, sacrificing themselves for others in a way unknown to us, active and in work every hour of the day, honest, peaceful, and for the most part God-fearing, extraordinarily grateful to kindness, when it is given humanly and not flung at them as if from an upper level, full of fortitude and endurance, of faith and hope." There may be some forces at work which may keep these classes free from contamination and make them the backbone of Western civilisation. At least, it is a hope which is pleasant and inspiring enough to cherish.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

The leading event of last month in India was the visit of His Majesty the Amir of Afghanistan. When Amir Habibullah succeeded to the throne of his father, considerable misgivings were expressed as to the attitude which he might adopt towards the British. A cultured and amiable prince, experienced in the affairs of his own kingdom, Habibullah was amenable to court influences not particularly friendly, though not actively hostile, to the Government on this side of Khyber. The indifferent success, if not failure, of the Dane Mission accentuated the doubts that had been entertained concerning the probability of the new Amir following in the footsteps of his father. Perhaps the period of suspense and indecision would have been prolonged if the suitors for his friendship on the North had not suffered a signal defeat at the hands of an Asiatic Power. Possibly also, the Afghans had no confidence in the good faith and trustworthiness of British statesmen, who, it appears have all along been suspected of trying to utilise the Government of the buffer State for their own purposes. If Sir Louis Dane's Mission did not succeed in reassuring the suspicious Potentate, the visit of Sirdar Inayatullah Khan to Lord Curzon must at least have created a desire in the Amir to see India for himself and judge of the might and resources of our Government and the personal characteristics of the white men whose friendship he had secured by a formal compact. The results of his visit have been of a most happy character, and must have exceeded all expectations. The Amir is a keen and independent observer of men and things and is not ashamed of inquisitiveness. There is no oriental conventionality about his utterances, no hyperbole about his compliments, and no insincere desire to please where he is not pleased. He has conceived a genuine admiration for Lord Kitchener and the Army which he commands. He has made many personal friends, he has been charmed by the society in which he has moved, and he has sworn eternal friendship to England. Nothing more gratifying could have been anticipated, and the credit for this happy result is to no small extent due to the experienced statesman who happens to be at the helm of the Indian

Government just now, and his noble spouse, whose Fête on behalf of nursing institutions was so timely and contributed so much to make His Afghan Majesty's stay in Calcutta enjoyable and instructive.

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There is a general awakening in Mahammadan countries to the possibility of an Islamic Revival. This awakening has been helped in Egypt and Western Asia by the apostles of Pan-Islamism. In Persia the danger of Russian and, perhaps, also of British, absorption has stirred up the patriotism of the people, and the Shah has been forced to grant them a constitutional Government. The late Shah was a good ruler, but a bad financier, and the burdens of the State multiplied largely during his time. It has been said that Persia would fall an easy prey to the two great European Powers that contend for mastery in that region, if these could only agree as to how the prey should be apportioned. The spirit of self-assertion displayed by the leaders of the people throws serious doubt on the probability of a ready acquiescence on their part in European domination, though Persia is not a great military power. In India Islamic aspirations have been stirred by Western education, and the ambition of many a leading Mussalman is to make Aligarh a renowned centre of Islamic enlightenment and learning. The valleys of mountainous Afghanistan are not favourably situated to catch the rays of the light from the West. Fortunately, the Afghans have a Ruler who is a wide-awake student of the world's affairs, and personally he cherishes the ambition of initiating in his kingdom a movement in favour of Western civilisation which should make it a second edition of Japan. He has just established a college and an educational department in his State, and his visit to Aligarh must have inspired him with a new hope for the intellectual future of his subjects. The English illustrated papers have familiarised the British public with the picture of His Majesty entertaining his court with a cinematograph. Amir Habibullah will return to his native land with a burning zeal for reform and for the introduction of Western institutions and Western wonders.

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The Russo-Japanese war has created a general distrust in Peace Conferences. So far as the coloured races are concerned, unity among white men does not necessarily mean peace, to them; indeed, it may even mean exactly the reverse. Yet to those native races who have already been absorbed in the empires of Western Powers, and especially to the people of India—the object of so much covetousness—every attempt to remove international friction, with the possibility of reducing military expenditure, must be welcome. May the proposal to hold a second Hague Conference be materialised and bear really good fruit, such as will reduce not only the chances of war, but

also the cost of being in perpetual readiness for it ! As among the conquering Powers, ambitious of founding world-empires, peace and imperialism may not be inconsistent with each other. To the Asiatics—and to the poor Africans, whose rights are as little thought of as those of the beasts of the field—imperialism means something akin to a succession of wars, if the native races do not avoid a war by voluntary submission. The defeat of the Socialists at the elections for the German Reichstag is probably hailed in that country and in Europe generally in the interests of the stability of the present social arrangements and class relations. But the German Chancellor's patriotic assertion of the splendid "riding" powers of the nation, if a firm seat be obtained, strikes a different note from the alleged desire for universal peace.



The Swettenham incident in Jamaica affords a remarkable illustration of the readiness with which misunderstandings arise between nations, and the necessity for a large-hearted toleration to live in peace. President Roosevelt is a man of peace and so is the Prime Minister of England—not to speak of the great peace-maker of his age, King Edward VII. Never before were the relations between England and the United States more friendly and cordial than they now are, and yet the United States Admiral was treated by the Governor of Jamaica as if he was an officious busybody, because he hastened to offer his aid at an unexpected juncture, when the resources of the local police to safeguard property and of the Government to save lives, must have been put to the severest strain. The Governor was quick enough to realise his own mistake and to make amends for it. The blame is wiped out, but the instruction remains.



There was a remarkable, indeed an ominous, calm in political circles during the Parliamentary recess. Considering the fate of the Education Bill and the probability of a similar conflict between the two Houses of Parliament during the coming session, one would have expected a spirited campaign against the Lords. But there has been an oppressive suspense and calm. Signs, however, were not wanting to show that the Liberal Ministers were absorbed in deep thought and earnest consultation as to the most effective, and yet the least combative, way of dealing with the Lords. The rumblings of distant thunder have been heard, and the storm, such as one may expect in an age of weak convictions and subdued emotions, will shortly burst.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### THE CHURCH CATHOLIC

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*To the Editor of EAST & WEST.*

SIR,—Mr. Dobson's courteous note in the November number of *East & West*, *apropos* of the claims to authority of the Catholic Church as treated in my article on "Intellectual and Moral Authority in Europe," calls for comment on one or two points which he emphasises. He says: "Among the influences acting on the East, here, in India, the action of the Catholic Church, through its organisation, is certainly not one of the least. Unobtrusively, yet persistently, she is carrying on her work of evangelisation. The Catholics of Southern India and the numerous recent converts in Chota Nagpore are evidences that her labour has not been fruitless. Christianity works its way upwards from the most degraded strata of society . . . The Catholic Church is the only body—not even with the exception of the Greek Church—that formally claims to be the infallible mouthpiece of God, that is to be specially preserved by God from all error 'in matters concerning faith and morals.' She does not, however, claim to be, at every hand's turn, aided by continual miraculous intervention. The God of revelation is the God of nature . . . In short, the Roman Church, claiming to be a supernatural institution, demands to be judged by that standard. The justice of this claim of hers is another question."

Now all this is but to reassert, without any further justifying evidence in the context, what the purport of my own argument is to challenge and impugn. "The justice of this claim" is the very question in dispute; and I have aimed to show not only its incompatibility with, but its avowed hostility to everything I, myself, regard as constituting alike the most enlightened and progressive elements in modern civilisation and culture—surpassing all heretofore achieved in the whole past history of mankind. As these elements begin to make their influences felt through the world at large, the character of the particular influence exercised by the Catholic Church abroad, through her vast organisation, becomes equally important. Mr. Dobson speaks of my being evidently nourished on Protestant literature. I hold no brief for "Protestantism," as such, as is clear from the conclusions of my paper. I am concerned for the rationalising spirit in human affairs; which, *pace* its critics, even in this Review, implies in plain language supreme good sense, theoretically, and practically, that must issue

in the worthiest human conduct. And this opens up a matter of far-reaching interest connected with the position of the British Power in the world.

It has fallen in the way of English thought and intellectual labour to produce some of the weightiest contributions to modern culture and knowledge—especially during the century just closed. These fresh gains to light are affecting life and action at home, with the promise of a finer social fruition and a saner mental outlook than has heretofore obtained. As their meaning becomes better understood among those other communities where British civilisation extends, we may look to the inception of the inner spirit of this culture, leading to a similar free analysis of their own traditional beliefs and usages. Thus we may hope to see, among the more instructed perhaps at the outset, Europeans, Parsis, Muslims, Hindus, Buddhists, Confucians, finding a common basis for a rapprochement in the new vouchsafements of universal science; and stimulated thereby to emancipate themselves from all that is merely egoistic, obstructive, unwholesome, and superstitious in their respective systems. Then this uplifting evangel must be carried to the "most degraded strata of society," whose numbers and darkness, still remain, unfortunately, a standing menace to the higher interests of civilisation.

So, under the ægis of the free British temporal power, might there arise a vivified spiritual power, a true church catholic, world-wide in its beneficent ministrations. Herein is an enlarged field for the redirection of the labours of existing British Missions. Whether the Catholic Church itself will continue a helpful or obstructive factor in this work must rest with its leaders and supporters.

Faithfully yours,

London.

H. CROSSFIELD.

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# *EAST & WEST.*

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## BETWEEN EAST AND WEST.

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**T**HE contrast between the life of Western Europe and the life of the East is very striking. China, India, Palestine, and Egypt seem to have more in common than any of these countries with either France, or England, or Italy. Though the West owes its religion and many of its laws to the East, though Western Europe is inhabited by the same Aryan race, which produced the Vedas, though a people of the Eastern type, the Jews, have permeated all the Western countries, still there remains something essentially new and original in Western life, a certain strange power, which places, in a certain sense, as Vivekananda humorously remarks, even a drunken English soldier above the wisest Brahmins.

This appears as a paradox. But if the Brahmins were superior in real social power to the English army, then the occupation of India would never have taken place, or it could not have lasted. The Indian Rajah, who on visiting an old town of his own land, full of antiquities and treasures of art, was chiefly interested in the barracks, and meditated half a day on the astonishing mystery of a power, held by men, who individually are often so very much inferior to those over whom they rule, has given a curious testimony to the real superiority in power, if not in wisdom, of the West over the East.

What is the explanation of that new life, that began more than 2,000 years ago in Greece, grew up in Rome, then spread to Great Britain crossing the sea, crossed also the Atlantic, transforming the American continent, and finally crossed the Pacific, imparting new power to the old oriental empire of Japan? It went towards the West like a fire, growing in intensity, until it crushed the most powerful of all oriental autocracies at Liaoyang and Tsushima. We cannot credit the Christian religion with the vitality of Western civilisation — for the Christian religion in some of its lower forms

is very likely inferior to Vedanta in its best aspect, and both are of eastern origin, having much in common with other old eastern creeds. Christianity includes great varieties of creed and rites, adapting itself to the needs and traditions of the nations who have accepted the Jewish Saviour. Besides, the superiority of power of the West over the East had been demonstrated already several centuries before Christ, on the field of Marathon, in the waters of Salamis, and at the fall of the eastern colony, Carthage, destroyed by the still pagan Roman Republic. In the last conflict between Japan and Russia we have seen even a pagan nation beating a Christian army, because the pagans had accepted the principles of Western civilisation, while the Christians were imbued with passive obedience to an oriental autocracy.

Thus it is evident that this element of power, born in Greece and Rome, transformed by Christianity, and manifesting itself alike in hundreds of protestant sects as in the old Roman Church, or even in an oriental nation like the Japanese, is not to be defined in of religion terms alone.

It is a psychological growth and manifests itself in every kind of activity. In politics the eastern mind leads to autocracy or hierocracy, to the boundless luxury of the princes and to the famine of the poor. The western mind considers even the greatest fortune of an American millionaire as remaining under the control of public opinion, and requires expropriation of the individual, whenever the prosperity of the commonwealth comes into conflict with private interests.

The contrast between onesided concentration of privileges in the hands of hereditary princes and the democratic government—elected or approved by the masses—has found a curious symbol in an old religious dogma, which had once been the subject of many discussions. The Western or Roman Church taught that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son. The Eastern or Byzantine Church, under oriental influence, pretended that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father alone, not at all from the Son in any way. Here we see in a mysterious symbolic form the difference in principle between East and West.

Translate the mystery of the old Roman dogma into terms of politics, and you will have the formula of a constitutional or demo-

cratic government, according to which political power proceeds not alone from a prince or president, but also from the people. Those who believe that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father alone, are led in political life to an autocracy like Russia, where the Byzantine creed prevails.

In education we see the contrast between the old Indian guru, worshipped like a god and obeyed unconditionally, and the modern teacher, who learns from his pupils as much as or more than they are able to learn from him.

In the administration of justice we see the contrast between the arbitrary application of old rigid laws, and the English Courts, where each new case may bring a new precedent in law.

In sexual life appears the contrast between the submission of women in the East and their modern emancipation in the West, based on a conception of equality of the sexes.

In scientific investigation we notice the contrast between the traditional deduction from *a priori* principles and inductive methods developed by the modern spirit.

All these contrasts point to one deep difference, which has been expressed symbolically in the abovementioned theological conception of the Holy Trinity. If we mean by Holy Ghost all that is good and noble and high in the spiritual sense, and what therefore becomes the real aim of life, then we may imagine that it is derived from above, and under the condition of a certain passivity of the receivers—or we may admit a mutual influence of Receivers and Giver, pupils and teacher, people and government, children and parents, son and father. In the first case we follow the Eastern or Byzantine dogma, which seems to be also the foundation of the whole Mahomedan and of a great part of the Indian literature; in the second case we are initiated into the Western or Roman mysteries, and take our share in the world's government, as true children of God that we believe ourselves to be.

However, the majority of those who carry the western mind to its ultimate consequences might be said to believe that the Holy Ghost depends on the Son alone, with no interference of the Father, whom they would consider quite superfluous if they ever devoted a moment to such thoughts as the existence or source of the Holy Ghost; if we look at the deepest foundations of their life, we

shall see there the same motives which prompted the Roman theologians to oppose their conception of the Holy Trinity to the Byzantine dogma.

At all events, nobody can seriously deny that there is a western mind, a western civilisation, very essentially different from the eastern mind and traditions. This western spirit wandered from Greece and Rome to France and England; it penetrates slowly into Germany, where it is checked by the autocratic Prussian Government, which manifests its oriental tendencies, for instance, in its friendship with the Sultan of Turkey. The Græco-Roman spirit of civic liberty has produced the whole western civilisation, modern science and industry, the power of the press, constitutionalism and democratic government, together with its many evils and drawbacks.

The old eastern spirit penetrated the Byzantine empire and went thence to Russia, where it produced, under the autocracy of the Tsars, periodic famines, the irresponsible domination of barbarian conquerors over vanquished nationalities, and the arbitrary rule of a bureaucracy which always disregarded the interests of the people, while pretending to protect them.

In the struggle between East and West, the eastern world found an unexpected auxiliary in the Princes of Prussia, who, as true *parvenus* among the reigning families of Europe, have developed a tyrannic power with utter disregard of the welfare and the will of the people, and exert a strong influence on the German life. After Wolff and Kant, truly western minds, came Hegel and Schopenhauer, with their followers, who manifested a decisively oriental character, culminating in the famous motto of the Prussian officer and pseudo-philosopher, Edward von Hartmann, who in the name of evolution preached destruction to all nationalities opposing Prussian ascendancy: "Ausrotters!"

Situated between the conflicting powers of East and West, between the oriental Tsars of Moscow and the old German empire, which was a Western State before it was transformed into a military despotism by the Prussians, we notice for a full thousand years the Polish nation. The Polish State, which, according to its oldest traditions, had princes in the IXth century A. D., who owed their power to a popular election from among equals, became a powerful Kingdom in the XIth century, when it held a vast territory, extending

from the Baltic Sea and the rivers Oder, Elbe and Duna, to the Black Sea, with the rivers Dnieper and Dniester. Such towns as Breslau, Stettin, Dantzic, Riga, Witebsk, Smolensk, Kiew, have all once belonged to Poland.

The ruling class in Poland, the Knights or "*szlachta*," had imparted to their country a democratic character already in the XVth century, when they limited very much the power of their Kings. The King was nothing else than an official, elected for life. Poland named its presidents kings, but the state was called a republic, and though it happened repeatedly that the son of a king was elected to be his successor, since the XVth century the rule was the complete freedom of election. Foreign princes claimed the privilege of such an election as one of the highest honours, and they were invited from France, Sweden or Germany to take for life the throne of Poland, without any right of transmitting that dignity to their sons. Many embassies were sent to the Polish Diet in order to recommend one or another foreign prince as deserving the exalted position of a king of Poland. This title had such a fame that even after the partition of Poland, the Tsar Alexander of Russia claimed it at the Congress of Vienna, and all the Tsars have since borne it as the most important of their many titles. The kingdom of Poland was really a Republic with a president elected for life with the honorary title of a King.

For centuries Poland enjoyed the greatest freedom that had ever been known on earth. No law could be made without the unanimity of all the members of the Diet, and great must have been their love of good Government if they succeeded under these conditions in making laws at all. The famous Prussian General Moltke says in his book\* on Poland ;

Poland was a republic made up of about 300,000 petty suzerainties, each of which was immediately connected with the State and was subject to the whole body alone, acknowledging no kind of feudal superiority or feudal dependence. No Polish noble was the vassal of a superior Lord. . . . It is here that we find the fundamental difference between the Polish constitution and the feudal state of the West and the despotism of the

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\* Field-Marshal Count von Moltke, "Poland," London, Chapman and Hall, 1865. The book is out of print and not likely to be republished; this justifies the few extracts quoted from

East, and to our astonishment we see the very earliest political system of Europe, that of the Kelts, Franks and Goths, surviving down to our own time (p. 3).

The Archbishop of Guesen . . . stood at the head of the senate; he was *legatus natus* of the Pope; he received all royal honours . . . the King received the primate standing and the latter had the right of demonstrating with him on his Government and of repeating his accusations in the senate or Diet if the King persisted in his course. (p. 8.)

Contrary to the theory of other nations, who look on a revolution as the greatest misfortune in the state, revolution was legally organised in Poland. If any question of interest received sufficient support in the republic, but could not be carried because of the opposition of the existing government or the veto of the individuals, those concerned formed a confederation, bound themselves by solemn oaths, appointed a leader and took up arms in order to battle for their opinions. The strength of the confederation constituted their right; whatever the result of the undertaking, none of the confederates could be punished or looked upon as rebels. The decisions of the majority were recognised in these confederations, which were nothing else than the forcible carrying out of the will of the nation (p. 14).

The affairs of individuals were settled (in the Diet) by a majority and in a summary way. Lawyers were unknown. Those concerned stated their case themselves and the decision followed without delay and expense. It is characteristic that the same men deliberated in the senate, made laws in the Diet, administered justice in the tribunals and wielded the sword in the battle (p. 16).

Poland is the only European state which down to the XVIth century possessed no military force, except that of its armed and mounted nobles. (p. 17). In times of emergency Poland presented the extraordinary spectacle of from 150,000 to 200,000 nobles, who formed an enormous but undisciplined army. An admirable peculiarity of this warlike nobility was the simplicity of their habits. They lived the greater part of the year on their estates. The wealth which the noble obtained from his subjects returned to them again. A few benches, tables and carpets formed the furniture of the richest palatine. The women did not care for luxury nor did they interfere in politics as they did often in later times (p. 18-19).

The ancient Poles were very tolerant. They took no part in the religious wars which devastated Europe in the XVIth and XVIIth centuries. Calvinists, Lutherans, Greeks, Schismatics, Mohammedans long lived peacefully in their midst, and Poland was justly called the promised land

of the Jews. The Poles actually forced their Kings to swear that they would tolerate all sects . . . Still, the Poles were very strict in observing the outward ceremonials of the Church. Christianity always seemed too mild to them. They imposed harder privations on themselves, and to the fasts of Friday and Saturday added those of Wednesday and Septuagesima. The Popes themselves abolished some of the severer penances practised by the Poles (p. 20).

The rapid development of other States and their increasing subordination to the will of their rulers allowed them to act with increasing unity. The admirable qualities of Poland's citizens enabled it, however, to maintain its place in their midst and to attain to a high degree of power and influence, in spite of the primitive simplicity of its laws, the unlimited respect paid to the privileges of the individual, and the necessarily slow development of the State. We may add that Poland of the XVth century was one of the most civilised States of Europe. It is true that the virtues of the citizen had much to atone for in the badly organised constitution of the republic, so that moral qualities had to supply the place of good laws (p. 22).

A superior and inferior nobility was never recognised in Poland. The title of Count borne by the Poles of to-day would have been despised by their ancestors. The "*liberum veto*" (the right of stopping the decisions of a Diet by an individual protest) gave weight to the least among them, and the Diet gave him occasion to use his power. An instance is not wanting, where a poor, deformed, insignificant noble was raised to the throne, greatly to his own astonishment, because the powerful parties could not agree on a candidate. It was for this reason that distinction of class and the arbitrary treatment of the inferior by his superior did not develop in Poland as in other countries (p. 28).

An offensive war was contrary to the constitution and rendered almost impossible by the organisation of the State. It was illegal for the nobles to be kept under arms for more than three weeks or for them to be led more than three hours' march across the frontier. If there were a hostile invasion, war was carried on by the palatines most nearly concerned and often without the assistance of the King. When the example of her neighbours forced Poland to establish a standing army, it was not placed under the immediate control of the King (p. 34).

These extracts from the work of a Prussian General, who cannot be suspected of a prejudice in favour of Poland, and who has achieved worldwide fame by his military victories, show clearly that Poland can fascinate even an enemy, who sets himself the task

of investigating its curious history. For a thousand years the Polish peasants enjoyed, according to Moltke, such a liberty as nowhere else was enjoyed and always secured justice when they were wronged by the nobles. At the same time all the other nations of Europe had reduced the poorer classes to slavery—and the Jews, persecuted everywhere else, found a safe and free refuge only in Poland.

The Polish Republic, one of the oldest States of Europe, came into peril by the vicinity of the two very young absolute monarchies of Prussia and Russia, which grew up on the Western and on the Eastern frontier of the Polish Republic. All those who were wronged in Russia or Prussia fled to Poland and found there every opportunity of spreading their views. This produced an increasing hate in the tyrannic rulers of Prussia and Russia.

Long before the French revolution we had in Poland every kind of civic liberty. It is true that this liberty was chiefly limited to the *srlachta*, but this *srlachta* was a very numerous class, counted by hundreds of thousands, and received into its ranks all who deserved it, even every Jew who became a Christian, with the ultimate aim of raising the whole nation to the privileges conquered by the *srlachta*. The *srlachta* was not a closed caste, like the Brahmins; it was open to merit and valour. It has proved its military virtues in many conflicts with its eastern neighbours, the Turks and Tartars, against whom the Poles defended Western civilisation.

When the Turks besieged Vienna in 1683, the Polish King Sobieski was asked by the Pope and by the German Emperor to save the capital from the terrible doom, and he came with his *srlachta*, and won a brilliant victory over the Turks, asking no reward whatever for himself or his nation.

The German Order, which contained already in the XIVth century the germs of the later Prussian tyranny, was beaten by the Poles in the famous battle at Grünwald in 1410, and when its lands were converted with the permission of the Polish Diet into a secular principality, the Prussian Princes were for a long time vassals of the King of Poland; their power grew, while the power of Poland declined under the influence of German Princes who were elected as Kings of Poland towards the end of the XVIIth and the beginning of the XVIIIth century.

The Prussian princes forgot how much their ancestors owed to the generosity of the Polish Republic, and they conspired together with the Tsars against that refuge of freedom and independence. Thus it happened that towards the end of the XVIIIth century Frederick of Prussia, Maria Theresa of Austria and Catharine of Russia concerted among themselves a monstrous *allente* and occupied without any reason or right several provinces of Poland in 1772. This was called the first partition. The aggressors invented some pretexts for their invasion—they pretended it was necessary to restore order in Poland and they spread many calumnies about the supposed Polish disorders. In the name of order “again they repeated twice their crime, in 1793 and 1795,” until all the parts of the old and mighty republic of Poland were incorporated into the states of Russia, Prussia and Austria. A generation later, when the Poles arose in 1830 to fight for their independence, and were overcome by great armies of the Moscovites, the Commanding General sent the famous despatch to the Tsar : “L’ordre regne à Varsovie.” It is still in the name of order that even now we are persecuted and oppressed by the Russians, Prussians and Austrians.

But all this cannot close the life of the Polish Nation. It was a curious coincidence that since the Poles were deprived of their political independence, they produced greater thinkers, poets, writers, artists, inventors than they ever had before. The XIXth century is a period of the highest development of Polish thought. And the result of all this mental activity of an enslaved nation is a new religious growth, called the Polish Messianism. It is an original conception of Christianity, different from the German conception expressed in Protestantism and from the traditional Roman Catholicism, peculiar to the Latin races.

Polish Messianism, like every religious creed, is exclusive, and pretends to give an absolute truth, good for the whole of mankind, supplementing and fulfilling all older revelations. As this creed is the ripe outcome of the life of a nation that stood for a thousand years between East and West, and was penetrated by influences from both sides, it deserves at least a critical investigation by the reformers of the West as well as by the believers of old eastern creeds.

The study of the latest revelation given in their trials to the Poles, is instructive even for those who do not accept it fully, and it

may lead to the approximation through Poland between western and eastern ideals. Polish Messianism presents in one respect a striking peculiarity. It has not led to the foundation of a particular new Church. The Messianists all belong to the old Roman Catholic Church, though they very strongly denounce its shortcomings. They hope to transform it from within, as Christianity has transformed the Græco-Roman civilisation.

The Protestant says : "The Church of Rome is full of evils, therefore I shall try to found a new church, better than any one existing before."

The Messianist says : " Yes, the Church of Rome is full of evils, and therefore it needs me, it needs many believers to eliminate all these evils and to bring this Church to the greatest perfection. I owe to it much, for it has transmitted to me some of the most important truths. I am born in it, I have been baptised in it, and I could not start myself a better Church than that which proceeds from the Apostles Paul and Peter, who came to Rome in order to convert the greatest Empire of their time. If I remain a faithful son of this Apostolic Church, I have every opportunity of contributing to its improvement. If I form a sect or new church, I have no right nor reason to expect that my followers will remain more faithful to it than I was to the old church. Thus this would give a new impulse to ever-growing successive secessions which split Christianity into many sects, fighting against each other. But if I remain in my church, which needs me, though I see some of its shortcomings, then I have every right and reason to expect that also my followers and descendants will be faithful to whatever improvement I succeed in introducing into that old church. Its defects are a natural consequence of human weakness—its origin is divine. If I believe in the divine origin of my own revelations, I must admit that God has revealed Himself to mankind also in earlier times, and I must respect above everything the Church, from which I have received most of my knowledge about God and religion. This is my chief link with all older revelations, which succeeded each other, leading mankind to a final unity. Whatever evil I notice in the Roman Church is merely a temporary infection by the spirit of pagan Rome, which persisted despite the formal conversion of the Roman emperors to Christianity. If I recognise humbly the auth-

ority of the present Roman Pope, I prepare the way for the election of a future Polish Pope, who will be recognised by all nations and will avail himself of the great power, created by the Roman organisation, to transform the whole Church to the greatest advantage, in a few years, with providential help. He may find acceptable terms for the reunion of the English and the Greek Churches with the old Roman Church, and this renovated Universal Church would attract to its fold all existing smaller sects, binding them together into one Church under one Shepherd, according to the Gospel prediction. I work for that future unity of Christians by my fidelity to the Church from which I received the light of Christian faith."

For these reasons the Polish Messianist remains within the Roman Church, and expects a Polish period of its growth after the present Roman period. The Christian Church was Jewish at the beginning, then Greek, and ultimately Roman. Its Roman phase has lasted a thousand years or more. The Germanic nations, despairing of obtaining their share of influence on the fate of the traditional Church, have separated themselves from it and have formed many independent religious communities. It is the special mission of the Poles to reunite all these churches again into one universal church, by the generous fire of their love and longing for peace and unity.

From this point of view the partition of the Polish Republic becomes a providential event. The Poles had to suffer the greatest injustice, had to be crucified in their national feelings, in order to become, in their collective national existence, a Christ and Saviour for all other nations. They had to be humiliated in order to be freed from pride—they had to be deprived for a long time of their political independence, in order to learn how the liberty of others should be respected.

The distinction between State and Nation is nowhere so manifest as in Poland, where a great nation is divided among three great bureaucratic States. If a simple administrative partition of Bengal could arouse such indignation in India, you may easily imagine how the partition of Poland must have affected the Poles. Here it was not a mere division of a country into different administrative districts under one and the same Government. It was an arbitrary erection of cruelly guarded frontiers, separating the countrymen of one nation and making them the subjects of three hated Govern-

ments. You cannot cross these frontiers without passports, and these documents are often difficult to obtain from the suspicious authorities. You cannot bring across these frontiers books, papers or goods without a most exacting customs examination and high duties. And in all these tiresome formalities which it is necessary to observe in order to enable us to go from one part of our country to another, we are brought into personal contact with our hereditary enemies, Russian, Prussian or Austrian officials, who spare us no suspicion, no difficulty, no humiliation. These officials are, in most cases, of a race and faith opposed to ours, and if at times they are of Polish origin, they grow worse by being traitors and hate us more because of our contempt.

The Prussians are Protestants, while we are Catholics, and they deride our rites and beliefs. The Russians profess the Greek faith, and hate our religion—they persecute it with greater cruelty than Nero, and invent pretexts to close our churches, to rob us of our children and to educate them in their official schools in order to make them obedient tools of their wrath against us.

Thus it happens that a Catholic nation, the Poles, is brought under the power of two governments representing two great branches of Christianity, Protestantism and the Greek or Byzantine Church. If it were the design of Providence to cause the reunion of the Christian Churches, no better means of their mutual influence and interfusion could be devised. If the Roman Church is the true Church of Christ, no better test of its value could be imagined than this far-reaching oppression and religious persecution of a Catholic nation by a Protestant and by a Byzantine government.

The Polish Messianists believe it to be their mission to convert the Greek and the Protestant Christians to a reunion with the Roman Church, perhaps after a slow transformation of the Roman Church under Polish influence. The Roman Church is declining in the Latin countries—it is persecuted in Italy and France, and even in Spain a separation of Church and State seems to be imminent. But however great may have been the sins or mistakes of the Roman clergy, there is a certain indestructible element in the Roman Church that must survive in every future attempt at an universal organisation of all believers in God on earth.

Christ himself respected the Church of the nation in which he

was born, and the Christians accepted as Holy Scripture the Bible of the Hebrews. We carry the Old and New Testament forward to the balance of every future improved church, along with the magnificent Gospels of Polish Messianism. We observe the rites of the Roman Church and its holy Sacraments, and its beautiful name of a Catholic or Universal Church. We consider the partition of Poland as a blessing in disguise, as many Indians look upon the conquest of India. Poland will arise from its captivity in a new glory, having learnt from its oppressors how not to deal with others.

There is a certain analogy between India and Poland. In reading Vivekananda's Madras lectures, one has the impression of reading the appeals of a Polish Messianist to his own nation. The difference is that Vivekananda appeals to a very old revelation contained in books read by few scholars in a dead language, while Polish Messianists claim to have received the latest of all revelations, in the books of their prophets who all have lived in the XIXth century and have written in the living Polish language, being read by millions of Poles and by an increasing circle of foreigners who learn Polish to understand the Polish Vedas.

The Polish prophets of Messianism differed as much from the writers of the Vedas, as from the Jewish prophets of the Old Testament, or from the evangelists of the New. They were not impersonal expounders of a Divine Word, nor followers of a living Saviour; their works conceal their spiritual significance under the most refined poetical form, and can be compared but to the works of Dante in the whole universal literature of mankind. Dante alone combines the gifts of prophet, seer, poet, politician and religious teacher that are common to him and to the Polish "*Wieszcz.*"

*Wieszcz* is a word that means one who knows, foresees, predicts, fascinates, leads the people and teaches. The origin of this word is the same as that of the word Veda. There have been only three men who in Poland are universally recognised as "*Wieszcz.*" Mickiewicz (1798-1855), Slowacki (1809-1849) and Krasiński (1812-1859). Their works are numerous and recognised as masterpieces of poetry even by those who do not seek or find in them spiritual edification.

Some of these works are considered by the Messianists as forming a third Testament, quite as important for the moral progress of

mankind as the Old and the New Testaments. They are very difficult to translate and have never been fully translated into any language. It requires the greatest effort of a striving soul to understand them fully even in their original text. They generally have the outward appearance of pure fiction, not even so didactic in character as the Bhagavad Gita, and deceive most readers by the beauty of their poetical form, so that only few can guess the deeper revelation underlying the poetical images.

The greatest "Wieszcz" of Poland, Mickiewicz, has, however, openly revealed the mystery in his famous lectures on Slavonic literature held at the College de France in Paris during the years 1840-1844. He claimed for Polish literature a unique spiritual significance and for the Polish nation a unique religious mission among the nations of mankind. Since that time many have been believers in this new Gospel; however, they remain a very small minority among the twenty million of Poles living at present. It is very likely that fifty years after the death of Isaiah or Jeremiah, their writings were not generally recognised among the Jews and scarcely known among their neighbours. Who could then have foreseen that they would be read all over the globe, and that twenty-five centuries later, many scholars of all nations would learn Hebrew in order to read them? We learn now Greek to read the Gospels, and Sanskrit to understand the Vedas; Messianists claim that in less than two thousand years many future scholars will learn Polish to read the works of Mickiewicz, Slowacki, Krasiński.

At present at least these three great writers are more widely read among the humblest classes of Poland than ever were the greatest writers of other nations among the uneducated. The English workman does not read much of Shakespeare, nor the Italian artisan of Dante; but the Polish peasant and workman read Mickiewicz, though they do not understand everything that they read. They understand one thing that is essential to them: that Mickiewicz promises them the recovery of liberty and independence, and this makes them love the great poet as passionately as seldom a poet has been loved by the people of his country.

Krasiński and Slowacki are less widely read, but they also captivate their readers by the wonderful prospects they reveal, and the extensive reading of these famous writers by all the Poles

promotes the unity of the Polish nation to an extent unknown among nations. The Polish language has not so many dialects as German, French or Italian—it is the same as spoken in Posen, Warsaw, Kiew, Krakow, Chicago or Pavana. It cannot happen in Poland that a Pole of the South is not understood by the Poles of the North, as it happens in France, Germany, Italy and Spain. The twenty millions of Poles form one body, though they live in different States under different Governments. They have common feelings and expectations, they grow in Catholic unity, for they have all been educated on the three *wieszcz*, Mickiewicz, Slowacki, and Krasiński, as the Greeks were educated on Homer.

It is said of Dante that he created the unity of Italy and an Italian nation by his works. The unity of Poland had lasted a thousand years before the partitions, but it has been restored and increased after the partitions, by the works of the three *wieszcz*, read everywhere by young and old, peasants and artists, by the uneducated masses and scholars. They give to the Poles a common stock of feelings and ideas, and they have been compared by Mickiewicz to the rainbow, as a visible sign of the new covenant between God and the Polish nation. Since the *wieszcz* have brought a divine word to the Poles, the unification of this elected people is rapidly progressing: it is regenerating them and preparing them for an active share in the future conflicts that are expected among the nations of Europe.\*

WINCENTY LUTOSLAWSKI.

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\* Readers interested in Poland are welcome to make private inquiries at the Polish Students' Home, 30, Acton Street, King's Cross Road, London, W., where also letters to the author of this article may be addressed.

## INDIA AND ITS PROBLEMS.

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“India and its Problems: Letters written from India in the winter of 1904-5,” by the late Samuel Smith, M. P.

“Suggestions for the Better Governing of India, with special reference to the Bombay Presidency,” by Sir F. S. P. Lely, C.S.I., K.C.I.E.

A MELANCHOLY interest attaches to the former of these two publications, in consequence of the death of their author in the course of a further visit to the country in pursuit of the philanthropic views entertained by him towards India and its people for many years past, to which he may in reality be said to have fallen a victim. They were the views of one who looked at the matters of which he treated from an outside and purely benevolent point of view, to the existence of which the writer of the present article can bear personal testimony from frequent conversations with the late deceased gentleman.

The latter publication contains a number of suggestions by a retired member of the Bombay Civil Service for the carrying out of various reforms in different branches of the administration which he is led to make from personal and practical acquaintance with that administration. It will serve no practical purpose, therefore, to deal at any length with the suggestions contained in Mr. Samuel Smith's letters, as they amount at the most to mere pious aspirations and some of them will be only casually dealt with in as far as may be found possible in practice. It can hardly be said, in fact, that any of those suggestions are in any way original. The only one which the lamented writer argued on at any length was the manner in which what is generally called the *Abkari* revenue, that is, that which is connected with the question of spirituous liquors, is concerned, and

in this it is evident that he was strongly biased by the views he entertained on the second question with which his visit to the country was connected, *viz.*, the presidentship of a society for the promotion of temperance in India. In this respect, as may be imagined, his views were extreme, and he would have employed every possible means in his power to put a total stop to indulgence in spirituous liquor of every description.

On this point it will be as well to notice in this place the practical ideas of the author of the second publication noted above. He says (page 21) that to large numbers of poor people, in the more remote jungle, toddy, that is, the unfermented juice drawn from the *tād* and date palm, was home-grown food. It enabled them to eke out their scanty meal in the hot season, and to fortify themselves and their families (at any rate they thought so) against malaria in the rains and cold weather. This was the opinion of practically every local officer of any experience, but nevertheless, a tax was maintained without abatement, of such weight as to prohibit the use of licit toddy except on rare occasions. As a natural consequence the supply of toddy (properly *tādi*, the juice of the *tād*) fell off year by year, and in various ways the use of *mowra* spirits was encouraged at its expense. In other words, alcohol in the form of a natural, nutritious and not unwholesome beverage was swept out to return as a devil sevenfold more unclean in the form of fiery spirits.

From personal knowledge of the locality in which this extraordinary method of administration was adopted, the writer of the present article can clearly point to a totally unexpected result of the method pursued. The intermingling of British and foreign or Native territory in the Surat Collectorate is so great that the loss of a supply in the former is it once made up by a larger supply from the latter, and the consequent enrichment of the Native producer to the injury of the British exchequer, with no possible alleviation of the supposed evil of the consumption of the liquor.

A very similar result has followed the prohibitory taxation of opium in British Territory, especially in the Kaira Collectorate, where the loss in the supply of the drug in the former is made up for by increased importation from the surrounding and intermingled Gaikwad territory. The peasantry in the Collectorate mentioned are the finest and most industrious in Western India, and it might

almost be said that every one of them, even women and children, is more or less addicted to the eating of opium as a prophylactic against the malaria of the country. The results have been the same in both the cases of toddy and opium ; both are consumed as much as ever, but the loss falls on the British revenue and the supposed evil is in no way diminished.

Further on in the course of his remarks on the management of the Abkari system in Bombay, Sir F. Lely calls attention to the latest pronouncement of the Government, which is said to have obtained the cordial assent of the Government of India. If this pronouncement is, as it is here boldly reported to be, without modification, we have no hesitation in describing it as the most backward step hitherto taken in the annals of Abkari management and one deserving of even greater condemnation than Sir F. Lely has bestowed upon it. It is to the effect that at ordinary drinking shops facilities for drinking out of public view should be provided for the people of the better classes. This room for secret drinking is described as only a reasonable supply of decent accommodation like that of the English bar-parlour, the absence of which would drive men to private drinking, *i. e.*, at home or in drinking parties. Sir F. Lely, as it appears to us, truly says that a method of business appropriate enough to a brewer or distiller in an English town is unseemly in a great Oriental Government. We have not the least hesitation in saying that no respectable body from among the better classes has ever asked or ever will ask for such provision for separate or private drinking, and it is difficult to conceive what specious arguments can have been adduced to bring the Government of India to assent to such an evidently retrograde measure. Nothing could well be more distasteful to the vast majority of the better and more educated classes among the Native community, nothing more degrading in their eyes than the habit of drinking, especially drinking in public, and yet the idea is deliberately brought before them and encouraged by the provision of special facilities by the Government of the country, an alien Government that does not take the trouble itself to ascertain the true feelings of the people themselves. No wonder that the motives that prompt such a proceeding are impugned by the latter and set down to the greed of revenue. Happily, the idea of decency and propriety is so thoroughly held by

the members of the more respectable classes as to lead them to pass by the temptation offered, and to leave only such as the coolies and other labouring communities to avail themselves of it, but the disgrace remains, and will remain as long as the objectionable pronouncement of the Bombay Government is on the order book.

The next abuse attacked by Sir F. Lely, that of the expense of legal proceedings, is one the rectification of which depends on the people themselves and is not objectionable in itself. In some form or other all civilised States have, for the wise purpose of discouraging unnecessary litigation, adopted the plan of raising a revenue from which to meet the cost of legal tribunals by the exaction of Court fees and the enforced use of stamped paper for the drawing up of legal documents, and a resort to such tribunals is of course entirely optional with those who have local grievances or private disputes to settle with their neighbours. The grievance is one of people's own seeking and its mitigation depends partly on their own spirit of litigiousness and partly on the absence of such simple tribunals for the settlement of such disputes as would be afforded or revived by a system of Village Panchayats with due authority, within properly defined limits, for the settlement of such disputes.

As for the dissemination of absurd rumours with regard to the motives of Government on various occasions, such as those noted by Sir F. Lely, their contradiction or the proof of their falsehood may well be left to the common sense of the native community, assisted by increasing provision for the spread of elementary education among the illiterate classes. It will always be advisable, from time to time, to modify arrangements found in practice to be unsuitable or inconvenient or contrary to the views of the people affected by them, as was wisely done in the case of the first orders issued with a view to checking the spread of the plague, but, as said above, any further measures for the frustration of false rumours must be left to the mutual common-sense of the governors and the governed. No doubt such private or demi-official references as those described as common in the Central Provinces by Sir F. Lely at page 31 of his book are adopted by the Members of Council and Secretaries to Government in their several departments, and are to be recommended, but no fixed rules can be laid down in such matters. His remarks as to the defects

of the system of making appointments according to seniority alone are appropriate and useful, but here again definite rules cannot be laid down. Much must depend on the inspection by Commissioners of Divisions and the scrutiny of the legal proceedings of Magistrates and other legal functionaries by the High Court. We agree with him that selection of the fittest, altogether regardless of seniority, is not necessary, and would be dangerous, but rejection of the unfit should be ruthlessly enforced. Such, we admit, has not invariably been the case. Bombay Civilians will recall one notable instance in which the opinion of the majority of their own number was set aside by a late Governor who was not acquainted with the Service, and a man appointed to a high position who was subsequently turned out of it or obliged to leave.

We commend the subject of the absenteeism of the local Government touched on at page 37, etc., to the notice of the authorities that be, but, as in other cases, no fixed rules can be laid down. One remedy we might suggest which is not at all likely to be adopted in the present state of political parties in England, viz. : that Governors of the Minor Presidencies and Lieut.-Governors and Commissioners of Provinces should be selected from among experienced members of the Civil Service or by men at all events acquainted with "the details of Indian administration. We do not agree with Sir F. Lely in proposing that  $9\frac{1}{2}$  months of the year should be divided by the heads of Government in the proportion of seven months to Bombay, the centre of the Presidency, and two to Poona as the centre of Maharashtra. Why should Gujarat and the Southern Mahratta country and other parts of the Presidency be left out in the cold? A good suggestion is one that appears at page 45, that the Commissioners, presumably of Revenue and Police, should meet in Committee twice a year, once at Bombay and once at Poona, to discuss all matters that require uniformity, such as the conservation of public rights in towns, and others that would be jointly treated with advantage. The author of this suggestion would wisely not uphold native *bundobust* or the English "policy" as a model, but advocates the practical fitness of the one with the ordered method of the other.

Chapter II of the "Suggestions" commences with praise of the Bombay land revenue system as in theory the best in the world. Generally, we concur with his opinion in as far as land that has

been assessed to the State revenue is concerned. The tenant of the State is, so to speak, the absolute owner of the land he holds subject to payment of a fixed rent to Government, and with a right under recent orders of the Government of India to remission, partial or otherwise, for loss of crop through failure of rain, etc. He can sublet or sell or mortgage his land subject to the same liability, as long as he pays his rent, the periods at which this becomes due in easy instalments being regulated by considerations of the general nature of the crops, of facility for the disposal of these in the market, &c., or so as to obviate, as far as possible, any necessity for resorting to money-lenders before the crops are actually sold. It is doubtful whether any tenants in the world hold on such an easy tenure under a landlord such as the State. Sir F. Lely's description of the manner in which the assessment is arrived at is, however, inaccurate. In the actual classification of soils the object was not precisely to ascertain what the land did produce or what in the judgment of the classer it ought to produce, but the relative fertility of each description of soil as compared with other soils in the same neighbourhood as shown by the absence of unfertilising ingredients, such as too much sand, too much gravel or stones, or impregnation with salt or soda, visible without recourse to chemical or other external agencies. Practical experience soon taught the classer to discriminate, at all events sufficiently for practical purposes, between the varieties of soil, and by making an allowance of an anna or two in the sixteen of classification for the inferior qualities, a fair average valuation was arrived at. As to the objection raised by him to the method adopted by the survey for discriminating between the assessment on lands held by men of inferior and superior hereditary skill and aptitude, as Kolies and Kunbis, for instance, that method was based on the fact that the former as a rule have not the agricultural capital to enable them to apply manure to land close to village sites (in consequence of which rates for land held by the latter are as a rule, raised proportionately), which the better cultivators possess, and also on the fact that the land of Kunbis lies nearer those sites than that of Kolies and is thus more easily protected from the depredations of wild animals. In finding fault with the details of the system, considerable stress is laid on the possibility of classers being unable, from various causes to make the nice distinctions that should be drawn between differ-

ent soils, but that there is any chance of any error occurring is but small and is provided against by the fact that at the time of settlement, every cultivator is supposed to be present and the assessment of each marked field, identified by name and number with the consent of the village accountant and the heads of the village, as well as by the general body of cultivators, is explained to him and he is at liberty to take it on the terms proposed or leave it as he may think best. Such minute pains are taken in this particular that the opportunity is taken to notify mistakes in the names of owners and occupiers that may have crept into the record, and the new record becomes the basis on which all future settlements of proprietorship are made out. The system is thus even more perfect and satisfactory than Sir F. Lely, through want of acquaintance with its details, is willing to allow. Some agency ought, of course, to be provided for the correction of any errors that may creep in, in spite of the care taken to prevent this occurring, but we are inclined to believe, from personal knowledge, that such will be found to be few and far between, except in the case of lands on the banks of rivers which are liable to change their course in an alluvial country, and render lands so situated liable to increase or diminution in area. *De minimis non curat lex*, and it is impossible to provide against all error and mischance over the vast areas embraced by the Bombay Settlements.

The manner in which certain landlords (Talukdars) in Kathiawar and on the West of the Gulf of Cambay have been treated by the Government of Bombay, forms the subject of a complaint set out at page 58 of the "Suggestions." Their position was long a disputed point, and the period of relief noted at page 57 may be attributed to the action of the present writer when in charge of them. He prefers not to form a precise judgment on what has taken place of late years, because all the facts are not before him, but if it is the case that 70 p.c. of the survey rental is now exacted from this class he has no hesitation in saying that the Government are mistaken in their views as to the position of these people and that rental is, as a rule, too heavy. No precise rule can be laid down on the point, in which the circumstances of each case should be allowed to have their due weight, especially that of the extent to which the original patrimony may have, in course of time, come to be

subdivided among co-sharers and subordinate dependents according to local usages of inheritance. They are a class who deserve to be leniently treated, and it is to be hoped their case will receive due consideration at the hands of the Home authorities. The complaint would have been much more likely to receive that consideration, if the tone in which it was urged had been less querulous and everything found fault with had not been set down to the shortcomings of the Secretariat, the officers of which are in nine cases out of ten members of Sir F. Lely's own Service, brought up in the same conditions as himself. The querulous tone adverted to is, in short, so prevalent throughout the "Suggestions" as to amount to the idea that their author has Secretariats on the brain and that institution, which is, of course, absolutely indispensable for the orderly conduct of State affairs, has become a waking nightmare or species of bugbear to him. The writer of this article has gone through most of the phases of office held by Sir F. Lely, and recollects but one instance in which his opinion was totally at variance with Headquarters, and in which he gained the day by demonstrating that the latter were wrong by producing alive a man they presumed to have been murdered. There are other subjects treated of in the "Suggestions" which it seems unnecessary to go into in detail in this article; for instance, in the case of Jail Gardens, which it is suggested might be made use of as a kind of nursery for agricultural experiments, tree-culture, the retention of English school-masters as heads of the higher classes of schools, aloofness in such questions as the detailed management of municipal affairs, &c. It seems to have escaped observation that all such matters require specialised information and the creation of special departments, the formation of which is deprecated in another part of the "Suggestions."

We agree with the proposals in Chapter 5 for the abolition of tolls on Provincial and Local Board roads as far as possible. The country will have to progress a good deal, however, before the idea of constructing narrow gauge railways can be entertained. It is highly improbable that the question of borrowing eight lakhs of rupees for a narrow gauge railway in place of the present Broach to Jambusar road, which is described as a white elephant, would have been entertained for a moment, and it cannot be expected that an ordinary Government, in office for five years only, should be en-

dowed with such unusual prescience as to see the advantage of large immediate expenditure in view of ultimate benefit after a number of years. To conclude, these "Suggestions" contain many ideas which are worthy of adoption, but some of them are practically unworkable. It is advisable, for instance, that in order to save the inconvenience to the ryots of having to provide carriages for officers travelling on duty to outlying localities, it should be made easy for the latter to travel as far as possible without encumbrances, but when the suggestion goes further and calls for even knives and forks to be provided for their use, the whole question becomes a *reductio ad absurdum*, one not to be thought of for a moment. It might be just as well proposed that Government should ensure at every village brass *lotas* for drinking water for members of every caste who happen to pass along. It would have been better if Sir F. Lély had paid more attention to his own dictum at page 117, that insight does not depend on logic, but on intuition, with which all men are not gifted. In conclusion, with the exception of the querulous tone adopted by Sir F. Lely in speaking of the action of the Secretariat, we heartily approve all the suggestions he has made and recommend them to the serious consideration of the local Government and the authorities at the India Office.

A. ROGERS.

38, *Clanricarde Gardens,*  
*London, S. W.*

## NASRIN : OR AN INDIAN MEDLEY.

*(Continued from our last number.)*

### CHAPTER V.

THE Nawab passed a very restless night, thinking of his love for Nasrin and his disloyalty to his own wife who hovered about him like a moth round the lamp. He blamed himself for his inconstancy ; he tried to dissuade himself from the course he was taking, calling his new passion a mere infatuation, and endeavouring to strengthen his mind against the image of Nasrin with all the moral dogmas of his religion. But it was all in vain: her image was supreme in his mind, his heart yearned to be near her and urged him to go to her at once. Reason as he would, he could not think of anything else. He rose with the crowing of the cock, dressed himself noiselessly, and, slipping out unnoticed while all were yet asleep, sallied forth alone and on foot towards the house of his beloved. The thought that he would soon see her, that her sweet words would again thrill his heart, that her loving glances would lead him to a brighter plane of being than this dark earth, already transported him with joy. He walked rapidly on, absorbed in his own fancies, building castles in the air and longing to see his charmer again.

He took about two hours to reach the house ; but, as its outer gate was still closed, he began to wander about in the street, casting many a longing glance on the window that had first revealed to him his beloved. Thus he waited and waited till the sun, having once more passed his golden gates, began to shine into the dingy streets of the city. But still there seemed to be no sign of life in the house that had become so dear to him. His brain grew feverish ; a thousand thoughts flashed through his mind ; he thought it was all a dream, and that he was labouring under a great delusion and not really present there at all. But then he saw people walking about him ; he pinched his arm and felt the pain. Being convinced that he was not dreaming, he took courage and, entering through the outer gate which was now open, he went up to the dark stairs and knocked at the door. It was opened by the old lady who had received him on

the first day. She greeted him kindly, offered him a seat, and then without any preamble, handed him a letter. The Nawab opened it impatiently and ran his eyes over the following :—

“Life of Nasrin, Comfort of my Heart, Torment of my Soul.

“When this reaches you, the soul which guides the hand that writes it will have gone far away with its earthly garment. How I wish that I myself were there to greet you, to speak with you instead of this letter, this mere scrap of paper which is now in your hands. How I envy its good fortune, and yet experience a sort of pleasure in writing to you, as you are now present before the eyes of my mind and I feel as if I were talking to you in person.

“I am going away, dearest one, tearing myself away from you because I find that I am too weak to stay. I do not wish to be near you, for I cannot bear to see you sad; I have no power to withstand your entreaties. Hundreds of miles away from you I can at least imagine that you are happy, and find my consolation, my comfort, in that fancied happiness of yours. Ah, the desire that has wounded me, the pain of separation that has filled my soul with sadness and despair! . . . And yet your image ensouls my very body, having driven therefrom that soul which I once called my own. Why then should I repine? The paper is wet with my tears. I want to close this letter, but to conclude it is as painful as a fresh separation from you. I am talking to you for the last time: I am going. Do not, for God's sake, try to find me. It is good for you as well as for myself that we should see each other no more.

“Adieu, my Nawab, my dearest Nawab. You will perhaps think sometimes of your poor Nasrin, whose all-consuming love for you is her only fault.”

“O God!” exclaimed the wretched Nawab, as he flung himself on the ground and clasped the letter to his heart. “Why have you been so cruel to me? . . . Mother,” he cried, turning to the old lady, “tell me, oh, tell me, where have you sent my beloved?”

“Do not give way to despair,” said the old lady sympathetically, for she could not understand why Nasrin would not marry the Nawab. “Nasrin has but gone away for a few days and will come back again, so take heart.”

“Thanks, thanks!” exclaimed Haidar Jung, “thanks for giving me hope. Will she really come back? . . . Ah, but I must not enquire, for she has forbidden me to do so, and I will never do anything to disobey her. Mother, is she happy? . . . I will console myself with the thought of her happiness.”

"My child," said the old lady, "she is happy enough, and will be content to know that you are not unhappy of her behalf."

"I am happy in her happiness," said he. "I would pour out my life-blood to make her happy."

"My son, you should go now, for I am expecting some guests, and it would not be well for you to be seen here."

"I will obey you," said he, "but may I not have a last look at the room where Nasrin sat yesterday?"

The old lady silently opened the door of the sitting-room. Haidar Jung cast one despairing glance at the empty seat, and then ran out of the house into the street and walked away distractedly.

He was still walking on, absorbed in his despair, when a voice from behind startled him. He looked round and saw his friend Raja Raj Singh seated in a carriage and looking at him with evident amazement.

"I see," he was saying, "that English education has completely turned your head; for who ever heard of a Nawab walking on foot, and at such an unearthly hour, too?"

"Is it very early?" stammered Haidar, trying to collect his scattered wits. "The hours seem to me to have been like long, long years."

"It is only eight," said Raj Singh, consulting a jewelled watch. "Come and have a drive with me."

"I had better go with him," murmured Haidar to himself, as he stepped into the phaeton.

"Why are you looking so pale?" queried Raj Singh, as the carriage moved on. "I hope you have not been ill."

"Oh, no," said Haidar. "I am only feeling somewhat out of sorts."

"Something unusual must have happened to you," said Raj Singh, "for I saw you only yesterday, and you were hale and hearty."

"I don't know," Haidar replied evasively, "I suppose I am all right."

"You are not," said Raj Singh with great concern. "Tell me what has happened. Have you been smitten by some fairy?"

"If I have been," said Haidar, looking up, "can you cure me?"

"Perhaps not," said Raj Singh, "but I [could invent pastimes to make you forget it."

"Forget!" exclaimed Haidar, "That is impossible."

"Now, my dear friend," said Raj Singh, "tell me who is the fairy that has smitten our saintly Haidar."

"That I cannot tell," said the Nawab.

"Will you not confide in me?"

"I can only tell you this much—that I have seen a fairy in human

form, who has robbed me of my heart and reason ; and that she has disappeared all of a sudden."

"No more to be found?" enquired Raj Singh.

"No more to be found," echoed Haidar.

"Come with me," said Raj Singh, "and we will while away a few sad hours together in my garden."

"The garden without her can have no charm for me," said Haidar, sadly shaking his head. "I had rather be in a desert with her than in a garden without her."

"I shall give you a medicine," said Raj Singh, "that will drown all memory of past regrets and all concern of future fears, and will transport you through self-oblivion to brighter spheres."

"I salute your heavenly drug from a distance," replied Haidar, sarcastically. "I had rather not touch it."

"Yet it is the only thing that can afford you any relief," assured Raj Singh. "Once tried, you will always find it the balm of your life."

"Alas! how happily I could have spent my life," sighed Haidar, "had but my rose consented to bloom in my own garden!"

"We will drink," said Raj Singh who was a confirmed devotee of the Shiraz wine (and several others besides), "to the memory of your beloved. You cannot refuse to drink her health and happiness."

"No, I cannot," said Haidar in despair. "If you offer me poison and breathe her name over it, I will quaff it as though it were the very nectar which Khizar so wildly sought after."

In the meanwhile, the carriage reached Raja Raj Singh's pleasure-garden, where they got down and walked through an avenue of graceful cypresses, which, with a fresh green lawn on either side, led to the centre of the garden. Thither they slowly walked, till they reached a murmuring fountain which seemed to be scattering its shower of pearls with the sole intent to welcome them, while thousands of flowers, eagerly crowding round it, held up their dainty heads to receive the life-giving drops. A small turret-shaped pavilion, built of purest white marble and covered with trailing roses, stood close by, and here Raj Singh and Haidar took their seats. Raj Singh clapped his hands, and in the twinkling of an eye a troop of servants and *musahibs* clad in snow-white muslins appeared, and bowing profoundly, waited for orders.

"Imam-ud-Din," said Raj Singh pompously, "bring hither the daughter of the grapes, which has been infused by angels with their spirit. Bring it that it may perfume our brains, and that my woe-begone friend may quaff it in remembrance of one for whom his heart is bleeding.

Mind, we want some music, and a fair cup-bearer, else this garden will be a hell, and your ruby wine but a bitter beverage."

"Your orders are on my eyes," said Imam-ub-Din, taking a seat near the Raja. "All is ready."

He made a gesture and some of the attendants disappeared. In a little while the garden was filled with sweet strains of music as two dancing-girls, clad in shimmering muslin interwoven with thread of gold, advanced with measured tread, bearing cups of wine in their hands and followed by a number of men playing on sitars, tambourines and drums.

As they advanced they sang of wine and love, of youth and spring, of the rose and the bulbul. Their trained voices were exquisitely modulated to express all the sorrow and all the gladness of the human heart :—

"Forgive me in that I kissed your lips

Too fiercely or too soon :

It was the fault of the nightingale

Singing against the moon.

If reason swerved in a brief eclipse

The while I sinned my sin,—

Opposed to Love it must always fail,

Since Love must always win.

"The flowers rejoiced in that kiss of ours,

Even as they were fain

The great night-moth should ravage their hearts

Seeking for golden gain,—

Bringing their pollen from other flowers

Set open through the night,

To play their motionless mystic parts

In Nature's marriage-rite.

"And who was I to resist, withstand

That charm of fragrant gloom?

A summer night has a thousand powers

Of scent and stars and bloom.

Forgive me if that my errant hand

Caressed your silken hair.

O, lay the blame on the orange flowers :

You know how sweet they were."\*

The fair cup-bearers approached and offered them cups sparkling with fragrant wine, cooled by lumps of ice and perfumed with araq of roses.

\* "The Garden of Kama."

"I have tasted all the troubles of this world," observed Raj Singh, "but since I have surrendered myself to this nectar, I have forgotten all my sorrows."

"I drink," said Haidar softly, "to the memory of her whom I adore."

"The priests talk of a heaven and a hell," observed Imam-ud-Din, as he emptied a large tumbler with great gusto, "but I should like to see what one of them would do if he were seated like *me* in the midst of a lovely garden, and a fair one, placing her delicate *me* as a garland round his neck, were to give his mouth a taste of the *with* star flowing from her lips, murmuring, 'If you do not drink this cup of wine, you will shed my heart's blood.' If then the saint were to think of a heaven and a hell, I would prostrate myself at his feet."\*

"This is the drink of the Rishis," said Pandit Janardhan, another companion of Raj Singh. "The Soma-juice was offered at all sacrifices and is a drink of the Gods."

"So it is," assented young Haidar Jung, who was beginning to feel rather elated. "To me it has proved the elixir of life, and has infused new vigour into me."

"Did I not promise you that?" said Raj Singh. "Better be jocund with the fruitful grape, than sadden after none, or bitter fruit."

"O, now I understand Omar Khayyam," said Haidar, quaffing another cup as he quoted,—

"Then to the lips of this poor earthen urn  
I lean'd, the secret of my life to learn;  
And lip to lip it murmured: 'While you live,  
Drink, for once dead you never shall return.'"

"I follow," said Raj Singh, "the example of the great Moghal conqueror Babar, who said:—

"Give me but wine and blooming maids:  
All other things I freely spurn.  
Enjoy them, Babar, while you may,  
For youth once passed will ne'er return."

"How can priests know the pleasures of wine," asked Imam-ud-Din, "since the unfortunate ones have never tasted it?"

Meanwhile, wine had been in free circulation among all the singers and servants, and some of them were already beginning to roam on the grassy slopes that form such an easy descent on the further side of the hill of sobriety.

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\* Mohammedans are not supposed to drink—save after reaching Paradise. Therefore, they scarcely ever indulge in the forbidden pastime without having a fling at the priests. Sufi poetry is also "de rigueur" on such occasions.

"Shee, shir," stammered Mir Gulbaz in a thick voice, "I am not drunk. I protesht zhat I am not drunk." And he got up, danced a step or two, and hastily collapsed on the bench, while the servants and dancing girls laughed and cheered.

"Of course you are," said Imam-ud-Din, whose powers of absorption were considerable. "It will soon be time for you to call a halt."

"I repeat," hiccoughed Mir Gulbaz, "zhat I am not drunk. Ho, bring me 'nother cup of wine."

"Blessed be this wine-flask," exclaimed Haidar, "for it has brought back my youth to me."

"Give me, O Saki, that bitter sweet," said Raj Singh, in the words of Hafiz, "for sweet is the cup that comes from the hands of the beloved. If you are sensible, come and drink wine, for it leads to divine ecstasy."

"O, illumine this cup of my heart with ruby wine!" said Haidar, also quoting Hafiz, "for I see in it the reflection of the face of my beloved."

"Minstrels, pray sing that the world has gone according to my desire," said Raj Singh, throwing down his goblet and leaning back against his cushions with closed eyes and a beatific expression on his deeply flushed face.

The singers once more raised their sweet voices:—

Lightly I valued my youth as a trivial bloom,  
 Shared with the rose in the hedge and the peach on the tree,  
 Till his lips had fallen fiercely on mine in the gloom,  
 Saying they found youth sweet. Then it grew dearer to me.  
 Ah, my light-hearted youth I knew not aright;  
 Softly insistent he spoke through the heat of the day;  
 Then in the vine-hidden heart of a midsummer night,  
 My life was resigned in his arms for ever and aye."

When the song was ended, a light breakfast was served, laid out on the ground on clean white cloths with rugs to squat on; and although Raja Raj Singh and the Nawab had been drinking together all the while, they now sat apart to dine, the Raja, in orthodox Hindu fashion, removing all his clothes with the exception of a silken loin-cloth, while the Nawab was served apart by Mohammedan servants.

When breakfast was over, they lay down to rest on small cots which the servants had brought in for them, and amused themselves with light-hearted chat. *Pan* and hookahs had of course been provided, and both Nawab and Raja chewed and spat the ruddy betel and emitted rings of fragrant smoke. Slowly sleep stole upon them, the silver tubes of the hubble-bubbles dropped from their mouths, and soon a sonorous and

rhythmic symphony filled the summer-house; while the bees hummed drowsily in the tropical sunshine without.

About four in the afternoon they got up. The *musahibs* had already prepared the afternoon diversion for them. Just by the side of a tank, under a *shamiana* or canopy of broadcloth, three seats had been placed. Bottles of lemonade and syrup had been put in the tank to cool; they floated about, popping up their necks among the lotuses. The dancing-girls with their party of musicians were also present, all sitting on a large and beautiful carpet, and rose to receive the Raja and his friend. The afternoon was spent in drinking and song; the twilight imperceptibly crept in, and in its turn gave place to a limpid moonlight, yet the friends continued their pastime, scarcely interrupted by an admirable little dinner served in the garden amid a profusion of flowers and rosy candle-shades. The Nawab was finally sent home, late at night, to his family, several of whom might well have died of anxiety had not Raj Singh thought of sending a servant, in the morning, to inform them where the prodigal would spend the first part of the night.

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#### CHAPTER VI.

Azad Singh soon returned to his country estate, and Balwant Singh, wishing to spend his leave with his wife, who was Azad's sister and lived there with her parents, accompanied his brother-in-law. Azad had selected a beautiful place for his home. At least, it appeared beautiful to him. He was delighted with it, though most people called it "a God-forsaken hole of a place." The nearest railway station was some twenty miles away, and there were no roads leading to the place, only some neglected country lanes and barely distinguishable paths between ploughed fields. Besides, at least three small streams and a fairly large river had to be crossed to reach it. Yet the place had a charm of its own. For miles and miles green fields rustled in the breeze, slow-winding streams flowed on in their never-ending course, shady mango-groves swarmed with parrots and pigeons, and babul and shisham blossoms made the air fragrant with their delicate perfume. But the greatest charm which attached Azad to his lonely home was its seclusion, and the absolute freedom to do what he liked. Here he would spend whole days without giving utterance to a single word, or lose himself in a pleasant reverie without fear of being disturbed by importunate callers. Peace, beauty and silence were enhanced a hundredfold when the sun set behind the river among the feathery babuls, casting a crimson glow over the whole western sky, while the gentle breeze wafted afar the fragrance of the

sweet-smelling fields ; and in the east, far away, the snowy peaks of the Himalaya could often be seen, reflecting in wondrous tints the living fires of sunset. Often and often did Azad sit all alone, hidden by some bush or seated in the open, on the raised border of a field, motionless as a statue of Meditation, enjoying the sweet and calm repose of Nature and wondering, as some farmer in rags slowly drove a herd of half-starved cattle to the village, why man, the enjoyer of it all, was not happy. The contrast between the sweet loveliness of the scene and the diseased, half-starved, miserable lives of those who ought to have been the enjoyers thereof, but were steeped in poverty and squalor, touched Azad's impressionable soul broke the majestic harmony of the scene, and was a source of poignant grief to the man who would have liked to see every one around him happy. He was unable to understand how God, Whose compassion is infinite, can see all the misery and affliction which the life of man is heir to, and leave it unremedied.

One day as Azad was sitting on the stump of a babul that had been recently cut down, lost in the delicious harmony of Nature, a cripple, in trying to come up to him, stumbled and fell, then scrambled to his feet again, and saluted him.

"Sahib," said he, "I am poor ; I am a cripple and cannot work. The Baniya has had all my grain sold though I have paid him many times over. Help me !"

"What did you borrow ?" asked Azad.

"I borrowed ten rupees, Janab," said the cripple "on condition that I was to pay fifteen maunds linseed (worth about 30 rupees) at harvest-time ; failing that, the debt was to be changed from grain to money, and henceforth interest at the rate of 24% per annum was to be charged. The river flooded my crops, I had no oil-seed, and according to my agreement I executed a promissory note for thirty rupees. Ever since, I have been contributing towards the payment of my debt sums of five, six and ten rupees at a time ; but the debt continues to increase, and I fear I shall die before it is paid."

"My friend," said Azad, "what do you expect—" but he checked himself suddenly ; a generous impulse to free the poor man from debt had come over him. "Take this rupee," he said, "I will see what I can do for you."

The man took the rupee, smiled his thanks, and without saying a word, turned away.

Azad rose also, and walked slowly homewards along the bank of the river, marvelling at the strange inequalities of life. On reaching home he

entered his well-kept apartments, and from his upper room looked down upon the miserable hovels occupied by his tenants, that clustered round his house like a garment of rags loosely clinging round a healthy body. Some huts were thatched over on mud walls, while others had nothing but straw walls and straw roofs. The burning rays of the summer sun passed right through them, and the wind swept freely through them too, and when it rained they offered quite as much shelter as a magnified sieve. But this was the dry season. Some women were cleaning their wooden utensils, while the men, having returned from the fields and partaken of the humble fare prepared for them, squatted near by, chatting together and smoking their pipes, solace of even the poorest. Azad mused upon the strange law of property that made him the enjoyer of all the fruit of their labour, while they who sweated to produce it remained in utter want, living from hand to mouth and dragging on a miserable existence. The idea was too painful, so he shut the window on the miserable scene and tried to close his mind against it too. Going down to his office, he began to busy himself with his books. Suddenly, there came a voice from the half-open door: "*Dohai sirkar ki!*"\* Azad looked up and saw a miserable man, his shrivelled skin showing all the bones—the very picture of starvation.

"Hazur," said this uncouth visitor, "Chura Man has beaten me. He employed me on his farm, and when I asked for pay he beat me. Do me justice, Sahib, I am a cow."

Azad rang a bell, and a *chaprasi* appeared, whom he instructed to bring Chura Man at once.

Chura Man came, a fat, well-fed Brahmin, with a big paunch and a broad face smeared with colour, showing the caste-marks. Azad asked him to sit down, though he had not spoken a word of encouragement to the complainant: it is strange how manner and politeness even are measured in proportion to one's external worth.

"Why do you not pay this man?" asked Azad. "The poor fellow has served you for many years, and you ought to take care of him now."

"You are my master, sir," said Chura Man, "but this man is a rogue. My enemies have set him against me, and he does nothing but worry me with his claims. Indeed, I owe him nothing whatever."

"But, Chura Man," mildly suggested Azad, "how can this poor fellow do you any harm? Tell me, how long has he been in your employment?"

"For the last five and twenty years," said Chura Man, "and he served

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\* "I appeal for Justice!"

me well and faithfully too. But now he has become my worst enemy."

"No, Chura Man, no," said Azad persuasively, "you must pay the man; he deserves well of you, you should not treat him like this."

\* "I will pay him nothing," said Chura Man decisively. "He can go to law if it pleases him."

"He shall not go to law," said Azad angrily, "and I will see for myself what he owes you. Bring me your books."

"I have no books, sir," said Chura Man. "When he entered my service I paid thirty rupees in hard cash which he owed to his former master, and I have been feeding him ever since, while the debt has been growing."

"Sahib, for the last twenty-five years he has given me nothing but the coarsest grain to eat and no pay whatever," put in the unhappy *Chamar*,\* "and now that I wanted a small saree for my little daughter, I asked for a rupee and he has turned me out and beaten me."

"Your mischievous brat has let all the animals into my field, and you will have to pay dearly for it," said Chura Man.

"I see," said Azad, "I will appoint a *Panchayet*† to find out the truth and decide the matter."

"Agreed," said both the parties.

A panchayet was accordingly held, and it was found that, calculating the man's pay at the rate of two rupees a month, according to the usual custom, he still owed fifteen rupees to Chura Man. Azad gave him the money and freed the poor fellow from his debt.

While Azad Singh busied himself with his tenants or his books, Balwant Singh spent whole days out shooting, or at home talking to his wife. He loved her company, especially as he had been married less than a year.

One day, after returning from his morning shoot, he had finished his breakfast and was sitting on a rocking-chair in the garden, surrounded by his shikaris. As it was very warm, he wore only a cotton vest with short sleeves, covered by a white muslin *kurta*, or loose shirt, through which the brawny muscles of his powerful arms could be clearly seen. Tight-fitting white *pajamas* completed this simple summer attire, well suited to display the outlines of an athletic frame. His face also was that of an athlete, at once loving and resolute in its expression. He was patting a dog, an English greyhound which he had recently bought, when a man arrived, quite out of breath after a long run, saying that he had seen a

\* Worker in leather.

† A village council.

tiger in a forest some three or four miles away. This was a very rare occurrence, all the more welcome to an enthusiastic sportsman like Balwant Singh.

"Up, my friends," he exclaimed joyfully. "Get the guns ready and let us hurry to the jungle."

"We are ready, Maharaj," said the shikaris; "what a lucky chance!"

"Luck, indeed!" said Balwant Singh, as he retired to his room, whence he emerged in a little while, fully dressed in a hunting suit, with his belt full of cartridges and a binocular slung across his shoulder. Swiftly mounting his horse, he led his shikaris away, all merrily discussing the coming hunt.

They formed an interesting group, quite mediæval in some of its aspects. Four of the men carried Balwant Singh's spare guns, while four others held falcons and *changs* \* on their gloved fists. A number of other men, armed with stout bamboo sticks, or *lathis*, accompanied the party, beating the bush on either side.

"We must drive the brute," said one of the shikaris.

"No," said another. "It would be safer to find out his whereabouts and quietly shoot him: we have no elephants."

"Elephants or no elephants," said Balwant Singh, "we will meet him in the open field and shoot him dead."

"May I be your sacrifice!" said one of the falconers. "That was spoken like a Sikh chief: only cowards shoot tigers from elephants. There were men, in the old days, who fought and overcame tigers unarmed."

Just then a partridge rose a short way off. Balwant Singh levelled his gun and was about to fire, when one of the falconers let loose his falcon. The partridge flew up, while the falcon followed, flying low. As the partridge was coming down at the end of its short flight, the falcon suddenly swerved upwards and held it in his talons.

"A good omen," said Balwant Singh.

"My falcon never misses," said the falconer.

"It really is a fine bird," said Balwant Singh.

"He deserves a reward," observed a shikari.

"Here you are," said Balwant Singh, throwing two rupees to the falconer.

"May God bless you!" said the falconer, pocketing the money. "May you live ever so long!"

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\* A kind of hawk, very difficult to train, and always kept hooded until let loose. This form of sport is fast dying out in India.

A little further, a hare started from a copse. Two of the falcons unhooded their *chargs* and let them after it. The birds swooped down upon the hare, lifted it in their claws, and then dropped it to the ground while Balwant Singh followed with a small dog to take his share of this strange sport. The trained birds incessantly worried the poor hare that ran bewildered here and there, vainly seeking for some shelter against its terrible assailants. Again and again the *chargs* swooped down upon the hare beating it with their wings and driving it mercilessly hither and thither, till the little dog caught it.

Thus laughing and chatting and enjoying what little sport came in their way, Balwant Singh and his followers reached the jungle where the tiger had been seen, and began the beat. Balwant Singh dismounted from his horse, and exchanged for an express rifle the fowling-piece which he had hitherto carried. Suddenly, from among the reeds growing thickly on the edge of a small pond, the tiger leapt up, snarling angrily; but seeing so many people, and bewildered by their shouts, he began to run away. Balwant Singh fired somewhat hastily, and missed him; but a second shot was more fortunate, and lodged in the back of the tiger who, roused to fury by the pain, suddenly turned round on his pursuers. There was a general rush for safety; but before Balwant Singh could fire again the brute reached an old shikaree who, having taken to opium, had become absent-minded and forgotten to load his gun. Nothing daunted, he struck the tiger a heavy blow on the nose with the butt of his rifle and managed to jump out of the way, while Balwant Singh with a third shot brought the brute to the ground. Simultaneously, another shikaree fired at random and was answered by a shriek, "Brother, I am killed!" Every one ran to the place whence the shriek had come, where they found a poor but brave *Pdsi*\* lying on the ground, bleeding profusely from a wound in the chest.

"Do not be anxious," said the brave peasant, as he saw the troubled face of Balwant Singh leaning over him, "but tell my Azad to look after my children. Pray send for him at once."

"I will go myself to fetch him," said Balwant Singh; and he mounted his horse and hurriedly galloped away.

"Brother," said he to Azad on reaching home, "there has been a terrible accident. One of my shikarees has shot a *Pdsi*; the bullet has passed through his lungs. Do come and see him at once. Oh, what will become of me? What ought we to do?"—and the brave man wept like a child.

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\* A rustic caste from which chowkidars (watchmen), gamekeepers and shikarees are recruited.

"Do not worry yourself," said Azad calmly, his trust in Providence suddenly restored on seeing misfortune knocking at his own door. "It will be all right." So saying, he mounted Balwant Singh's horse and rode away.

Meanwhile, the poor *Pasi* had been conveyed on a dilapidated *charpoy*, or string-cot, to his hut, which was just on the outskirts of the jungle where he had been shot. Here Azad found him lying, still bleeding freely and almost unconscious. But when Azad bent over him and, laying his hand on his forehead, called him gently by his name, the brave peasant opened his eyes and found strength enough to speak.

"Sahib," he said, "pray look after my children, and do not inform the police, as it was purely an accident. Tell them that I fell down on a sharp stake and hurt myself."

Azad told the man not to talk any more, and applied himself in <sup>in</sup>fright earnest to stopping the loss of blood which would otherwise soon have ended his life. He was a believer in magnetic healing, and also knew something of medicine and elementary surgery, as there was no doctor for twenty miles around, and he was used to dispensing medicines every morning to a score or so of patients who came to him for relief, sometimes from great distances. He carefully washed the wound and applied a pad of lint soaked in cold water, with a tight bandage. He also made passes, exerting his will-power to the utmost, and trying to pour something of his own strong vitality into the exhausted patient. The bleeding did cease after all; and the poor man, after swallowing an ounce of brandy, all the more powerful in its medicinal effects for having never been tasted before, sank into a peaceful slumber.

Immediately on his arrival, Azad had despatched a messenger to give information to the police; but the police had already heard about the accident and were on their way, looking forward to a golden harvest for themselves.

The Deputy Inspector of Police reached the estate about midnight and proceeded at once to the hut, where Azad was watching his patient who still slept, but moaned uneasily from time to time, showing signs of incipient fever. Azad roused him gently, and the police officer began to cross-question him; but, ask what he might, the *Pasi* obstinately refused to be drawn out and would not be persuaded to say that he had been fired at by Balwant Singh, although the officer promised him ample reward if he would only depose as he suggested.

In the morning, the Deputy Inspector issued a *subpana* to summon Balwant Singh and all the others shikarees. Azad, of course, went with them.

When they arrived, the police officer took Azad aside and said:—

"Of course we are friends," said he, "and far be it from me to do anything that might cause you annoyance. But the matter, as you are aware, is a serious one, and is certain to reach the ears of the higher authorities."

"I do not see any reason why they should not know about it," said Azad calmly. "Have I not myself reported the matter to you?"

"That may be," said the Deputy Inspector, a little taken aback, "but this accident is of a serious nature, and may result in death. It would not be well if the matter were to reach the District authorities."

"It is an accident," said Azad, "and I do not see why the District Magistrate should not hear about it."

"Are you prepared to run the risk?" asked the officer, greatly annoyed. "Mind you, once the matter goes out of my hands, it will be very difficult for you to do anything."

"Truth is truth," said Azad, "and I do not see why we should have lies in its place."

"Then I will have to send the wounded man to the dispensary at Vishnupur," said the Deputy Inspector.

"That will depend on the wishes of the wounded man," replied Azad.

"No, sir," cried the *Pâsi*, suddenly finding his voice. "I would rather die than go to the dispensary."

"I myself do not think it will be good for him to be jostled about for twenty miles in a litter," suggested Azad.

"Supposing he dies, will you hold yourself responsible for the consequences? Will you put this in writing?" demanded the officer, getting more and more angry.

"No one need be responsible for me," interposed the brave *Pâsi*. "Write down a statement that I refused to go to the dispensary, and I will attach my name to it."

"That you will, will you!" roared the Deputy Inspector, completely losing his temper. "I will knock these notions out of your head in no time."

"Pray, sir," said Azad calmly, "you have no business to threaten the wounded man."

"You, sir," said the officer, "are preventing my getting at the truth. You do not allow me to open my lips. I will report all this to the District authorities."

"You are quite welcome to do so," said Azad, "but if I remember rightly, we were friends a little while ago. What has happened to deprive me of your friendship?"

"We are friends, and good friends," said the Deputy Inspector in a significant tone of voice, "and I will not miss this opportunity of proving my friendship to you. You have thwarted me several times, but you will some day find that we too have some power."

The Deputy Inspector held a long enquiry, examined and cross-examined all the men, got some outsiders to say that Balwant Singh had wilfully shot the *Pasi*, and sent up a report saying that he could not get any evidence, as people could not depose against Azad's relative. At all events he was sure that Balwant Singh had really shot the man. But the District Magistrate, who knew Azad and believed him to be more trustworthy than his own subordinate, took no notice of the report. Meanwhile, the brave *Pasi* recovered, and he himself was soon able to go to the District Magistrate to show that he was all right and explain how he had been wounded.

*(To be continued.)*

*Aira Estate,  
Kheri District, Oudh.*

JOGENDRA SINGH.

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## FALLING STARS.

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Happy the pure that follow thee,  
 Pale star, on thy dark way ;  
 For they, beyond thy goal, shall see  
 The dawn of their new day !

Through thy eternal silence lead  
 Them on, expiring light,  
 Where anger, hatred, violence, greed,  
 Like thee are lost in night !

Lead them toward that brighter star  
 Whose light for ever burns ;  
 Where Life's good works recorded are  
 And pain no more returns.

## THE FLOWERS OF TENNYSON.

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**A**MONGST the numerous poets, great and small, who have filled this earth of ours with song during many centuries, there are some who stand out pre-eminently as Poets of Nature, "Out of Door" poets, if we may use the term, which shows as a vivid contrast to the other school who draw their inspiration more from study, from books, from human nature, or from aesthetic musings.

Among the later day poets Wordsworth is usually given the place of honour reserved for Nature Poets, and judging by his works in their entirety, I think the place is rightly his. Nevertheless, I consider that for exquisitely delicate pen-pictures of flowers, trees and fruits, and for lavish use of floral metaphors and symbols, the palm must go to his successor in the Laureateship—to Alfred Tennyson.

Tennyson's life, like Wordsworth's, was passed chiefly in the country, and not only in the country, but out of doors. His own poems are full of allusions to time spent in the open air, and his biographers tell us of his childhood rambles by the Somersby brook, or his later day meditations in the Summer House at Farringford, or on the Freshwater Cliffs.

Under these circumstances, and having regard to his keen powers of observation, it is not remarkable that his pictures of flower-life should be at once so beautiful and so accurate, or that he should have known so much of the habits of such an endless variety of plants. But the same accuracy is noticeable in those poems dealing with foreign lands which he had never visited, and the flora necessary to the completion of his pictures is just as perfectly described. I do not remember ever seeing it mentioned that Tennyson was a student of botany, but internal evidence is so strong that it seems impossible to believe that the "Poet of Science," as he has

Another beautiful rose-picture occurs in "Balin and Balan," where Balin sits maliciously awaiting the coming of Guinevere and her lover in the garden. He sat

Close bowered in that garden nigh the hall  
 A walk of roses ran from door to door ;  
 A walk of lilies crost it to the bower,  
 And down that range of roses the great Queen  
 Came with slow steps, the morning on her face ;  
 And all in shadow from the counter door  
 Sir Lancelot as to meet her, then at once,  
 As if he saw not, glanced aside and paced  
 The long white walk of lilies towards the bower.

Here we have the lilies and roses contrasted to perfection. The Queen, a woman full of life, and passion, and love, who, as she tells us herself, "yearned for warmth and colour," enters the garden through the roses, the flowers of life and love. Sir Lancelot, her lover, the knight vowed—though, alas ! not addicted—to chastity, follows the lilies, the symbols of the purity for which his order was renowned. "He paced the long white wall of lilies towards the bower," and leaving the roses, "followed the Queen."

Then follows a characteristic conversation from the lips of the knight of God, and the woman of life. Lancelot, with his hand among the lilies, says

Last night methought I saw  
 That maiden saint who stands with lily in hand  
 In yonder shrine. All round her pressed the dark  
 And all the light upon her silver face  
 Flowed from the spiritual lily that she held.  
 Lo ! these her emblems drew mine eyes away ;  
 For see, how perfect pure ! As light a flush  
 As hardly tints the blossom of the quince  
 Would mar this charm of stainless maidenhood.

Now listen to the Queen's answer.

"Sweeter to me," she said, "this garden rose,  
 Deep hued and many folded. Sweeter still  
 The wild wood hyacinth, and the bloom of May."

Alas ! her love of deep, strong, passionate sensations, which showed itself in her love of the strong-scented flowers, was her un-

doing. She even thought her lover must be ill to talk so much of cold lily-like purity, and offered to send him the "King's own leech."

Later on, when sin had begun to show itself to her in all its black hideousness, not hidden as before by rose leaves, we hear that she saddened at the singing of a certain song.

A rose, but one, none other rose had I,  
 A rose, one rose, and this was wondrous fair;  
 One rose, a rose that gladdened earth and sky,  
 One rose, my rose, that sweetened all mine air.  
 I cared not for the thorns; the thorns were there.  
 One rose, my rose; a rose that will not die;—  
 He dies who loves it—if the worm be there!

It is curious to notice how the rose seems among poets to be not only the symbol of lawful, but also particularly of unlawful love. We remember how Rossetti, in his beautiful sonnet on the repentant Magdalene, makes her lovers call to her as she is fleeing to Christ,

And wilt thou cast the roses from thy hair?

Nay, be thou all a rose!

They seem to fancy that with the casting away of the roses will vanish all her desires for a gay and sinful life.

In the poem of "Sir John Oldcastle" we have the red rose of Lancaster described as a symbol of war.

Rose of Lancaster,  
 Red in thy birth, redder with household war,  
 Now reddest with the blood of holy men,  
 Redder to be, red rose of Lancaster.

In the play "Queen Mary," a description occurs of the youthful complexion of Henry VIII., which we, accustomed to thinking of him only in his later years, bloated and hideous with excess, are apt almost to laugh at.

The Queen Mary is told by her maid,  
 Your royal father

(For so they say) was all pure lily and rose  
 In his youth, and like a lady.

The description seems to have exasperated the Queen as much as it does us, for she exclaims hotly.

O just God!

Sweet Mother, you had time and cause enough  
 To sicken of his lilies and his roses!

A very curious use of the word rose is seen later on in the same play. It is used as a verb in company with the word lavender, and means to make sweet, to put on delicate airs. Bedingfield, the Queen's emissary, is sent with a note to the Princess Elizabeth, who on receiving it complains that his "boots are from the horses."

He, anxious to appear courtly, and to please her whom he cannot fail to regard as his future sovereign, replies

Ay, my lady,  
When next there comes a missive from the Queen,  
It shall be all my study for one hour  
To rose and lavender my horsiness  
Before I dare to glance upon your Grace.

I am not aware that any other poet uses this word "to rose" in the same sense. It is on a par with some of the beautiful flower adjectives of Tennyson which we shall discuss later. In the play "Harold," the white rose is used as the lily, as a symbol of virginity. The holy king Edward the Confessor says to Harold,

My son, the saints are virgins  
They love the white rose of virginity,  
The cold, white lily blowing in her cell.

This only serves to show that the white rose is ever regarded, if not always as an actual emblem of death, at least as a token of the renunciation of all earthly joys.

The most pathetic and touching reference to roses in the works of Tennyson occurs in a poem called "Happy. The Leper's Bride."

It is a peculiarly sad poem, dealing with a subject only too familiar in England in the Middle Ages—the outcast leper and his faithful wife, who desires to leave all earthly pleasures and share with her beloved the death in life that is from henceforth to be his. In the poem "Happy," the young bride, brings to the hut where dwells her diseased and ill-fated husband a bunch of roses—the symbol of all their past joy. Standing before the hut she says to herself,

My roses—will he take them now—mine, his, from off the tree  
We planted both together happy in our marriage morn?  
O God, I could blaspheme, for he fought Thy fight for Thee,  
And Thou hast made him leper to compass him with scorn.

The unfortunate husband hears her, and begs her to depart, but in the end the wife, with a love beautiful and marvellous in its

self-sacrificing nature, gives herself and her roses willingly to brighten the days of the one she loves, and insists upon henceforth sharing his wretched hut with him.

With this we will close our references to the roses, few though they be out of the innumerable in the poems, and pass on to the lilies.

I have already referred to some of the lilies in connection with the roses, but now come to a few of the separate lily-pictures. The most beautiful of all, I think, is the one in "Sir Galahad." Sir Galahad is the maiden knight, the type of perfect purity, and he tells us that, renouncing earthly joys, he muses

On joys that will not cease,  
Pure lilies of eternal peace  
Whose odours haunt my dreams.

The odour of the lily, be it of the big Madonna lily or the smaller lily of the valley, is peculiarly full of a sort of peace-giving fragrance, and holy calm. I knew a little girl once who was very full of poetic imagination. She learnt the poem of "Sir Galahad" by heart when passing through—for her—very unhappy and trying circumstances, and was particularly pleased with the description of the lilies. One day someone gave her a bunch of lilies of the valley, and she determined to place it in a vase near the bedside to see if, in spite of her unhappiness, the lilies would bring her a sense of peace. She went to sleep with the lilies beside her, having first fully drunk in their fragrance. In the morning she assured me that although their odours had not haunted her dreams, yet she felt astonishingly happy. All this happiness she attributed to the lilies, and she may have been not far wrong, since many an older person than herself has had the same idea.

In "The Princess," lilies come in for a good deal of attention, but I think the lines that most aptly describe the flower are the following :

The violet varies from the lily as far  
As oak from elm. One loves the soldier, one  
The silken priest of peace.

Here again the lily is regarded as the emblem of peace, and of religion. She never varies her saint-like character, and her place is never usurped by any flower, unless it be the snowdrop.

The church seems to be the fitting home of the lily, and Tennyson recognises this in "Maud," where Maud's lover, speaking of her, says :—

While often abroad in the fragrant gloom  
Of foreign churches, I see her there,  
Bright English lily, breathing a prayer  
To be friends, to be reconciled.

In the poem of "Lancelot and Elaine" the lily is the chief flower, and none else could be so fitting.

Tennyson uses the flower name as an adjective to describe Elaine, the ill-fated maiden who died for love of Lancelot. He calls her "The lily maid of Astolat." And in truth her life was lily-like in its purity and sadness. In contrast to the lily-maid, we might almost term Guinevere "the rose-woman," since she plucked the red rose of Lancelot's love and held it for her own, while the lily-maid's life was all renunciation.

At her death a lily was placed in Elaine's hand, and accompanied by this emblem of her stainless life, she "floated down to Camelot," there to appear beautiful in death, before the subject of her adoration, Lancelot, and her rival Guinevere.

The flower pictures of Tennyson are so innumerable that it is only possible to give a very few of them in a short article such as this, and descriptions of many flowers must necessarily be excluded, but there are some so exquisite that we cannot pass them over. A beautiful little picture of the Daisy occurs in "In Memoriam." He describes a dull day on which "quick tears," meaning the rain,

Make the rose  
Pull sideways and the daisy close  
Her crimson fringes to the shower.

We all know how in the absence of bright sunlight the daisy flowers close, but it takes a poet to describe the phenomenon in such a pretty way.

In "Maud" daisies are referred to in a couplet which nearly everyone has heard at some time or other. Speaking of Maud herself, Tennyson says :

Her feet have touched the meadows  
And left the daisies rosy.

To the daisy, as to the snowdrop, and the oak, falls the honour

of having a whole poem dedicated to herself. The daisy of the poem was plucked on Splügen and given as a token to a dearly-loved one. Years after, it is found dead and dry, "a nurling of another sky," by the poet when in England, and serves to remind him of the past.

I have read in an account of Tennyson, written by one who knew him, that his favourite flower was the daffodil, and that he grew numbers of them at Farringford, which no one could pick without incurring his severe displeasure. If daffodils were such favourites with the poet, it will be interesting to hear what he has to say of them.

In "The Princess," Melissa is described as being dressed in a college gown "that clad her like an April daffodilly."

In "Maud," the daffodil gives us another example of Tennyson's flower adjectives. He says :

And the planet of love is on high,  
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves  
On a bed of daffodil sky.

The daffodil is very aptly used to describe the delicate greenish yellow hue so characteristic of the sky at sunrise, and so wonderfully different from the yellow colours of the sunset.

Further on, in the same poem, Maud's lover speaks of a time of year

When the face of the night is fair on the dewy downs  
And the shining daffodil dies.

As examples of yet more flower adjectives we may note the use of the primrose and the germander. In the poem "The Brook," we get the happy expression "the primrose fancies of the boy."

This is a most beautiful metaphor. The primrose is one of the first flowers of spring, and is peculiarly fresh and delicate, thus the fancies of youth are said to be springlike in their vernal fragrance and beauty. In the poem "Sea Dreams" we get the expression "her clear germander eye." The deep blue of the speedwell or germander is scarcely the colour we see even in the clearest of child eyes, but possibly Tennyson used it as being a pretty and poetical expression. It is certainly a very uncommon use of the word.

Another flower used to describe facial beauty is the privet. In

"Walking to the Mail," an old man is describing a woman who has now lost her beauty but who ten years ago had "a skin as clear and white as privet when it flowers."

This in contrast to the "germander eye," is a perfectly correct expression. The colour of privet, slightly yellowish-white, is almost exactly that of a youthful healthy skin, while the firmness and fine texture of the flower is also like that of a beautiful skin. The lily, which is usually used in conjunction with roses to describe a perfect complexion, is hopelessly incorrect when applied as a description of the human colouring. There is a peculiar blue shade in its white which is never seen on any face, no matter how fair, and which would scarcely be beautiful in such a position.

The charlock is not a flower favoured by poets, and this is not surprising, since we are all apt to spurn its by no means beautiful yellow flowers as common and ugly. Tennyson, however, has chosen a lovely aspect of the flower and made of it one of his most perfect flower pictures.

In "Gareth and Lynette" the messenger of Mark comes into the hall and in either hand he bore

What dazzled all, and shone far off as shines  
A field of charlock in the sudden sun  
Between two showers, a cloth of palest gold.

Anyone who has seen a field of charlock shining in the sunshine will realise the truth of the picture. Seen in the mass, the common little flower becomes glorious, and the shade of greenish yellow of its tightly packed blossoms reflects the sunshine as no other yellow could.

The celandine is mentioned by Tennyson in the poem "The Progress of Spring" and is described to perfection.

And out once more in varnished glory shine  
Thy stars of celandine.

The celandine, as we know, is ever the first to close her star-like flowers as the sun withdraws, and to open them again in haste when he reappears, but it is the word "varnished" which is so peculiarly apt. As far as I am aware there is no other British flower that possesses such a strangely polished surface. It is indeed "varnished," no other word so well describes it.

"The Gardener's Daughter" contains perhaps the best known

flower-description in the whole of Tennyson's poems. In it the beautiful Juliet is drawn by her lover with—

Eyes

Darker than darkest pansies, and her hair  
More black than ashbuds in the front of March.

The velvety softness of the pansy is very like that of beautiful dark eyes. And the strange blue-black of the unopened ashbuds is decidedly like the sheen on black hair. Tennyson could not have chosen better floral metaphors.

It will be impossible in this short article to say more of the poet's innumerable flower-descriptions, but these few will shew how perfect was his power in portraying the characteristics of his beloved plants. We cannot do better than close with the little poem in which he tells the attitude of his thoughts towards the mysteries of the Vegetable Kingdom, and indeed towards all created life.

Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.

MARGARITA YATES.

68, Parkhill Road,  
Hampstead, London, N. W.

## TENNYSON.

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### STRAY THOUGHTS.

SO much has already been said and resaid about Tennyson that the question will naturally occur, what may be the new things that we have to say on the subject? We are going to say nothing new, nothing that has not been said a hundred times over. There is no new light in which Tennyson remains to be presented, no new standpoint from which he can be looked at. But what is old is not therefore valueless; and the abiding interest of the works that poets like Tennyson have left us, will not suffer from a repetition of their merits. It is only a few stray thoughts that we offer on Tennyson; and they are intended to show forth that aspect of the poet's legacy to mankind which has often struck us as the most characteristic. Standards of judgment change with the changes in the spirit of the times; the heroes of one age become the valets of another; and the healthy criticism of one generation becomes a strange want of insight with another. We claim no permanent value for these thoughts; enough if they mark the passing thoughts of an earnest student and the effusions of a leisure hour, which please only while they last.

The aspect of Tennyson which strikes us the most—particularly in his *Lyrics*—is that he essentially belongs to his age. Perhaps it is a truism to say that a particular poet belongs to his age: since the rise and growth of a great poet, or for the matter of that of every great man, implies that he is in essential harmony with his environment, and that his surroundings have made him what he is. But if there is a more or less in this matter, certainly there can be no hesitation in saying that of the lyrical poets of the nineteenth century Tennyson has been more representative of his times than Shelley or Keats, Wordsworth or Byron. It implies no praise or blame, no censure or admiration: the spirit of the age has chosen Tennyson for its mouth-piece in the history of English poetry: and if that

circumstance counts as a merit in Tennyson's favour, it is because that spirit continues to be our spirit, and its ideals have not made way for other ideals.

But what does Tennyson represent in his age and of his age? What is that salient character of the nineteenth century history of thought which finds expression at the same time in Tennyson's lyrics? It is the inroads of science on faith, and the reaction of faith on science. The early part of the nineteenth century saw a rapid development and advance in all the positive sciences. Chemistry, physics and astronomy made rapid strides, and for the first time biology began to make itself recognised as a member of the hierarchy of sciences. It was this rapid advance in the sciences that led Auguste Comte to dream that the world was entering on a new era of mental and material development in which the sciences entered on the positive stage from the metaphysical and theological. The Darwinian theory announced to the world that man, hitherto considered a child of God and heir of a divine heritage, was descended from the animal species, and was a member of the animal kingdom. The advances thus made by science shook the fortress of religious faith for the time being, and it appeared as if the divinely inspired teachings of the Old Testament were to be discarded by the world in favour of the grim reality of science. Materialism increased in strength, led by the empirical and sensationalist schools. But this was soon followed by a reaction: the old concept of God as a watchmaker was exchanged for the concept of the God who governed according to laws, which science endeavoured to discover. Science came gradually to strengthen religion instead of weakening it; and materialism lost its strength with the advent of an idealistic wave, partly helped on by the German ocean of thought and partly by the Unitarian movement in England. The inroads of science on faith were succeeded, therefore, by a wider movement in which religious revival subordinated science to its own requirements and produced a harmony out of discord.

It is this movement in the history of thought which Tennyson seems to us to express in his lyrics: not a few of these express the shadow of doubt dissolving in the light of a higher faith. The doubt of science is there, but that doubt is always thrown into the background, and contrasts by relief with the loftier instincts of the soul.

Thus the poet often cries out in despair at the inadequacy of human knowledge and reflects the shadow cast by science upon the unquestioning beliefs of the simple soul: he often speaks of the insignificance of man, as science has taught him, one petty object amongst millions in nature:

“ Think you this mould of hopes and fears,  
 Could find no statelier than his peers,  
 In yonder hundred million spheres?  
 Though thou wert scattered to the wind,  
 Yet there is plenty of the kind.”

Often even in his best moments, when he is moved by the impetus of brighter hopes, he happens to exclaim of himself

“ What am I ?

An infant crying in the night ;  
 An infant crying for the light ;  
 And with no language but a cry.”

The “ Two Voices ” best represents the doubts raised by science in the poet’s mind, and even the higher faith through which the poet overcomes these doubts. It is the voice of science and doubt that asks :

“ Thou art so full of misery,  
 Were it not better not to be ? ”

The insignificance of man in the vast scheme of the universe in which myriads of worlds revolve in silent eternity, the utter inability of the human mind to fathom the mysteries of the universe, the strange irregularity in the working of the moral law, all these circumstances bewilder the intellect and make it desire death as the only way of escaping earthly despair. But the poet has his reply to the doubts ; there is another voice, a hopeful, clearer voice that murmurs : “ Be of better cheer.” He feels the force of another influence,

“ That heat of inward evidence,  
 By which he doubts against the sense.”

The dawn of a sabbath morn and the sight of a happy group of three going quietly to worship with the peace of God imprinted on their faces, was enough to make him shake off the gloom of the roaming intellect in quest of the Eternal. It was enough to make him welcome again the “ hidden hope ” that the voice promised to him, the hope that he so well expresses in the “ In Memoriam.”

“ Oh yet we trust that somehow good  
 Will be the final goal of ill,  
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
 Defects of doubt and taints of blood,  
 That nothing walks with aimless feet,  
 That not one life shall be destroyed,  
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
 When God hath made the pile complete.”

Thus scientific doubt is flanked by religious faith, and the history of thought reflects itself in the history of the poet's mind.

But there is one circumstance about this conflict between science and faith which still remains to be noticed. The poet's answer to scientific doubt is not an answer of the reasoning faculty but an answer of the heart. The hope is a "hidden" hope; the poet cannot "make the matter plain"; he exclaims,

"The doubt would rest, I dare not solve  
In the same circle we revolve."

And so again, in the "In Memoriam" we are told,

"Behold we *know* not anything,  
But I can *trust* that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring."

And again:

"If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,  
I heard a voice, "Believe no more,"  
And heard an ever-breaking shore  
That tumbled in the godless deep;  
A warmth within the breast would melt  
The freezing reason's colder part,  
And like a man in wrath the heart  
Stood up and answered, 'I have felt.'"

Does this aspect of the poet's mind find a reflection in the spirit of his age? It does. The reaction against science that ensued in the early half of the nineteenth century was a reaction that was based on an appeal to the human heart as superior to the human intellect in the richness of its disclosures. Whether it be Cardinal Newman in his apologetic works or Martineau in his sermons, the men who helped on the work of religious revival never endeavoured to argue on the level of the positive sciences. The inadequacy of scientific materialism was demonstrated by its inability to explain the phenomena of the emotional and religious life; it was said to have been not so much directly overthrown as subordinated and transformed for the purposes of a lofty mission. And it is this phase of religious history that finds itself mirrored in the poems of Tennyson. In "The Palace of Art" the failure to find happiness in a life devoted to the selfish pleasures of beauty alone leads the poet to hint at the deeper truth; and the ending words of Ulysses.

"To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield,"

reflect the courage which helped the poet to face the realities of life

with the light of inward faith. And it was the same undying faith that made him hail the advent of a new era for humanity when the doubts of science shall cease to torture the heart :

“Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times,  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.”

It is just possible that there may be other traits in the poems of Tennyson which may be equally characteristic of the poet and equally prominent in his works ; there is, for instance, the spontaneous rhythm in his melodies which can hardly be distinguished from art and the effects of study. Many have found in his poetry only this beauty of sound, and have regarded it as the most salient feature of his works. To us the poet's truly great character is revealed in the fact of his having been the interpreter of the highest thoughts of the time, of his having been the poet who sang of the intellectual unrest and melancholy that the advance of knowledge brought with it, and which is the precursor of a higher mood—rest in a supra-scientific faith. And if Tennyson will continue in the future ages to rank as one of the greatest of English poets, it will be because the feelings he expresses have a deep root in the human heart and are not likely to disappear so long as science, with its voice of doubt, continues to tax the human mind.

*Bombay.*

PESTONJI ARDESHIR WADIA.

## A FORGOTTEN WORTHY.

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**B**ELOVED probably by all who know him, but known now to few, Synesius was, in his own day, one of the most prominent persons in his native country—Cyrenaica, or the Libyan Pentapolis.

His name must have been comparatively familiar throughout the Eastern part of the Roman Empire; for he was on intimate terms with many of the most influential men of the time. The list of his friends includes persons of such different characters and positions as Hypatia, the leading representative of contemporary Neo-Platonism; Troilus, the principal adviser of the Praetorian Prefect of the East; Anthemius (who held this office for about ten years, and was the virtual ruler of the Eastern Empire during the minority of Theodosius II.); Isidore, the devout and learned Abbot of Pelusium; and Theophilus, Bishop of Alexandria.

Born at Cyrene about 360 A.D., and dying between 413 and 415, Synesius spent the greater part of his life in his own land, holding no official rank, but coming forward, at every crisis, as the natural protector of the country.

His parents were evidently cultured Pagans; and he was brought up in the noble, though ethically narrow, philosophy of the Neo-Platonic School. Till he went to Constantinople, in 397, on a mission for the benefit of his countrymen to Arcadius, he had known few Christians, perhaps none.

Under ordinary circumstances, in the educated and refined classes there was much kindness and good-fellowship between Christians and Pagans ("Gentiles," as Churchmen, keeping to the Old Testament designation, called them—"Hellenes," as they proudly called themselves, professing to be the sole inheritors of the old Greek civilisation). At Rome a heathen pontiff, Albinus, had a Christian wife. His daughters were brought up in the Church (one, at least, of them was an ardent admirer of S. Jerome's); and he married them to Christian or Pagan husbands, with equal readiness.

Such mixed marriages, indeed, will hardly—despite the cases of *Nonna* and *Monica*—commend themselves to any prudent man who has a firm grasp on his own religion, whatever it may be; but the friendly intercourse cannot seem otherwise than excellent. While it is an abuse of language to apply the terms “broad-minded” and “tolerant” to a person who has no genuine belief in any particular creed, there is no need to fall foul, on every occasion, of those whose creed is not one’s own. If the religion be a solid one, it must, among other fruits, produce good manners in those who are sincerely attached to it; and, though a well-bred man may be firmly convinced that it is his duty to try to get others to look at life from his own standpoint, it is impossible that he should lapse into a sour bigotry. Should he do so, his good breeding must inevitably vanish. In this matter, it would seem, the condition of India to-day, with its many different religions, is not unlike that of the Roman Empire in the fourth and fifth centuries, when Pagan Philosophy and Christianity were meeting in deadly rivalry, and where the votaries of either might yet have valued personal friends on the other side.

It is natural, however, to be intimate chiefly with those who, in the main, agree with one on religious questions as well as on others. Notwithstanding the pleasant relations subsisting between the better representatives of Christianity and of Hellenism, there is nothing to cause surprise, when one finds that, in his earlier days and throughout his University career at Alexandria, Synesius probably had none but Hellenes among his friends.

At Constantinople (where he remained three years), it looks as if a subtle change began to pass over him; but it is hard to say whether the notion is not entirely due to imagination—certainly, he himself was unconscious of any change. He made one or two friends among the Christians of the place; and it may have been owing to their influence that, while there, he occasionally, as it seems, attended church. But this is merely conjecture. It is quite clear that he had not the faintest thought of becoming a Christian. A cultivated Neo-Platonist had, as such, no particular enmity towards Christianity, and the object of the visits to various chapels (of which he speaks in one of his “Hymns”) may have been simply to offer up his own private devotions, not to take part in any service.

But the course of events was, little by little, carrying him in a direction which he did not suspect. It is not known where or when he first met the lady to whom he was married by Theophilus at Alexandria, probably in 403. She was a Christian; and Synesius now gained some

new friends from among the Christians of Alexandria. He paid at least two visits there between 403 and 405—if he did not actually live there during the two years.

He still continued a Hellene, though it is reasonable to think that he was slowly drawing nearer to the Church, for in 409 the See of Ptolemais became vacant, and the people insisted on having him as their new Bishop. The invitation was most unwelcome to him. He hated the thought of holding a public position, where his time would no longer be his own—to be divided, according to his taste, between study and sport. Of any doctrinal difficulty involved in the proposed change he was hardly conscious. He did, it is true, mention one or two points on which he could not see eye-to-eye with popular Christianity; but it is clear that he did not consider this obstacle insuperable. The passage from Neo-Platonism to Christianity did not appear to him to necessitate any breach with his past.

Convinced that the shadows were gathering over his life, he yielded sadly, and was baptised and consecrated. He honestly believed that he had accepted all that was really essential in the Creed; and remained, intellectually, a Hellene to the end. If his diocese contained any learned priests (such as one might hope for in the province of Alexandria, the most highly-educated part of Christendom), they must have been amazed at their Bishop's ignorance of Christian dogma—indeed, his utter indifference to it. But it was a practical ruler that they especially required; and in this character Synesius amply justified the eccentric selection.

The extant writings of Synesius, though not numerous, are unusually varied; and it is easy to get from them a fair idea of the more salient features of his personality.

Possessed of a good property, he had no need to work for a living; and, while he liked the comforts of life, he cared little for luxury. Inheriting a fine library, he proceeded enthusiastically to make himself acquainted with its contents, and the quotations and literary allusions in his works show that there can have been little written in Greek which he did not know. Learned ease was very dear to him, and public duties abhorrent. If circumstances had permitted, his life would always have been that of scholar-sportsman. He loved the chase as he loved philosophy and literature. He had the scorn for money quite natural to one who has enough of it, and who is not particularly self-indulgent. He could not bear the commonplace task of keeping accurate accounts, even though he felt that he must leave his children less well provided for than he had been. He had greatly increased the number of his books, and meant to give the boys a good education. That was all they should desire!

Nothing can be more striking than his capacity for affection; and, attractive as he is in many aspects, in no place does he show more 'fairly than in the privacy of domestic life. His heart is large; he has friends wherever he goes, and for several of them he entertains an exceptional tenderness. He longs for sympathy from all, and is much hurt, if any one replies less warmly than he has written. He has a poor opinion of his own title to esteem and a high regard for them; and he sometimes makes the disagreeable mistake, not uncommon in affectionate natures, of jealously questioning his friends' love in a way which is very uncomplimentary to them.

A loving husband, he yet makes but three slight allusions to his wife—which, considering the number of his Letters, is rather strange. He had feared that, if he became Bishop, he would be obliged to separate from her; and this nothing should induce him to do. Such is his statement at the time when he is deliberating on the call to the Episcopate; but whether he remained firm to the last, there is nothing to show.

His devotion to his three sons (who all died in their childhood) is very touching. He had high hopes for them, and was eager to initiate them, at the earliest opportunity, into the elements of his beloved Philosophy. The death of one of them was so severe a blow that, Bishop as he was, he actually thought for a moment of suicide (if, at least, he is not exaggerating—a practice which seems to mark him, here and there). His grief, as one after another they went from him, must have been intensified by the consciousness that his branch of the family was dying out; and his pride of race was great, as would be expected in one who firmly believed that he could trace his pedigree back to Heracles himself!

Of Hypatia he always speaks in terms of the most grateful attachment; and their friendship never suffered eclipse. Even after he had become a Christian, he still regarded hers as the noblest influence which had ever made itself felt in his life. There is nothing to suggest that she had any special leaning to the mythology of the populace or any hatred of Christianity. She and her pupil were Neo-Platonists (Platonists, as they thought themselves), and that sufficed for both. If the force of circumstances drove the one into the Church and held the other back, this seemed to them a minor matter. It is noteworthy that, of the seven letters in which Synesius speaks of the death of his boys, three are addressed to Hypatia. Manifestly, her masculine intellect was combined with a true woman's heart. Synesius set great store by her sympathy, and knew that she could always be trusted to give it freely.

Hypatia had playfully named him "Other Men's Blessing"; and

he fully deserved the honorable title; for no sooner has he heard that one acquaintance is ill or another is in difficulty about money-matters, than he writes off to him in haste, offering his generous services. He is always commending one deserving case or another to some powerful friend; and laughingly declares, on one occasion, that he is becoming a terrible nuisance on this point.

In his later life troubles, to which he several times refers, though he never specifies them, fell somewhat thickly upon him; and he ranks among the most serious of these his inability to help those who need his assistance.

There is an occasional hint that his temper was not always under perfect control; but, though he could sometimes allow a quarrel to go on for a lengthy period, his better feelings were sure to reassert themselves at last; and he would propose reconciliation to those who had treated him most improperly. Placable towards adversaries, he would never seek to revenge himself on one who had done him wrong.

To his slaves he was most courteous. He had given many their freedom; but it appears that they still continued members of his household. He seldom punished those who were refractory. If they would not amend their ways, his only wish was that they should leave him, and cease to bring discredit on a well-ordered establishment.

He was not devoid of vanity. Though he speaks humbly of his rhetorical gifts, it may be observed that, at times, he is rather inclined to plume himself on his sophistic talent; and he by no means despises his own attainments as a philosopher. A queer little piece of bad taste is noticeable in the way in which, even on public occasions, he alludes to his high birth; and he is most indignant at the slights which the low-born Jack-in-office, Andronicus, has impudently put upon a person with so fine a pedigree.

No one will attempt to find in Synesius a hero of the Faith. He is neither theologian, nor missionary, nor martyr. He is a good man, unselfish, anxious to do all that he can for the benefit of those whom he believes to be in any way under his care; but he feels that fate has placed too heavy a burden upon him, and he gives way occasionally to despondency. Yet, he is far too fine a character to need an intemperate panegyric. He is a patriot of the truest type. Energy, courage, tact, conscientiousness, are conspicuous in his doings. Though he cannot be called a statesman, and has no capacity for organising on a large scale, he is ever prompt to act; and neither his volunteers nor the clergy of his diocese need have desired a more resolute leader—a man who, in times

of stress, could always decide quickly, and generally come to a wise decision.

His prejudices are all in favour of the highly-cultivated aristocrat; he hardly (in theory, at least) realises that the uneducated are beings of the same nature as adepts in Philosophy. But while he complains loudly of the interference with his studies which is so often caused by this applicant or that, he is always ready to abandon his favourite occupations, in order to redress a wrong inflicted on even the humblest petitioner.

His courtesy is, as a rule, a pronounced feature in his character; yet, when he is speaking of unorthodox persons, who err in a direction contrary to that in which he is himself inclined to walk, he uses the strongest epithets to denounce them—amusingly forgetful that his own doctrine may not, to the general mind, be quite above suspicion.

Gentle though he is, he curses roundly the nomadic tribes which harass his country. A sophist for pleasure, he pours his contempt on those who make their living as sophists. Possessed of comfortable means, he looks down upon those who care for money-making. Devoted to his friends, he gives too easy credence to unpleasant reports as to what they are supposed to have said about him.

He is varied. He is full of contradictions. It is not hard to find fault with him, and to say that he has many weaknesses. He is not above the failings of humanity; but a man he is, of a delightful kind, hard-working, modest, generous, really desirous of doing his duty in life, and making his part of the world the better for having known him.

W. S. CRAWFORD.

*Richmond, Surrey.*

## HAPPINESS AND GOD.

**T**HE one thing which man is pursuing every moment with all his might is happiness. This is quite natural.

But what is happiness? In determining this question, man must remember that he proudly calls himself, and in point of fact is, a being superior to the brute. The most important difference between man and brute is that the one has a thinking and reasoning power which the other has not. It is this power which places man on a footing of superiority over the brute. Man's condition and manner of living must, therefore, not approach or resemble those of the brute.

In addition to the thinking and reasoning power, there is a voice—conscience—in man which tells him how he should act, what is right or wrong, good or bad, advantageous or disadvantageous, moral or immoral. This capacity for distinguishing between right and wrong, etc., is innate in every man. It may differ slightly according to age and environments, but it is fundamentally present in every individual. Man feels without being taught that a certain action is moral and another immoral. This faculty is given to him to realise moral distinctions in the same way as the eye has been given to him to see and the ear to hear.

The dictates of man's conscience, his thinking and reasoning power and his experience ought to enable him so to mould and shape his life and fashion his deeds as to realise the ideals of his life for his own happiness and for that of his fellow-men.

Viewed in the light of the above remarks, happiness can hardly exist in living according to the dictates of the senses or the impulses of the mind. Man cannot live a life of pleasure which is not also a life of prudence, honour and justice. Pleasure which leads to pain must be avoided or regulated by prudence. Pleasure does not mean the sensations which vanish like the moment which produces them. Passing pleasures and voluptuousness are nothing in comparison with pleasures that endure—pleasures of the mind, which procure a state of content, arming man

against the tribulations and vicissitudes of life. Happiness, therefore, means that state of peace and perfect contentment in which man is secure against the storms of life, and health of body and tranquillity of mind are the consummation of happiness in life.

To secure health of body man must be moderate in eating, recreation, sleep, work and exercise. He must take food which will prolong life, increase his power and strength, and keep him from sickness. The food should be pleasing to the palate, nourishing and congenial to the body. It should not be too bitter or too sour, too hot or pungent, too astringent or inflammable.

But it is very difficult to secure tranquillity of mind. It is the mind which is the cause of all pain and pleasure. If the mind can be controlled, all idea of pain and pleasure will vanish. In dreamless sleep man is conscious of nothing pleasant or unpleasant, but he goes on feeling pleasure and pain as he advances towards wakefulness. This, because when he approaches towards wakefulness, his memory binds him to his former associations and makes him feel pleasure and pain. Man must, therefore, learn to control his mind even when he is wide awake. But the mind is a very powerful thing. It can profoundly affect the body. If a man is deeply engrossed in reading a very interesting book, he is unconscious of what takes place in his immediate vicinity. His ears cease to hear anything and his eyes cease to see anything except the book. Then, again, the mind is not only very powerful, but also very unsteady. It can only be restrained by practice and temperance.

First, as regards practice. As man is unconscious of pain and pleasure in a dreamless sleep, so, when he is wide awake, he must endeavour to put up with the pains and pleasures of the world with patience and without any excitement. He must not rejoice in prosperity or complain in adversity. He must not be engrossed in or unnerved by the good or evil results of his duties in life. His mind must be steady under the influence of all kinds of desires, like the ocean, which, though constantly receiving fresh additions of water, remains firmly confined within its natural limits. He whom every little breeze of pleasure and pain wafts hither and thither, will never have a steady mind.

Next, as regards temperance. Temperance in one's desires for material wealth, perfect veracity, self-control over one's passions, hatred of luxurious ease, and love of a life of well-regulated activity, reverence for great men, the silent and honest performance of the work that falls to one in the position in which one is placed, will go a great way in making the mind steady.

But man should aim not, only at ordinary happiness, but perfect, absolute or supreme happiness. His thoughts, words and deeds must be absolutely pure. He must learn to identify his personality with the universal totality. He cannot attain this end without following the great principles of conduct laid down by religion. It thus becomes necessary to consider what religion means.

Religion is the recognition of God as an object of worship, love and obedience. It is a sunshine which imparts vigour, brightness and cheer. It is an ineradicable principle of man's nature and absolutely and indispensably necessary to the welfare of mankind. Without it, life would be an empty dream. The knowledge of God is the source and criterion of man's elevation and the foundation of his happiness here and hereafter. The social fabric would quake and be shattered to atoms, were the ideas of God, of immortality and of moral responsibility altogether obliterated from every human mind. If people think that there is no God, that their physical and mental organisation is the work of chance, that the universe has fortuitously leaped into existence, that the crimes perpetrated by them in darkness have no witness, they would at once plunge into primeval barbarism.

There are some people who maintain that there is no God. There are others who profess to believe in the existence of God but act as though God was not a reality but a mere abstraction born of idle brains. There are others again who manifest utter indifference to the subject. All these people seem to think that the fear of an earthly king and the fear of society can make men virtuous and happy. But experience shows that one may commit an offence without being punished or adequately punished for it by the earthly king. The offender may abscond and the police may not be able to arrest him, or there may be no evidence or not sufficient evidence to prove the real offence committed, and the facts that can be proved may constitute a minor offence. Experience also shows that the fear of society is not a sufficient check against vice and immorality. Granting, however, that the king and society can prevent and punish offences of the body, they are simply powerless to deal with offences of the mind, so that if perfect morality is to be secured, there must be the fear of an omniscient, omnipotent and omnipresent God. The question therefore arises—Is there such a God and if so, what are our duties towards Him?

If man thinks a little, he will find that he has no power over himself and that he comes into the world and goes out of it at the pleasure of another. Who is this *another*?

The earth—the planet which man inhabits—is divided into land and water (or sea). The land is subdivided into mountains, hills, villages,

plains, meadows and woods occupied by pleasing varieties of vegetable and animal kingdoms. The mountains have their sublime peaks, their forests and rocks with a sweet interchange of shade and sunshine, the sound of their cataracts, the bleat of the flock grazing across their expanses, the melodies of their birds and the odour of their flowers and shrubs. The sea presents diversified colours and motions to the eye and contains what are called "wonders of the Lord of the deep." It entertains the sun with vapour, the sky with clouds, the land with moisture and the air with temperateness. How came this beautiful planet into existence?

The earth is about 24,000 miles round and 8,000 miles across. But this huge body is revolving round its own axis and round the sun in fixed periods. Who has set it in motion?

The sea has a regular ebb and tide due principally to lunar attraction. Whence came this attracting power in the moon?

The sun rises in unsullied brightness diffusing his ruddy light. He is 93,000,000 miles distant from the earth and has a diameter of 880,000 miles. He weighs as much as 354,936 earths. He is one of the many suns that are scattered in space like so many sand-grains in the desert! Who created this luminary, as also the beautiful moon, who is about 207,200 miles distant from the earth?

Look at the sparkling concave of a midnight sky and consider the vastness, the beauty and the regular motions of the heavenly bodies. The fixed stars are bodies of vast magnitude which only twinkle to us. There are many which do not so much as twinkle, being, by reason of their distance or smallness, invisible to the naked eye and only discoverable by powerful telescopes. There may be many more which lie out of the ken of the best telescope. There are stars millions of millions miles distant whose light, travelling at the rate of 184,000 miles per second, would take some years to reach the earth. How is the existence of these heavenly bodies in infinite space to be accounted for?

While the telescope takes you in the direction of the infinitely great, the microscope takes you in the direction of the infinitely small. It enables you to see magnitudes of the order of  $\frac{1}{100,000}$  of an inch. A glass of water can be seen swarming with bacteria and other minute creatures, which feed, digest and propagate their species in the small world of their own. The air can be discovered to be full of germs ready to spring into life under suitable conditions. The sciences of light, heat and chemistry take you still further in the direction of the infinitely small. They open to you a world of atoms, molecules and light waves where the standard of

measurement is  $1/20,000,000,000$ th of an inch! How did the minute creatures and the atoms, molecules, etc., come into existence?

If you look at the vast Universe as a whole, you will be surprised by the order which prevails in it, by the mathematical relations underlying all things in it, and by the strict punctuality in which the several phenomena recur. Everything will manifest a marvellous state of law and order. In short, the universe will appear to be a clock so perfectly constructed as to require no outside interference during the time it has to run to keep it going with absolute correctness. Who is this clock-maker?

Surely, the universe could not have come out of nothing. It must have come out of something eternal, infinite and absolute. This something is the cause—the first cause—of all reality, which the language of religion calls God.

Materialists say: There is nothing but matter which is infinite and immortal. Force is inherent in matter, manifesting itself in its various transformations. Life and thought are its innate qualities and are the result of a complex combination of its molecules. Nobody has created matter. It has always existed and will exist for ever in some form or other. It is not always tangible and visible. It consists of uncounted millions of molecules in a gaseous, invisible and unorganised state. It passed through numerous phases of evolution until it took the shape of our earth as a condensed, solid and independent body. Man, too, passed through phases of evolution. Soul, mind, thought and consciousness are accidents of matter.

But how came the matter with its "inherent force" and with life and thought as its "innate qualities" and as the result of its "accidents" or "complex combination of its molecules"? It could not possibly have come out of nothing. It must have come out of something which is "behind the veil" and which is "unknowable." Can the fabric and conduct of the universe be properly ascribed to mere chance? Is it so easy to believe in chance and accidents and so difficult to believe in the existence of an intelligent power? There are a great many excellent tokens of divine artifice or intelligence in the innermost recesses of objects, but they can only be discovered by attentive, not perfunctory, inspection. Take any two persons—twins, if you like—you will never find them exactly equal to each other in every respect. Is this an accident? The divine object evidently seems to be to facilitate identification of the two individuals by creating some distinguishing factors. The colour of the leaves of the trees is green. Is this an accident? Is not the object to afford relief to our sight against the brightness of the sun? We emit carbon, which is food to trees,

while the leaves of trees emit oxygen which is life to us. Is this an accident? Is this not an admirable arrangement made by an all-wise Creator?

This being an age of liberty of speech and liberty of thought, there are people who say, "We do not care for what has been considered as true for centuries. That only is true which is demonstrated to our own understandings with convincing force." Such people should remember that there is no necessary connection between the truth of a thing and the amount of convincing force or evidence by which it can be demonstrated. As you find that the tide of the sea depends upon the moon, you at once acknowledge that the moon has an attracting power. You explain the solar eclipse by the intervention of the moon, the sunrise and sunset by the revolution of the earth, and the fall of an apple by the law of gravitation. Similarly, as we have not an adequate and comprehensive knowledge of the essence of anything, we must admit our creaturely state and acknowledge that there is a perfect mind or being from which our imperfect minds were derived. We may touch a mountain with our hands though we cannot enclasp it. So also, we may have an idea of an absolute perfect being though we cannot comprehend him. The Universe and the design and purpose which exist in it can only be explained by acknowledging the existence of God. His existence has been foreshadowed long before the dawn of civilisation. Almost every race or generation has defined Him by a different name. In all ages and countries the generality of philosophers and thinking men believed in His existence. He is without birth and without death. He is infinite, all-perfect, all-wise and all-virtuous. He is the author and ruler of the Universe. He is omnipotent and hence nothing is impossible to Him. He is omniscient, hence there is nothing that He does not know, see or understand. He is kind and hence He favours you more and punishes you less than you deserve. He is omnipresent. His centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere. He is present in every atom of the universe, in every grain of sand and in every blade of grass. As sparks fly out from the fire, so do the manifold forms in the universe emanate from Him. As the spark is the same in essence as the fire and yet not identical with it, so is each form the same in essence as God and yet not identical with Him. It is to God that we can look for what we want but do not possess, for protection and happiness.

It is hoped that the above will satisfy the sceptics that there is a God. If they are not so satisfied, they will at least consider it expedient to believe in the existence of God.

As regards our duties towards God, we must remember that we are

always at the mercy of devouring elements and epidemics. A big earthquake may transform the earth into one wide and wasting volcano and the earth may be exploded into fragments. A blazing comet may cross our planet in its orbit and give rise to inconceivable terrors. Plague may infect whole towns and cities and one may have to abandon one's own flesh and blood for fear of infection. Or, one may find oneself and one's little children in an open place surrounded by floods on all sides furiously sweeping everything before them, without any shelter, and with the skies dreadfully darkened and overcast, and rain pouring in torrents, attended by frantic flashes of lightening and roaring peals of thunder. We should, therefore, always seek the Almighty God's protection.

If we do a little favour to a neighbour, we expect him to express his gratitude for it. We must, therefore, thank God for the many blessings we enjoy daily. He has provided us with the earth to inhabit, food to eat, water to drink, air to breath and sun to give us light. He has also furnished us with brain, eyes, ears, nose, mouth, hands and feet. Even persons who lie under the torment of stone, gout and toothache, or who suffer from broken limbs, must thank God for the miseries they miss, for every misery that they miss is a new mercy.

Those who are in needy circumstances need not be told to pray to God, but even those who are wealthy should pray to Him, for their riches may take wings, and though they are very happy to-day, they may be very miserable to-morrow. While the needy pray for obtaining worldly possessions, the wealthy should pray for the safety of their existing possessions.

In ethics, the differences amongst the various religions are reduced to a minimum. All lay down the same great principle of conduct to be followed in the life of the world and all hold up the same goal to be reached. The moral precepts which are common to all religions are God's laws, and we should follow them, it being our duty to obey God, that is, His laws. We claim honour and respect from persons who are inferior to us in position. We must, therefore, honour God to whom all of us are inferior in every respect. We must kneel down or fall prostrate before Him. We must build temples, churches, dharamshalas, charitable dispensaries, free schools, etc., in His honour.

We must love God because nothing can be dearer to us. He is our real father, friend, well-wisher and benefactor. We must also love our fellow-men, they, like us, being God's creatures. There may be imperfections in them, but these should excite, not irritation, but loving compassion in our minds.

Quacks succeed where doctors fail in curing serious diseases, provided

the patient has faith in the efficacy of the quacks' treatment. It is thus clear that faith is a very important thing. If you have faith, implicit faith, in religion, and scrupulously follow the moral precepts laid down by it, God will surely be pleased to make you perfectly happy. This, like the taste of sugar or of wedded bliss, can only be ascertained by experience.

In conclusion, let us follow Arjun in saying : " Reverence, Reverence, a thousand times repeated, and again and again, Reverence. Reverence before and behind. Reverence to you on all sides "

A BHAKT.

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## INTERDEPENDENCE,

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Through the prison bars that each  
Closes round his heart of hearts,  
Something creeps that is not speech,  
But mute language which imparts

Half-shaped thoughts to lakes and skies,  
Half-guessed truths to briar and blade,  
Sure of answering sympathies,  
Sure that some response is made ;

How we know not. This we know :  
There is *that* which sense transcends  
And in one all-fusing glow  
All that is unites and blends.

EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

*Richmond,  
Surrey.*

## OUR ATTITUDE TO OTHERS.

**T**HE personal equation has a very great deal to answer for in this complex world of ours. Prejudices are frequently founded on ill-considered premisses, or even on no premisses at all, being merely instinctive.

If we were to use another word for instinct and call it intuition, we might set up, indeed, a better defence of our attitude, for intuition is the instinct of the soul.

But it cannot be maintained that the average man or woman is generally guided by such admonition in relation to other persons. It is far more common to find that our likes and dislikes are very largely based upon the example of others who influence us and whose attitudes we adopt like sheep without any self-conviction or attempt at true analysis. Thus grows the tongue of Slander, and what is often no more than eccentricity in an individual is converted into a compendium of undesirable qualities, and the wretch stands condemned.

Here and there may be found one who has the strength of his own opinions and forms his own judgment unbiassed by his surroundings. But of these strong characters there are few amongst men, and still fewer amongst women.

Taken as a whole, the world is at heart harshly critical and uncharitable. The individual is always thinking of how his own position will be affected by his sympathy or liking for another, and if half a dozen shallow critics around him pronounce their verdict upon a fellow creature he ranges himself on their side and is quite ready to persuade himself without personal experience or argument that their judgment is right.

After all, it remains true that the closest intimacy can never reveal more than a very limited and distorted reflection of what our

friend really is. Hence our likes and dislikes would appear almost comical if viewed from a higher standpoint, were they not so pathetic in their short-sightedness.

To the really great man such common expressions as "He is a good fellow," or "a first rate chap," or the reverse, can have no meaning beyond the assumption that the speaker recognises something akin to himself, some trait with which he is in sympathy, or some particular quality which he admires or dislikes in the man spoken of. And if the speaker be of the average stamp, he will resent any estimate differing from his own. If, again, he is a forceful and self-assertive person, he will inevitably control the opinions of any number of his acquaintances in the desired direction. The first step on the ladder leading to worldly success is to form the highest possible estimate of your own personality. The second is to impress it on others. The world is sure to accept you at your own valuation, provided you have the will and energy to maintain this confident attitude.

The man who is modest and diffident about himself may be laying up for himself treasures in heaven, but a good deal of carking care here on earth. He is simply an animated pincushion and the world treats him accordingly. Through such adversity and in other ways he will come to the knowledge that the superficial gossip and estimates of himself made by his fellowmen are of no account, provided of course his manner of living does not justify them.

Flattery in some form or other is the secret of popularity. A man who is an attentive listener to all you say, thereby flatters you, and you like him. Another who passes you constantly by without notice, you dislike—and why? He has not flattered you, and against such a man you may be ready to believe any idle gossip. This is contemptible. How do you know that he himself is not thinking that you are indifferent to him, and through this reciprocal misunderstanding you both grow to avoid one another?

At bottom it may be said that these social likes and dislikes are very ephemeral things, as unstable as the breezes and generally of as little importance as the moods of a child. Wise men pay but little attention to these things.

Now let us glance from individuals to nations. What is our attitude to other races? A nation is the aggregate soul of the indi-

viduals composing it. The average Englishman is self-assertive with a touch of superior aloofness about him. The national soul is thus tinged with these qualities. Our lower orders have an unconcealed contempt for "foreigners" whoever they may be. Our cultured classes introduce the leaven of a more considerate, sympathetic and intelligent attitude towards aliens and thus tone down the asperities.

As regards ourselves and other European races, there may exist something of jealousy or a feeling of rivalry. But when we turn to India these elements are absent, and our attitude to her people should be carefully considered from two points of view, first, of responsibility arising out of the dominant position we occupy and all that is included in such responsibility, and it is a very great deal; and secondly, our mutual relationship in time and space to each other.

Of the first I fear a very great number of us who are unconnected with the machinery of the Government out here are criminally careless. Englishmen landing for the first time on the shores of India, ignorant of her mighty past, indifferent to the feelings and prejudices of her people, are too often wont to either openly ridicule or treat them with premeditated intolerance. Such men do more to damage our prestige in India than almost anything else. Some, after experience, become, if not sympathetic, at least more respectfully tolerant, while others continue to exhibit an attitude of ill-feeling and contempt for the inhabitants and all things connected with them. Do such people ever in their lives stop to think how galling and bloodstirring such an attitude must be to the people of this country? Besides, it is a very ignorant attitude. Some day, no doubt, this will yield to a wider knowledge, but it is hopeless to look for it in the average man of to-day. The key to the comprehension of the diversity of racial characteristics is to be found in the study, not of the physical, but of the spiritual and psychical evolution of man. Then we shall learn the secret that not only are individuals at different stages of growth in the great Schoolhouse of this Planet, but that the standard of races varies so greatly that the characteristics of one people, which appear good and natural to itself, may be highly repugnant and unnatural to another. We are wont to make allowances for children's faults; in the same way we should understand the discrepancies in racial character. Similarly, we cannot hope to at once plant

our own notions upon those who are not prepared to receive and understand them.

Humanity is destined by its own aggregate exertion and by the help of the more enlightened members in its ranks to reach to a very high stage of evolution on this planet. The scheme, viewed in broad outline, seems to be the gradual expansion of the fittest race to comprise an increasing number of other races so that these may share in its upward progress. We find that at different times in the world's history, a particular people has been found to dominate and include others as far as the circumstances of the period would allow it to do so. Such a dominant Power will of necessity comprise a great diversity of individuals and among them a host who find themselves included in the race, but who individually are not awake to the responsibility that animates and is the guiding star of their race. Hence we find that while the governing body as a rule obeys the dictates of the racial instinct and so fulfils the great part it has to play in the World-Drama, individuals are constantly working out independently their own private destinies, thus bringing them into conflict with those higher principles which, however unwittingly, the leading race is toiling to impress upon Humanity as its characteristic for the time being.

So, to descend to details, we find an Englishman often impatient with the shortcomings of the native of this country, because he feels that he himself is perhaps not capable of such weaknesses. He knows nothing about the magnificent idea that one people is brought by the Controlling Influence in contact with another, so that one may help the other and they may both gradually and painfully develop each other's growth to bring it to a somewhat higher level than existed when they were still comparatively separate units.

Blind as moles are most of us in regard to these things, and the Purpose of Life generally, and instead we fritter away our thoughts on transitory and unimportant things.

Englishmen, beyond all men, should understand something of the wonderful part they are playing in the world now.

And with a fuller understanding will come, not Pride, but Humility.

## SOME ASPECTS OF THE ZOROASTRIAN SCRIPTURES.

### III.

#### THE CHINVAT BRIDGE.

**W**RITING of the belief in immortality among nations, the late Prof. Max Müller observed :—

It is well known that in no religion is the abyss which separates the divine from the human greater than in that of the Jews. . . . The question, therefore, which we have to answer is, whether the ancient Jews ever bridged over that abyss, whether they also discovered something divine in man, whether they believed in a life after death or in the immortality of the soul. This question has been discussed by the most learned theologians for many centuries, and strange to say, they have not arrived at a unanimous conclusion yet. \*

The “bridge over the abyss” which is missing in the Hebrew Old Testament, is a very prominent feature in the Zoroastrian Scriptures, and is to be found in many religions all over the world.

It is, I believe, the bridge of the Higher Mind, and is thus referred to in the Chandogya-Upanishad (8-4) :—

The supreme soul is compared to a bridge which cannot be crossed by disease, death, grief, virtue or vice. Crossing this bridge, the blind cease to be blind, the wounded to be wounded, the afflicted to be afflicted; and on crossing this bridge, nights become days, for ever-refulgent is the region of the Universal Spirit.

If this statement is understood mentally and spiritually, the meaning will be clear. When the soul becomes purified, the consciousness rises into the Higher Mind and is Divinely illuminated, needing never more to descend into the lower worlds. In the Katha-Upanishad (3, 7, 8, 14) we find the same ideas :—

He who has no understanding, who is unmindful and always impure, never reaches that place (of liberation) but enters into the round of births.

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\* “Anthropological Religion,” p. 367.

But he who has understanding, who is mindful and always pure, reaches indeed that place, from whence he is not born again (re-incarnated) . . . Rise, awake! having obtained your boons, understand them! The sharp edge of a razor is difficult to pass over; and thus the wise say that the path (that leads to the self, or to self-knowledge) is hard.

Sir M. Monier-Williams, in referring to Parsi beliefs, writes of the soul :—

It has then to pass a narrow bridge called *Chinuat-Peretum*, the bridge where decision has to be pronounced. The souls of the sinful, being unable to pass this bridge, imagined to be sharp as a razor, fall into hell.\*

According to Mr. E. G. Browne, the Parsis of Persia recognise the true meaning of the "fall into hell." He writes :—

On the fourth day after a Zoroastrian dies, this angel (Rashnu) comes to him, and weighs in a balance his good and his bad deeds. • If the former are in excess, the departed is admitted into Paradise; if the latter, he is punished,—so my Zoroastrian friends informed me—by being re-incarnated in this world for another period of probation, which re-incarnation is what is signified by the term "hell" (*duzakh*). Paradise, in like manner, was understood by my friends of Yezd in a spiritual sense as indicating a *state* rather than a *place*.†

In the Koran, the bridge is referred to as "Sirat," meaning the "right way." In Muslim traditions, according to Mullah Ali Quari (p. 110) *Sirat*

is more commonly used for the bridge across the infernal fire; it is described as finer than a hair and sharper than a sword, and is beset on each side with briars and hooked thorns. The righteous will pass over it with the swiftness of the lightning, but the wicked will soon miss their footing and fall into the fire of hell.

In the Scandinavian scriptures (the Eddas), the bridge of the Higher Mind is referred to under two symbols, the Bifrost bridge and the bridge of Gjall. In the Japanese Sacred Legends it is the "Floating Bridge" between heaven and earth. In the myths of Polynesia it is very plainly indicated. In the New Hebrides it is said :—

The soul goes through his gardens and along its customary paths, and finally leaves the place. He runs along the line of hills till he reaches the end of the island, and there he comes to the place of recollec-

\* "Modern India," p. 91.

† "A Year Among the Persians," p. 378.

tion; the Maewo name for which is *rat-dodoma*, the stone of thought; if he remembers there his child, or his wife, or anything that belongs to him, he will run back and come to life again.\*

In the Solomon Islands a "pool" becomes the symbol of the lower worlds :—

Across the pool is a narrow tree-trunk lying, along which the ghosts advance; Bolafagina (symbol, I believe, of the self) examines their hands to see if they have the mark cut upon them (a conventional outline of the frigate bird) which admits them to his company; those who have it not are thrown from the tree into the gulf beneath, and perish out of their ghostly life.† (The "bird" symbolises aspiration.)

In the Maori legend of "Hutu and Paré" the bridge to the heaven-world is a springing tree-stem by means of which the divinely-aided soul rises to bliss. In New Zealand it was also said :—

The soul has to pass a river called Waioratane, the keeper of which places a plank for him to go over. †

Charon's ferry, in the mythology of Greece, has also the same meaning as the bridge of mind.

The great scholar Dr. Haug writes :—

Between Heaven and Hell is Chinvat Peretu, the "bridge of the gatherer," or the "bridge of the judge," (Chinvat can have both meanings), which the soul of the pious alone can pass, while the wicked fall from it down into Hell.§

Now, as I have already pointed out, this symbol of the "bridge" designates the higher mind, which is above the brain-consciousness, but below the Holy Spirit of Wisdom. It constitutes the dividing line, or state, between the human and the divine; that which is below is human, that above divine. It is pre-eminently the "bridge of the gatherer and of the judge," for in this higher part of the soul, the Ego gathers together all the transmuted experiences and memories of its many lives that it has lived below; and here also it is judged unerringly by its Higher Self (its Divine nature) regarding its state and future requirements. As said by Cicero :—

Know therefore that thou art a God, for it is God who lives, perceives, remembers, judges, and who governs, leads, and moves this body

\* "R. H. Codrington "The Melanesians," p. 257.

† Ibid, p. 279.

† R. Taylor, "New Zealand," p. 104.

§ Haug's "Essays," p. 311.

over which he is placed, as the principal God governs, leads, and rules this world.\*

The expressions "pious" and "wicked" are to be understood in a strictly technical sense. The "pious" in the ages up to the present, are a mere handful out of the world's population. The "wicked" are simply the mass of humanity, souls not yet purged of all evil, and therefore unable to pass the "bridge." These are self-condemned to rebirth into the physical life.

In the *Bundahis* there is the following statement :—

Those who have chosen the good in this world are received after death by good spirits, and guided, under the protection of the dog Sura, to the bridge Chinvat ; the wicked are dragged thither by the *daevas*. Here Ormazd holds a tribunal and decides the fate of souls. The good pass the bridge into the mansions of the blessed, where they are welcomed with rejoicing by the Amshaspands ; the bad fall over into the gulf of *Dushak*, where they are tormented by the *daevas*.

The meaning of this is as follows : They who have done well, that is, have sown worthily, shall reap the rich fruit hereafter, or upon those high levels whereon they are gradually awakening in consciousness. The "dog Sura" is the symbol of power, tenacity and will, which qualities stand in the soul for the devoted and faithful servant ("dog") of the Higher Self, who has at length succeeded in crossing the "bridge" of the higher mind which unites the lower and higher consciousness. The "wicked" are the personalities who are relatively undeveloped, and are drawn away by the "daevas," which symbolise lust of lower life, pride, attachment to the senses, and egotism. The Divine Power (Ormazd), manifesting as Will, now exercises its functions, and sifts the good from the bad ; that is, liberates those souls which have allied themselves with the Higher Self, and puts pressure upon those souls who are full of the things of the personality. The "good" are able to rise to the abode of Bliss—the Wisdom plane—and there they are met by the "Amshaspands" which here signify those inner High Intelligences who are bringers of glad tidings, and so serve to evolve the inner subtle capacities, inherent, or potential, within the soul. The "bad," however, are said to "fall" ; and this means, that being insufficiently developed, they are disqualified from rising beyond those lower levels whereon they have sown by thought, word and action, and

where they are detained to be disciplined and "tormented" (as it seems to them) by the karmic, or causal, results of their works.

It may be asked— Does the soul approach the "bridge" after every physical death? Yes, it does, but only after a long detention on the lower mental levels below the "bridge." When this period closes, the consciousness of the Ego rises to the foot of the "bridge," called in the "Bundahis" *Chakad-i-Daitik* (the "judicial peak") which is in the "middle of the world," i.e., the middle of the planes of manifestation, for the upper mental plane is the "pivot" of the universe. The soul which is insufficiently evolved can rise no higher than just to touch the higher mind, from whence it descends again to re-incarnate on earth.

I think it will be found that the symbology will fit perfectly this account, but it is impossible to describe clearly conditions which lie above the normal consciousness; as stated in the Dinkard (Bk. 9, ch. 16, 3.)

The soul alone sees the reward and bridge of the spiritual existence, —embodied it does not see such things.

Those who find in their minds a response to the explanations I have given about the symbology of the Chinvat Bridge, will be glad to recognise that the underlying ideas are world-wide. The Spirit of Wisdom (*Mainog-i-Khirad*) is the Teacher of all nations through all religions, and no creed has a monopoly of Truth.

G. A. GASKELL.

10, *Ditchling Road*,  
*Brighton*.

## ASOKA THE GREAT AND BUDDHISM.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?  
 Draw near them in being merciful.  
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

—*Shakespeare.*

**H**ISTORY tells us that the success of new religious systems has often depended more on external circumstances than on the moral worth of the doctrines propounded by those religions. Thus Christianity, with all its noble doctrines, could make but little progress until it was accepted by Constantine, the Emperor of the Romans. Roman power and Roman culture were predominant in Europe at that time, and Christianity spread rapidly through Europe. Similarly, in India, the religion of Buddha found a powerful supporter in Asoka the Great.

Kopen says that "If a man's fame can be measured by the number of hearts who revere his memory, by the number of lips who have mentioned and still mention him with honour, Asoka is more famous than Charlemagne or Cæsar." His fame does not rest simply on the extent of his empire, great as it was, but on the higher and purer morality he introduced amongst his subjects.

The spread of Buddhism in India, though chiefly due to the efforts of Asoka, was also due to other causes. Since their first conquest by the Aryans, the condition of the Sudras had greatly changed. They had risen in wealth and power and had adopted the civilisation of their conquerors. But the Brahman religion refused to recognise ability, however great, in anyone born of a low caste. Political status was refused to all who were not Brahmins or Kshatriyas. Thus the new religion which proclaimed the equality of all men found favour with the majority of the low caste people. At first, perhaps, they were too much afraid of the all-powerful Brahmins, to adopt this new faith. But when they found such strong supporters as Asoka and the other kings of Northern India, they flocked to it in large numbers.

Other political conditions were also favourable. Northern India was

then under the sway of low-born kings. They naturally supported a system of religion which proposed to abolish all caste distinctions.

If timely concessions had been granted to the Sudras, probably they would have stuck to their old faith. But the high caste Aryans refused to see any good in them. They were debarred from all religious knowledge and were treated almost as slaves. Such treatment the Sudras were no longer prepared to endure. They were no longer so poor and barbarous as the Aryans found them, when they first conquered them, and they resented such unfair treatment. When Gautama, himself a member of a high caste family, began to preach his religion, its Catholic spirit obtained for it thousands of followers.

About two hundred years after the death of Gautama, the Maurya dynasty rose to power in Northern India. This dynasty was looked down upon by the high caste people, because it did not belong to the Kshatriya caste. When Asoka, the third and the greatest of the Maurya Kings, came into power, he looked with favour on Buddhism, partly because its gentle and merciful doctrines were in accord with his own nature, and perhaps partly in order to remove the stain of low caste from his family.

The reign of Asoka marks an important epoch in Asiatic history. His rule has perceptibly influenced the history of a large part of Asia, for the following reasons :

(1) He was the ruler of the most powerful empire in the world at that time, the extent of his dominions being much larger than that of the present Indian empire. They comprised not only the whole of India proper, but also included large parts of Afghanistan, Baluchistan, Nepal, Sind and Kashmir. Though the credit of bringing such a large empire under the supremacy of the Indian throne chiefly belongs to Chandragupta, Asoka also may properly be regarded as a great conqueror. He had shown his military genius at an early age, when he was sent to Takshasila (Taxila) to suppress a revolt that had broken out there.

(2) Being a great patron of the Buddhist monks, detailed accounts of his reign are given in the Buddhist chronicles. Thus his reign throws much light on the condition of the Indian people at this period.

(3) His edicts furnish a basis for the history of Buddhism, which is the religion of about a third part of the human race.

(4) Lastly, by adopting Buddhism as his own creed, and as the state religion of India, he gave a powerful impetus to its progress. Although Buddhism was wiped out from India after the sway of about a thousand years, its effect on the life and character of the people is to be seen even to this day.

There are four connected narratives dealing with the history of Asoka. (1) The Asoka Avadana, *i.e.* the life story of Asoka; (2) The Dīpa Vansa, *i.e.* the Island chronicle; (3) The Mahāvansa, or the Great Chronicle, and (4) Buddhaghosa's account in his commentary on the Vinaya. With the help of the above accounts, the edicts of Asoka, and the Greek accounts of the period, scholars have thrown much light on the history of that age. But the principle on which some scholars have acted, namely, rejecting the impossible or improbable portions of the accounts and accepting the rest as authentic history, does not appear to be quite correct. On the other hand, it would be unfair to regard the Buddhist chronicles as simply emanating from the lively imagination of the Buddhist monks!

We have little authentic information about the earlier portions of Asoka's reign. The date of his accession may roughly be fixed as B. C. 272. His coronation (Abhisheka) took place about three or four years after his accession to power. The date of his conversion to Buddhism has been the subject of much difference of opinion, but may be fixed about nine years after that of his coronation.

The system of administration in Asoka's time was of course feudal. The country was divided into districts over which commissioners were appointed. The judicial system was also as perfect as could be expected in that age. Judicial officers were kept in all central places and other officers were appointed to supervise these functionaries. They were authorised to grant remissions of sentence wherever they found it necessary; old age or the fact that the criminal had to maintain a large family was always regarded as a sufficient justification for granting such remissions. These officers in fact exercised the functions of appellate or revisional courts. There were other functionaries who watched over the moral conduct of the people, and punished moral transgressions, such as disobedience to parents. They correspond to the censors mentioned in Roman and Persian history. To some officers was assigned the duty of supervising the conduct of the royal ladies.

But, perhaps, the most important functionaries were the "Rajjukas." These officers were specially appointed to instruct the people in religion. They were given independent power, so that they should perform their duties fearlessly and without interference. A quinquennial gathering was held in all parts of the empire for the purpose of proclaiming religious instruction as follows: "It is good and proper to render dutiful service to one's father and mother; to friends, to acquaintances and relations; it is good and proper to bestow alms on Brahmans and Sramans, to respect the life of living beings; to avoid prodigality and violent language."

Many people would be surprised to learn that in Asoka's time the civil and military administration was carried on with the aid of committees and sub-committees. For instance, the management of the military affairs was in the hands of a board of thirty members. This board or committee was divided into six sub-committees, entrusted with the management of six different branches of the military department. There was a second board for the administration of the capital. A third board supervised the registration of births and deaths. A fourth board controlled trade matters; it was a kind of board of trade. The fifth board supervised manufactures, and the sixth the levying of tithes.

The army was not only large in numbers but was also highly organised. It consisted of 600,000 infantry, 30,000 cavalry, besides war chariots, elephants and other paraphernalia of war. Irrigation also was not neglected. There was a special department of state to supervise works of irrigation, and great efforts were directed towards the improvement of agriculture. One noteworthy fact of Asoka's rule is, that the governor of Kathiawar was a Persian named Tushasp. It shows the broadmindedness and the far-sighted policy of that benevolent Emperor.

Art also, especially the arts of sculpture and architecture, owe much to Asoka and Buddhism. Before Asoka's time, stone was rarely, if ever, used for architectural purposes. It was only used for engineering purposes, such as for the building of bridges and fortress walls. During Asoka's reign, Patalipotra, the capital of Magadha, was rebuilt with stone, formerly its buildings consisting of woodwork only. The magnificent monasteries built of stone, known as the Viharas, may also be traced to Asoka's reign. Buddhism also, by recommending seclusion from the turmoil of the busy world, as a means of attaining spiritual bliss, encouraged the art of sculpture. Because, in order to carry out this injunction, people went and lived in monasteries built in secluded places or in caves cut out of rocks.

Religion has everywhere influenced the growth of the fine arts. This was also the case in India. Buddhism, as we have seen above, assisted the growth of the art of sculpture. The Pauranic or modern Hinduism gave an impetus to decorative art. But on the other hand, it exercised a very evil influence on the development of other fine arts, namely, painting and sculpture. The grotesque figures of the Pauranic mythology are unsuitable for an æsthetic representation. Some of the Buddhist sculptures prove that the Indian sculptor was not wanting in a natural genius for this art, and as Dr. Fergusson clearly shows, the Indians did not borrow this art from the Greeks. In some works of art

of that period, there is no trace either of Egyptian or classical influence. The stone buildings, and the magnificent statues erected by Asoka, have in most cases crumbled to dust. But the effects of a great change in the habits and customs of the people brought about by Asoka are still to be seen in the people of India. The cause of this change was, the interdict he laid on all kinds of flesh foods. The famous edict which proclaimed this royal command, runs as follows:—"One must not here below kill any living animal by immolating it, nor for the purpose of feasts. The King Piyadasi sees much that is sinful in such feasts. Formerly, such feasts were allowed and in the cuisine of King Piyadasi, beloved of the gods, hundreds of thousands of living beings were killed every day. At the time when this edict is engraved, three animals only are killed for the table, two peafowls and a gazelle, and the gazelle not regularly. Even these three animals will not be killed in future." This edict was chiefly directed against the daily food of the Kshatryas and the hill-men. The other classes also did partake of flesh food on festive or ceremonial occasions, but were as a rule grain-eaters. But the Kshatryas had lived on animal food from the earliest times, and were naturally very reluctant to obey this order. The Brahmins also opposed it on the ground that it interfered with their religious observances. Animal sacrifice formed an important part of the Brahman religion of that period. The sacrifice of a horse was regarded as particularly meritorious; the sacrifice of about a hundred horses was supposed to be raised to the dignity of a god. Thus, the first edict of Asoka, forbidding the killing of animals, proved a failure. But a second time the prohibition was proclaimed, accompanied by an impressive demonstration, and this unpopular prohibition was gradually carried into effect, in the face of strong opposition.

Asoka himself, more than Buddhism, should be held responsible for putting a stop to the use of flesh foods in India. The Buddhist precept against the sacrifice of animals did not also forbid people from partaking of flesh food. It only asserted that an act which caused pain to a living being could not be meritorious. In fact Gautama himself is related to have partaken of animal foods on several occasions; his last illness is believed to have been caused by eating unwholesome pork. The edicts of Asoka, which deal with this prohibition, do not make any mention of Buddhism. They base their appeal on the grounds of humanity. They do not refer even to the doctrine of metempsychosis, which was generally accepted at that period. As this theory supposes that the souls of human beings sometimes pass into animals, it is much opposed to the killing of animals. According to it, the slaying of a beast for the purposes of food may

sometimes amount to parricide and cannibalism. Buddhism also discourages the use of flesh foods, though it does not prevent a man from eating the flesh of an animal killed accidentally or by some other person; but the legend about the cause of Gautama's death, to which we have alluded above, may have been invented by some unscrupulous monks, in order to justify their own use of animal food.

Thus animal food gradually went out of fashion in India. Even after the decline of Buddhism the ancient custom of sacrificing animals was not revived. It must be remembered that Brahmanism and Buddhism existed for several centuries side by side, and the doctrines and observances of each underwent a considerable modification, through close contact with the other. The Brahmins may have abolished animal sacrifice for reasons of policy also. For Buddhism, though it never displaced Brahmanism entirely, was once a mighty power in the land. It was backed not only by the Sudras but also by the warlike Kshatriyas. In order to win back the followers of Buddhism to their ancient faith, it was necessary to make some concessions. Such a humane concession was, of course, very acceptable to the gentle followers of the merciful religion of Buddha. Alterations were made in the religious books with this object. Dr. Bühler points out the fact, that the Manava Sutra 8, which was in prose, expressly gave permission to slaughter animals at sacrifices and for the sake of a Brahmin or Kshatriya guest. But the portion which gave permission for the latter purpose is omitted in the metrical Manu Smriti, and "the permission to slaughter animals at sacrifices, has been so converted as to mean an absolute prohibition to take animal life." The result was that animal sacrifices were permanently removed from the national ritual. The only vestige of the great animal sacrifices that now remains is the sacrifice of a goat during the worship of Durga or Kali.

It is possible that economic considerations also acted in Asoka's mind when he promulgated the prohibition against animal sacrifice and animal food. India was then, as it still is, an agricultural country; the majority of its population depended on the produce of the land for their daily sustenance. For the purposes of tillage, the cattle were a necessity. What would have been the condition of the country if all the domestic animals had been destroyed for the purposes of sacrifice or food? The horse and the elephant were also very useful animals; the former for riding, and the latter as an engine of war. These were important considerations and might have influenced a wise and far-sighted monarch like Asoka.

The wisdom of Asoka's prohibition, so far as it concerns sacrifices,

cannot be questioned. But opinions have differed as regards the interdiction laid on animal food. It has been urged, with considerable force of argument, that by compelling his subjects to become vegetarians, Asoka has contributed to the physical and mental degeneration of the once sturdy and warlike Aryan race. That degeneration has taken place, no one will doubt; but it has been brought about by so many different causes that it would be unwise to point to any particular cause as the chief one. Among other causes which led to this deplorable result may be mentioned, an enervating climate, child marriages, unprogressive institutions. And many eminent authorities are of opinion that food and climate exert an enormous influence, not only on the physical, but also on the moral and mental character of a nation. As for food, Sir Henry Thompson says, that by acting on our bodies and brains it affects our moral and mental character. While as regards climate, Emerson says that "Wherever snow falls, there is usually civil freedom." A bracing climate, by bringing out our energies, inspires us with a spirit of freedom; an enervating climate, on the other hand, exercises the contrary effect. But as regards the Indian climate Prof. Bühler says that it is not so enervating as is generally supposed. "Exaggerated estimates," he says, "have been held about the baneful influence of Indian climate by people who have never visited India. Those who had lived in India know the great amount of energy and work, both intellectual and physical, that was not only possible but habitual to both the Europeans and the natives of India." Several other competent authorities also support this view. Opinions are, therefore, much divided as to the salubrity of the Indian climate. But as regards food, scientific opinion is almost unanimous in recommending a mixed diet. A vegetable diet, though not unsuitable under certain conditions, is not sufficiently nutritive where the climate is rigorous or where a great amount of energy is required.

But apart from the scientific aspect of this question, there is little doubt that a great change in the national sentiment was brought about through the influence of Asoka's edicts and Buddhism. The great tenderness with which animal life is regarded in India is the result of the above causes. A feeling of loving consideration towards the inferior objects of creation, though praiseworthy in itself, is, however, liable to be carried to excess. Asoka also seems to have been led into this error. For instance, one of his edicts forbids the burning of chaff containing living things, and thus forbids the destruction even of vermin. Such sentiments, when put into practice literally, are often an obstruction to progress. The Jains, who are the modern representatives of the Buddhists in India, sometimes object

to the use of machinery, on the ground that it destroys insect life. Cleanliness is also disregarded by some orthodox people, if, during the process of cleaning, any living thing is likely to be destroyed.

The ninth edict of Asoka, which deals with ceremonials, may with equal propriety be addressed to the Indian people in these days. The edict, as given by Mr. Vincent Smith, runs as follows: "Thus saith His Majesty King Priyadarsin. People perform various ceremonies on occasions of sickness, the weddings of sons, the weddings of daughters, the birth of children, and departure on journeys. On these and other similar occasions people perform many ceremonies. But at such times the womenkind perform manifold corrupt and worthless ceremonies. Ceremonies certainly have to be performed, although that sort is fruitless. This sort, however—the ceremonial of piety—bears great fruit; it includes kind treatment of slaves and servants, honour to teachers, respect for life, liberality to ascetics and Brahmans. These things and others of the same kind are called the ceremonial of piety." Then the edict goes on to say that worldly ceremonies sometimes bear fruit and sometimes do not, while the reward for pious acts is certain. It is a notorious fact that the Indians are very fond of spending large sums of money on ceremonial occasions. Even poor people, hardly able to obtain the necessaries of life, do not hesitate to spend considerable sums of money on the marriage ceremony of their children, even at the risk of permanently running into debt. It appears from the edict quoted above, that this characteristic the Indians have inherited from their forefathers who lived in the time of Asoka! Asoka's advice appears all the more significant when we remember the fact that gorgeous ceremonials were very popular with the masses, even in those days.

Asoka has been accused of persecuting the Brahmans, but there seems no justification for this charge. Religious toleration was one of the main principles of his administration, and in spite of his great zeal for the cause of Buddhism, he never compelled any one to embrace it. In his seventh edict he says that conversion must be voluntary. Mr. Dutt gives the following version of the edict referred to: "The King Piyadasi, beloved of the gods, ardently desires that all sects may live (unmolested) in all places. All of them equally purpose the subjugation of the senses, and the purification of the soul, but man is fickle in his attachments. They thus practise imperfectly what they profess; and those who do not bestow ample gifts may yet possess a control over their senses, purity of soul and gratitude and fidelity in their affections; and this is commendable." There is every reason to suppose that Asoka's administration was marked by the

tolerant spirit of this edict. In fact, the Buddhists have never been known to persecute the followers of other sects, in Indian history, while in Asoka's edicts Brahmans and Sramans (Buddhist ascetics) are spoken of in the same breath as worthy of receiving royal favours. Even the semi-savage tribes of the jungles were treated with the same tolerant and generous spirit. They were assured of the king's goodwill and the officers were commanded to allow them to abide in peace.

Sympathy for the sufferings of dumb animals, which is a distinguishing mark of Buddhism, is also the characteristic of Asoka's public benefactions. As regards the hospitals and resting places established by him, the second edict says, that "Everywhere the King Piyadasi, beloved of the gods, has provided medicines of two sorts, medicines for men and medicines for animals. Wherever plants useful either for men or for animals were wanting, they have been imported and planted. And along public roads, wells have been dug for the use of animals and men." By establishing these hospitals and resting places, Asoka set an example of practical benevolence, worthy to be followed in any age. Even in these days, the digging of wells and the construction of resting places for travellers are regarded as meritorious actions by Hindus as well as Mahomedans.

But the great importance of Asoka's rule in the history of the Indian people is due, not to his catholic charities or his wise administration, but to the change brought about by him in the character and sentiments of the people mainly through the influence of Buddhism. There is little doubt that without Asoka's support Buddhism could never have made such remarkable progress in India as well as in other parts of Asia. Though it was wiped out of India after continuing for about eight or ten centuries, it changed the entire character of the Hindu religion. This fact will be apparent when we compare the old Vedic Hinduism with the modern Pauranik Hinduism. Religion has in all countries exercised an enormous influence on the life and character of the people, but it is especially so in India. Here the whole life of the people is influenced by the prevailing religion. The idea of religion held in the East is very different to that held in the West. While the western people divide men's duties into secular and religious, the Hindus make no such distinction. In fact, the word "Dharma" which corresponds to the English word "Religion," comprises duty in all its forms and aspects. It includes not only religious but social, domestic and civic duties. Rules governing the life of citizens, soldiers, students, agriculturists and mechanics, have been framed by the Hindu religion. Even such trivial actions, as putting

on a garment, bathing, washing the teeth, are performed in the manner prescribed by religion. Meadows Taylor is not far from the mark when he says that from "morning to night, the life of a Hindu consists of the performance of a series of religious ceremonials." This being the case religion has always profoundly influenced the life and character of the people. For these reasons, in order to understand the part played by Buddhism in moulding the character of the Indian people, and its effects on the life of the Hindus, we must examine the changes brought about by Buddhism, in the pre-Buddhistic Hindu religion. A comparison of the social condition of the Hindus, in the Vedic and Epic periods, with that of the Buddhist period, will also throw much light on the point.

The early Aryans were hunters and agriculturists. As they depended for their daily livelihood on the powers of nature, they soon came to regard them with awe and reverence. Reverence deepened into worship and their religion became a kind of naturalism. Among the gods worshipped by them, was Agni, the god of fire, Surya, the sun god, and Indra, the god of rain. The prayers and sacrifices offered to these gods were devoid of any moral or spiritual significance. They were like business transactions; the oblations offered to the gods were supposed to nourish them, and they in return were expected to give sunshine, rain, and good harvests to their faithful devotees. Prayers were also offered to them with a view to keep them in good temper, so that they may not indulge in a wanton destruction of human life. A spiritual instinct being absent from that religion, it could not satisfy the cravings of inquiring minds. Questions began to be asked about the creation of the sky and the earth, which was the first and who created them,

Who from his body vast gave birth

To father sky and mother earth ?

Who hung the heaven in empty space,

And gave the earth a stable base ?

Who framed and lighted up the sun,

And made a path for him to run ? \*

This spirit of inquiry culminated in the celebrated pantheistic hymn Nasadiyasukta (Rigveda). The origin of the doctrine of Pantheism (*Maya*) on which the whole of the philosophy of the Upanishads is based, may be traced to this hymn.

In Vedic times, there was no professional class of priests, each head of a family acting as his own priest. There were also no temples or places of worship. Gradually, there sprang up a class of people who made it

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\* Muir's Metrical Translations from Sanskrit writers.

their profession to perform religious rites and ceremonies and were consequently proficient in that respect. This class or caste, in order to increase their own influence, gradually gave greater weight to the due performance of rites and ceremonies than to moral conduct. The result was that in course of time, confusing ceremonials and elaborate sacrifices were introduced, and Brahmanism was characterised by pantheism, ceremonialism and priestly mediation. Buddhism, which declared that all sacrifices and rites and ceremonies were useless, was a reaction against this ritualism. It was helped by other causes also. The Rationalistic period, which just preceded the Buddhist period, was characterised by a spirit of inquiry. These inquiries led to the profound researches known as the six schools of philosophy, and Buddhism owed its success not only to the political and religious disabilities of the Sudras, but also to the Sankhya philosophy. The Buddhist revolution was also brought about by causes similar to those which resulted in the French revolution. The people had got tired of the tyranny of the Brahmanical upper classes, while the light shed by the new philosophy had weakened their faith in the old religion. If the Brahmins who, as it were, formed the aristocratic class, had yielded some privileges to the Sudras, probably they would not have deserted the ranks of Hinduism. But the Brahmins were unwilling to yield any of their coveted privileges. As mediators between the deities and the devotees they had become indispensable. At sacrifices also their presence was necessary. All this had gradually increased their importance, till they had become the most important class in the community.

Thus Buddhism was a kind of agnostic and heterodox movement. We shall now see how it treated the important doctrines of the prevailing faith of that time, namely, Brahmanism, and what principal changes it effected in that religion.

Animal sacrifices to the fire, which formed an important part of the Vedic ritual, were declared useless by Gautama, and as we have seen above, were put a stop to by Asoka. There was a growing disinclination against these sacrifices, even before the rise of Buddhism, and so they were not revived after the downfall of Buddhism in India.

Another important feature of the modern Hindu religion which bears traces of Buddhism is the doctrine of transmigration. This belief did not form a part of the Vedic religion. But some of the semi-savage aboriginal tribes of India with whom the Aryans came into contact, the Sonthals for instance, believed in a form of this doctrine. They believed that the souls of human beings sometimes passed into trees or animals after their death. But they did not believe in a continued transmigration of the soul.

The Aryans probably caught this belief through their intermixture with these semi-savage tribes. We first find the idea mentioned in the Upanishads. It was continued in the Buddhist religion but in a modified form, for according to the Upanishads even the vegetable and the mineral kingdoms were subject to this law. Buddhism limited it to the animal world, and gave it a moral signification. But while limiting the circle of transmigration Buddhism gave the belief a greater intensity. One noticeable difference in the Buddhist view of transmigration from that of the modern and pre-Buddhist Hindu religion, is due to the fact that Buddhism denies the existence of the soul. Hence the Buddhist theory of transmigration (Karma) has been more properly termed the "transmigration of character." The theory comes to this; the condition of a man in his next birth depends on his actions during his former birth. Everything belonging to a man is destroyed except his actions; they produce another individual and exist again in him. Thus, since this theory holds a man responsible for his actions, it is an incentive to virtue; because if a man's condition in his next birth is to depend on his actions in this birth, he is naturally led to do good actions. It has, however, been criticised as taking a sordid view of life, and as reducing morality into a system of profit and loss. As an illustration of this, it is related that some Chinese Buddhists keep a debit and credit account of their good and bad deeds. If the debit side of the account is greater at the end of the year, more efforts are directed towards the performance of good deeds; whereas if it be less, some remissness is allowed during the next year,

The Buddhist doctrines of "Nirvana," which is closely connected with the theory of transmigration, has also exercised much influence on the national life and character of India. Various interpretations have been given of this doctrine, but three passages quoted by Dr. Rhys Davids should leave no doubt on the point. The passages referred to give Gautama's own definition of "Nirvana" as the destruction of passion, malice and delusion (*raga, dosa, and moha*) in other words the extinction of that state of the mind which causes the repetition of birth. But the method of attaining this object, namely, by abstaining from all kinds of action, both good as well as bad, and by self-mortification, has been strongly criticised, as "leading to inaction, which is the cause of decay and degeneration." \*

It will be admitted that Gautama, while recognising good actions as meritorious, gave a greater preference to freedom from all action. The reason of this is plain. He regarded life in all its forms as full of misery, and even good actions, though they led to a better life, were also to be

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\* Elphinstone's "History of India."

avoided, since they did not prevent the repetition of births. His ideal was "not perfect character, but perfect characterlessness." An exclusion from every-day life was also regarded by him as almost necessary to the attainment of this object.

This led to a system of Monasticism. This system, it has been forcibly urged, tends to ignore the moral duties of man as a father and a citizen. It also diverts the energies of men to fruitless meditation rather than towards the doing of positive good. The unprogressive and conservative spirit, which is a characteristic of the Indian people, has been partially traced to the prevalence of such doctrines.

The monkish order established by Gautama and patronised by Asoka, was at first doing good work. It consisted of earnest men who had given up the world in order to devote the rest of their lives to religion and learning. The monasteries formed the seats of learning in those days, and placed education within the reach of the poorest classes. In Burma, where this system still continues, it is unusual to find persons not able to read and write. But it was the wealth lavished on this order by the Buddhist sovereigns, notably Asoka, and the Buddhist laity, which led to its degeneration. It attracted unworthy people within its ranks; people who wished to lead a life of ease and pleasure. Therefore, to Asoka also may be applied the following lines of Dante addressed to Constantine: "Ah, Constantine, of how much ill was cause, 'not thy conversion, but those rich domains that the first wealthy Pope received of thee." This unwieldy body of monks was one of the causes of the degeneration of Buddhism which led to its ultimate downfall in India.

Charity and hospitality, which were two of the prominent features of Buddhism, are still practised in India to an extent which renders a poor law unnecessary. Even poor people, hardly able to maintain themselves, hesitate to refuse to give their humble dole to a needy beggar. But at the same time, it must be admitted that Buddhism, while it encouraged charity, also fostered mendicancy in India. Begging for food was a necessary part of the life of a Buddhist ascetic, and at a festival held every five years, the surplus treasures of the Buddhist kings used to be divided among the Buddhist ascetics and the Brahmins. This, of course, resulted in making beggary an honoured profession in India.

It must be noted that Buddhism, in many of its practices, bears a great resemblance to Roman Catholicism. Among them may be mentioned priestly confessions, Abhisheka answering to baptism, worship of relics and several other ceremonies. The last mentioned practice has survived Buddhism in India. By an irony of fate many rites and

ceremonies were gradually introduced into a religion that had strongly condemned the ritualism of the Brahminical faith. Buddhism itself after a time degenerated into formalism, a notable instance of this being the Buddhist praying-wheel. Processions also formed a part of the later Buddhism. According to Dr. Rajendra Lal Mitra, the procession of Jagannath was also a relic of Buddhism.

We have seen above that Asoka had proclaimed the equality of all classes. This equality of all men, in the eyes of religion, is, of course, one of the distinguishing features of Buddhism. We will now proceed to consider what effect it had on the caste system, which forms an essential part of modern Hinduism. In the epic period, by far the largest portion of the Aryans consisted of Vaisyas; the root "vis" (meaning settlers) included the whole of the Aryan population in the Vedic period. They, together with the Brahmins and the Kshatriyas, enjoyed all the rights and privileges of the Aryan people. Only the conquered races, who were called the Sudras, were debarred from the enjoyment of these privileges. Members of all the first three castes were able to eat and drink and to intermarry with each other. According to a passage in the Aitariya Brahmana, members of one caste could enter another caste by following its profession, and according to a passage in the Satapatha Brahmana, a Brahmin was a Brahmin by his knowledge of religion and not by birth. Thus the harmful effects of the caste system were not felt at that time. But in the Rationalistic period there was a tendency of giving a practical and definite shape to social system and literature. The caste system was also affected by this prevailing spirit, and as a result was made more rigid and inflexible. Buddhism tried to break through this system. Like Christianity, it also declared the equality and the brotherhood of all men. But unfortunately this same principle which gave Buddhism such a wide popularity with the lower castes, was also one of the causes of its ultimate downfall. It excited the hostility of the privileged class, namely, the Brahmins. They saw in it the loss of their coveted privileges. The result was that the bondage of caste was made even tighter on those who remained within the pale of Hinduism. Inter-marriages between the members of the different castes, which were common in the Vedic period and were encouraged by Buddhism, were also absolutely forbidden when Buddhism disappeared from India. Thus, though Buddhism condemned the caste system, it could not destroy it; in fact, it left it in a worse form than before. The reason of this was that Buddhism did not attempt to uproot the system, but while deprecating the system, tolerated it. In fact, Gautama sometimes explained low

birth as the result of sins committed in a former birth. The caste system may, therefore, be counted amongst the evils indirectly aggravated by Buddhism. We shall see further on, that though Buddhism was a reform at first, its influence on the Hindu religion was harmful in some other respects also. Idolatry, for instance, did not form a part either of the Vedic religion or Brahmanism. Buddhism also, in its pure form, did not permit of idolatry. But as time passes, every religion undergoes changes and alterations. Before a nation accepts it, it unconsciously changes it to suit its own ideas and sentiments. Thus very often the "popular interpretation of a religion is widely different from the one existing in the mind of its founder." This was the case with Buddhism also. It proved too abstract and philosophical for many Hindus who had joined it in order to break through the fetters of caste. They again longed for some sort of their ancestral worship. So in course of time Buddhism degenerated into Buddha worship and formalism. Idols were also introduced into the Buddhist ceremonial. Brahmanism was also affected by this degeneration of Buddhism. Image worship was gradually introduced into it, and though condemned by Manu, it steadily gained ground until it became one of the essential points of Hinduism. Idolatry, therefore, with all its degrading effects, was again introduced into the religion of the Indian people through the indirect influence of Buddhism.

It would, of course, be unfair to hold Asoka responsible for these corruptions which crept into the Buddhist religion. But we must point them out as the *results* of his rule. Because, when Asoka came into power, Buddhism was confined to a narrow strip of the country. It was chiefly due to his zeal for the cause of Buddhism that it afterwards spread throughout India and reached even distant countries.

Buddhism at first ennobled and spiritualised the ancient faith of India. But it must be noted that the effect of some religions is to make the people unprogressive. They lift up a people to a certain extent, but at the same time make them unfit for further progress. Such a religion is perhaps most suitable for a nation in a certain stage of civilisation, and meets its peculiar requirements. But the conservative spirit of such religions tends to keep its votaries backward, while the other nations are progressing steadily. According to some eminent authorities, such was the case with Buddhism also. The fact that the countries, where Buddhism has been the prevailing religion, are exceptionally conservative, tends to support this opinion.

Amongst other influences of Buddhism on Brahmanism, should be mentioned the doctrine of Trinity, which is a cardinal point of modern

Hinduism. It seems to have been borrowed from the Buddhist Trinity. The idea of the incarnations of Vishnu also appears to have been taken from the Jataka stories of the Buddhists. This was probably done by the Brahmins, either with a view to win over the followers of the decaying Buddhism to the folds of Hinduism, or in order to attack the Buddhists with their own weapons.

As regards the position of women in Buddhism, the Rev. E. G. Eitel in his "Lectures on Buddhism," says that it is a low one. "A somewhat degrading position," he says, "was assigned to women by Gautama, and no hope of salvation was held out to them unless through being born as men." Hence he traces the somewhat inferior position of women in modern Hindu society, partly to the influence of Mahomedanism and also partly to Buddhism.

But in spite of all this, the Indian people have every reason to remember Gautama and Asoka with feelings of gratitude—the former as the propounder of a religion of mercy and loving-kindness and the latter for spreading it throughout India. By means of their own *personal* example and *personal* influence, they gradually brought about a great change in the national character and the national sentiments of the Indians. Filial obedience, kindness, veneration to teachers, the principle of the brotherhood of man taught by Gautama and proclaimed to the world by Asoka, are still the characteristics of the Indian people. In the proverbial charity of the Indians, and in the gentle character of the Hindus, are to be seen the marks of Asoka's edicts. Hospitality to travellers and strangers and a kindly feeling towards the animal creation are also the distinguishing features of the Indian character at the present day. It is no exaggeration to say that no other ruler in the world has exercised such an enormous influence on the life, character and traditions, of such a large number of human beings.

*Bombay.*

SEEDICK R. SAYANI.

## EDITORIAL NOTE

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### \* **Some Great Men of Early History.**

Professor R. K. Douglas has said that if the native histories of China may be believed, the antiquity of the Celestial Empire dwarfs into insignificance that of Egypt or Chaldea: the antiquity of Indo-Aryan civilisation, as fixed by Western scholars, would be still more insignificant. Egyptologists, however, are not likely to concede the claims of China very easily. If Mr. Demetrius C. Boulger, in his "History of China," assigns the first of the semi-mythical emperors to 2637 B. C., Professor J. H. Breasted of Chicago, in his "History of Egypt" published last year, assigns Menes, the first great historical personage of Egypt, to 3400 B. C. Perhaps Menes was a semi-mythical personage, for, in the words of Professor George Rawlinson, "a name like that of Menes is found at the beginning of things among many nations"—Minos in Greece, Manis in Phrygia, Manes in Lydia, Mannus in Germany, and Manu in India. Supposing that the eighteen kings who are supposed to have ruled after Menes were also semi-mythical, we must at least regard Zoser and Snefru as real personages, and they are believed to have exercised their memorable sway in the land of the Nile between 2980 and 2900 B. C. Who were the personages that were playing their part in the drama of Indian history in that hoary period? Oriental scholars know not. We shall, therefore, accede to the claim of the Professor of Egyptology and Oriental History in the University of Chicago that certain great men and women of Egypt were the earliest to distinguish themselves in their respective spheres in the history of the world. The civilisation of Egypt has perished, but not the ponderous productions of that civilisation. Indeed, though Egypt is generally known as the land of pyramids,

records of a different kind have also been found, which carry the history of that ancient land to several centuries before Christ. Thus in 1885, three hundred letters and despatches of Ikhнатon, the greatest religious reformer of ancient Egypt, who reigned between 1375 and 1358 B. C., were found in a low brick room which had served as a record room for the Emperor's foreign office. The physical conditions of Egypt were favourable alike to the rise of a great civilisation and to the preservation of the monuments of that civilisation. There is little rain, but there is a great river, in Egypt. As a grateful poet of the land sang many centuries ago :

How excellent are thy designs, O lord of eternity!  
 The Nile in heaven is for the strangers,  
 And for the cattle of every land, that go upon their feet;  
 But the Nile, it cometh from the nether world for Egypt.

The celestial Nile is, of course, another name for rain. This imagery reminds one of the celestial Ganges of Indian writers. Excellent as were the designs of the Lord of Eternity, human designs were otherwise. A mysterious law sets limits to the life of an Empire, as it does to the life of an individual. Why Empires should decay and disappear, we know not: how they fall we know with tolerable certainty. The theory of a "social organism" may be nothing more than an interesting theory: the effects of bad organisation are more easy to trace. It has been said that the Moghul Empire in India fell, because its military organisation was rotten. Whether or not prosperity enfeebled the fibre of the Egyptian nation, the military organisation of the Empire of the Pharaohs was as bad as that of the Moghul Empire, if not worse. The decay of an Empire, however, is usually the result of many causes: more fatal to the stability of the Empire of the Pharaohs than their defective military organisation was the effeminacy and love of luxury that came in the train of prosperity and wealth, with the consequence that the army was flooded with foreign mercenaries who dominated the weak central power. The country was divided into a number of provinces or nomes, each with its own Governor, who had to remit taxes to the central treasury and supply military levies at the time of war. The Church was also another influential factor which the Pharaohs had sometimes to reckon with. Whenever the central authority was weak, the increasing power of the nomarchs, the military comman-

ders and the priests was bound to hasten the dissolution of an Empire which was not held together by the patriotism of a homogeneous nation, but by the ability of the paramount ruler. The serf, who toiled in the building of the pyramid, survives: the prince who directed the labour has perished. And the Hebrew prophet has declared: "There shall be no more a prince out of the Land of Egypt."

The great men of earliest Egypt are now forgotten. The inventor of the Egyptian calendar, which through Rome has been bequeathed to modern Europe with certain irregular alterations, must have lived in the Southern Delta in the forty-third century B. C. His name has not survived. The people of those early days must have developed a system of writing, but they have left us no great names. After Menes, the first great historical character was Zoser, who was not the greatest pyramid-builder, but whose reign seems to have marked the beginning of extensive building in stone. Until then the royal tombs were mostly of sun-dried bricks. The terraced pyramid, 195 feet high, built by him at Memphis is understood to have been the "first large structure of stone known in history." His counsellor, Imhotep, was better known to posterity than himself. Imhotep was perhaps the first great wise man of Egypt. He was the patron saint of the later scribes, the author of many wise sayings, and he was centuries afterwards worshipped as a god of medicine. Centuries afterwards, a poet, reflecting on the transience of human greatness and advising his fellow-men to make the best of the present, as the future is hidden from the eyes of man, sings:

I have heard the words of Imhotep and Harzozef,  
Whose utterances are of much reputation;  
Yet how are the places thereof?  
Their walls are in ruin,  
Their places are no more,—  
As if they had never been.  
Follow thy desire while thou livest,  
Lay myrrh upon thy head,  
Clothe thee in fine linen,  
Imbued with luxurious perfumes,  
The genuine things of the Gods.

It was well that the early Egyptians were not oppressed by this

sense of the vanity of human greatness : otherwise much of the Egyptian architecture would not have come into existence. The Indo-Aryans very early discarded the belief that the offerings of food to dead bodies and the ornaments put upon them reach the departed spirits. That, they said, was the belief of the Asuras. The next great man after Zoser was Snefru, who distinguished himself more by extension of commerce and of Egyptian supremacy over the peninsula of Sinai than by pyramid-building. He is said to have built a fleet of ships, each 170 feet long, and opened up commerce with the Phœnician coast. The greatest pyramid-builder was his successor Khufu, after whom the Great Pyramid at Gizeh is known. It is acknowledged to be the greatest mass of masonry ever put together by human hands. It must originally have been about 481 feet high, with a square base measuring about 755 feet on each side. It is said to contain 2,300,000 blocks, each weighing on an average  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tons. Modern engineers do not disbelieve the tradition current in the time of Herodotus that it required the labour of a hundred thousand men during twenty years. "The blocks were taken" writes Professor Breasted, "out of the quarries on the east side of the river south of Cairo, and at high water, when the flats were flooded, they were floated across the valley to the base of the pyramid hill. Here an enormous stone ramp or causeway had been erected, and up this incline the stones were dragged to the plateau on which the pyramid stands." One might perhaps call a civilisation which wasted so much of human labour for such unproductive purposes, a "material civilisation" at the best. There must have been a considerable amount of mental power behind these great feats of building and the organisation of so much labour. Yet one does not see much refinement about a picture of Egypt such as one might draw from these evidences of industry and government of masses of men. If a sufficient quantity of the literature of this period had been handed down to us, perhaps this picture might have been materially modified. We know something of the religious beliefs and social customs of this period, but it is chiefly from art that we must form some conception of the finer aspects of the civilisation of the early Kingdom. Art preserves popular myths, and can give a very imperfect idea of a nation's philosophy. If a foreigner had no other glimpse into Indian philosophy than that afforded by

the contemplative attitude of the statues of Buddha, while the sculptor revels in the representation of the active life of gods and men in the popular legends, he would form a very distorted conception of the spiritual culture of India. The art of building received so much development because of the outstanding popular belief that the human body was animated by a vital force, called Ka, which came into the world with it, passed through life in its company, and accompanied it into the next world. In addition to this Ka, the Egyptians seem to have believed in a soul, but one does not know how an Egyptian philosopher would have explained the relation and the attributes of all these parts of the whole man, if indeed he had any clear conceptions of them himself. The poets conceived the sky as a cow: the myth reminds one of the Indian celestial cow which yields all that one wants. The priestesses of Neit or Hother, who sang and danced before the god on festive occasions, are not unknown in India. There must have been tyrannical chieftains and corrupt officials at the time, as there have been in all countries: nevertheless it was believed that unrighteousness was wrong and would be punished by the gods. The ruler of a district protests: "I have given bread to the hungry, I have clothed him that was naked. I never oppressed one in possession of his property, so that he complained of it to the God of my city." An interesting act of charity mentioned in Egyptian documents was to supply boats to the boatless, just as food and raiment were provided to the hungry and the naked. It is generally believed that the Egyptian remedy against famine was storage of grain. This, however, is not the whole truth: the grain stored must often have proved inadequate, and importation from other parts of the country into affected districts must have been a common measure of relief from famine. Thus an assistant treasurer says of the district under his charge: "I sustained Gebelin during the unfruitful years, there being four hundred men in distress. I made thirty ships, then thirty more ships, and I brought grain for Esneh and Tuphium, after Gebelin was sustained." Another provincial ruler says: "When years of famine came, I ploughed all the fields of the Oryx-nome, preserving its people alive, and furnishing its food, so that there was none hungry therein. Then came great Niles, rich in grain and all things, but I did not collect the arrears of the fields." The costume of the

nobles and their wives in early Egypt was very simple. The male costume consisted a white linen kilt, secured above the hips with a girdle or band and hanging down to the knees, a wig, which was worn on state occasions, and a broad collar, often inlaid with costly stones. The female attire consisted of a close-fitting, sleeveless, white linen garment hanging from the breast to the ankles and secured by two bands over the shoulders, a long wig, a collar and necklace, and a pair of bracelets. It is a remarkable illustration of the varying conceptions of morality among different societies that it was customary for an Egyptian youth to marry his sister; it is said of Ramses II. that "he left over a hundred sons and at least half as many daughters, several of whom he himself married." The natural line of inheritance was through the eldest daughter, who often managed the affairs of her son during his minority. Thus women held an important position in a family. Except as guardian of her son, however, a woman was not ordinarily allowed to rule. This prejudice was broken down by Hatshesput, who may be described as the first great ruling queen known to history. She lived in the first part of the fifteenth century B. C., and in mentioning her we skip over a vast tract of history after the period of the early pyramid-builders. Society must have changed considerably during the period. Yet she must have been a woman of uncommon talent and ability to overcome not only the traditional prejudice, but the opposition of her half-brother, who was also a man of capacity. The court architect could not have been merely flattering when he said of her that "she was the bow-cable of the South, the mooring-stake of the Southerners, the excellent stern-cable of the Northland is she; the mistress of command, whose plans are excellent, who satisfies the Two Regions (Southern and Northern Egypt) when she speaks." As a woman she could not lead armies and her ambition was not military. In Professor Breasted's opinion, a warrior was needed at the head of affairs at the particular juncture of Egyptian history, and her rule at that time was, therefore, a misfortune. So many centuries after the event, the reader may not be able to identify himself so closely with the interests of a nearly forgotten kingdom as to deplore the intervention of the great queen: we may remember that she applied herself diligently to the management of the internal affairs of her kingdom, and she

could boast at one period of her reign, "I have restored that which was in ruins. I have raised up that which was unfinished since the Asiatics were in the midst of the Northland, overthrowing that which had been made while they ruled in ignorance of Re." If the triumph of Egyptian arms in Asia and in distant parts of Africa itself was delayed by the rule of a queen, her successor achieved a triumph which has led the enthusiastic American Professor to describe him as the first builder of a real Empire known to history, the first world-hero, who does not suffer by comparison with Alexander and Napoleon. In the words of Dr. Breasted : " From the fastnesses of Asia Minor, the marshes of the upper Euphrates, the islands of the sea, the swamps of Babylonia, the distant shores of Lydia, the oases of the Sahara, the terraces of the Somali coast and the upper cataracts of the Nile, the princes of his time rendered their tribute to his greatness. His commanding figure, towering like an embodiment of righteous penalty among the trivial plots and treacherous schemes of the petty Syrian dynasts, must have clarified the atmosphere of oriental politics as a strong wind drives away miasmatic vapours. His name was one to conjure with, and centuries after his empire had crumbled to pieces it was placed on amulets as a word of power." He was Thutmose III. It would give us a glimpse into the mind of Egypt to notice how the poets of the land depicted the greatness of this Emperor. Amon, his god, says to him :—

I have made them see thy majesty as a circling star,  
When it scatters its flame in fire and gives forth its dew.

I have made them see thy majesty as a young bull,  
Firm of heart, ready-horned and irresistible.

I have made them see thy majesty as a crocodile,  
Lord of fear in the water, inapproachable.

I have made them see thy majesty as a fierce-eyed lion,  
While thou makest them corpses in their valleys.

I have made them see thy majesty as a soaring hawk,  
Seizing that which he seeth, as much as he desires.

I have made them see thy majesty as a southern jackal,  
Swift-footed, stealthy-going, who roves the two Lands.

The extension of the Empire brought in its train a vast quantity of wealth, both through trade and in the shape of tribute. The

simple life of the early Egyptian was transformed ; he no longer wore the kilt which covered him only from hip to knees. Foreign weavers and artisans taught him the manufacture of finer garments and more artistic ornaments. He wore more linen and decorated his person more elaborately ; he learnt the use of more furniture, and gave himself up to more luxuries. The Empire of Thutmose III gradually fell to pieces. During the period of decline, which occupied several centuries, some mighty warriors and clever statesmen appeared on the scene. We may notice, for example, the clever stroke of policy of the Emperor who appointed a High Priestess of Amon, because the High Priests had grown too powerful and troublesome. The Egyptian rulers had a great weakness for building and endowing temples. The priests of Amon seem to have had an organisation of their own, which, supported by their wealth, became a power in the land and challenged the supremacy of the Emperors, though the Egyptians from very early times looked upon their kings as gods and sometimes even worshipped them in temples during their life-time. Fifteen per cent. of the lands of the entire country were held by the temples, and the slaves owned by the temples constituted about two per cent. of the whole population. The economic disturbance arising from this and other causes required statesman-like handling from time to time, as the revolts in distant provinces of the Empire required warriors to quell them. Of these great men we shall say nothing here. But one more character we must notice, as he shows how the intellectual life of the nation was progressing along with the material prosperity.

The Egyptian was passionately fond of outdoor life, and naturally so in his climate. His art indicates how much of his inspiration he derived from Nature and the teeming life around him. If any artist ever felt joy in his art, it was the Egyptian artist. It has, however, been said by competent judges that he lacks the idealism of the Greek sculptor. The Egyptian philosopher of the earlier days was still more open to this criticism. Leisure for speculation, contact with other nations, and the freedom of thought which generally prevails in an age of political expansion and commercial and military enterprise eventually produced their natural result, and the philosopher began to propound new interpretations of his ancient gods. The great designers of the stupendous monu-

ments of his land suggested to him how the wonderful things and creatures around him must have proceeded from a great Designer. Instead of many gods of many shapes, he saw a single great Mind, out of which, he said, proceeds the powers of "all gods, of all people, of all cattle, of all reptiles, that live, thinking and commanding everything that He wills." This new school of thinkers found a stout champion in Amenhotep IV., in the thirteenth century B. C. Professor Breasted calls him the first great idealist of the world : he might at any rate be called the first great religious reformer known to history. He regarded the Sun-God, Aton, as the greatest of gods, indeed the sole God, and the songs of praise addressed by him to Aton would bear comparison with the best hymns produced by the early Indo-Aryans. He built new temples for his favourite god and did everything in his power to replace the older creeds by his new purer and more beautiful teaching. The movement, indeed, did not succeed : it practically died with him, though his temples remained. While he was engaged in religious controversies, the outlying members of the Empire were tending to fall away from the Central Government, and his rule, like that of Queen Hatsheput, must have been regarded as a misfortune by those whose principal aspiration was to maintain the military glory and the material prosperity of the Empire. The fate of Empires apart, Amenhotep, who called himself Ikhnaton or the Spirit of the Sun, claims our admiration as a great star, in that he rose so early, in the intellectual firmament of mankind. If the date usually assigned to the composition of the Vedas be true, Ikhnaton might have been the contemporary of some of the great sages of India. When the famous Gayatri was being chanted on the banks of the Indus and perhaps the Ganges, the identical Savitar or Aton must have inspired his imperial devotee on the banks of the Nile to sing :

Thy dawning is beautiful in the horizon of heaven,  
 O living Aton, Beginning of Life !  
 When thou risest in the eastern horizon of heaven,  
 Thou fillest every land with thy beauty ;  
 For thou art beautiful, great, glittering, high over the earth ;  
 Thy rays, they encompass the lands, even all thou hast made  
 Thou bindest them by thy love.  
 Though thou art afar, thy rays are on earth ;  
 Though thou art on high, thy footprints are the day.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

Amir Habibullah has left India and reached his mountain fastnesses, carrying with him the memories of pleasant company and civilised activities, and many a product of Western and Eastern art that captivated his fancy in the Indian market. Mr. Morley has told the House of Commons that there was no conversation between the Viceroy and the Amir on political matters, at any rate regarding the revision of the treaty. H. E. the Viceroy told the Chiefs of Baluchistan that he hoped to exchange views with the Amir during his visit regarding the disputes that now and then occurred on the frontier. If the Viceroy adhered to his resolve, political matters could not have been altogether avoided from his conversation with the Amir, but it may be that His Afghan Majesty was not agreeable to any discussion of political matters when away from his capital, as a difference of opinion might have introduced an element of unpleasantness in the enjoyment of a tour which the oriental guest must have wished to be happy throughout. The Amir's friends had complained of the over-cautious attitude of the British, and had pleaded for a more generous and confiding policy towards Afghanistan. Apparently His Majesty is quite content with the treaty, as understandings too close and too elaborate might perhaps interfere with his freedom of action also. Habibullah had a weakness for things European even before he came to India : he goes back from India a thorough convert to the enlightened materialism of the West. He reminded his co-religionists at Lahore that religion does not fill one's stomach, nor does it erect a roof over one's head. While, therefore, firm in his devotion to the glorious teaching of Islam, he recommended an earnest pursuit of secular knowledge for getting on in this world. He has taken a geologist with him to examine

the mineral resources of his country. He is credited with a newly conceived intention of building more bridges and opening out more roads. All these reforms must involve fresh taxation, and might, therefore, be resisted by the people and regarded with distrust and alarm for some time. But eventually every country must appreciate the comforts which a civilised, though costly, administration is able to secure. The Mullahs in certain portions of Afghanistan are already said to have taken up a hostile attitude towards the reforming Amir. Habibullah does not seem to have been a great friend of the Mullahs at any time. His father sometimes rebuked them sternly. The amiable son, whose behaviour towards them has been more conciliatory, was at one time believed to have fallen under their influence. This opinion, however, may not be quite correct. If we may believe a recent writer, once an engineer in Afghanistan, Amir Habibullah has sometimes upbraided the idle lives of the fakirs. Every student of Indian history knows that the British Government had from time to time to pay some price for the introduction of new ideas into the country, though the policy of non-interference with the prejudices of the people has been followed as far as possible. The Afghans are a less tolerant people than the mild inhabitants of the plains of India, and one may well believe that every reform in the Amir's Kingdom must cost some struggle.



During the present Session of Parliament the vigilant friends of India have shown a remarkable amount of forbearance towards Mr. Morley. No amendment to the Address was proposed, and the questions with which the Secretary of State has been plied have generally had no reference to exciting topics. The Honourable Members have absorbing topics of their own to consider—the reform or the subjugation of the House of Lords, Home Rule for Ireland, improvement of Education, and other less important questions. In view of the inflamed character of the relations between Hindus and Muhammadans in certain parts of India, perhaps a feeling has come over some of our friends that they would not be doing any real good by interfering in any controversial matter where the people themselves are not agreed as to what they collectively want. A largely signed memorial for a revision of the partition of Bengal has been submitted to Mr. Morley, and no question has yet been asked to

ascertain what action, if any, the Secretary of State proposes to take. There is an end to all things, even to agitation, and there seems to be a disposition in England to give Mr. Morley and Lord Minto the rest which they have all along desired. The *Punjabee* prosecution has created much sensation in the Punjab and in other provinces, and there was an interpellation in the Commons. The question of the alleged guilt of the proprietor and the editor under that somewhat dangerous section of the Penal Code—Section 153 A—has not yet completely emerged from the Law Courts, and there is a suspense in the public excitement that has been caused by the sentence passed upon the popular journalists, and that is bound to increase if they are ultimately sent to jail for the alleged offence of attempting to promote feelings of enmity or hatred towards Europeans. The Courts are sacred and impregnable: an alteration of the law is likely to be demanded, if its interpretation and application end in the incarceration of the persons responsible for the writing in the Punjab paper.

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The month of February has generally been one of events in preparation and progress, rather than of events accomplished. Indian legislation is, as a rule, not sensational. In Bombay the legislation from time to time undertaken for the benefit of agriculturists will be carried a step further by amending the Dekkhan Agriculturists' Relief Act, so as to enable a cultivator, who has entered into transactions of certain kinds on paper with a money-lender, to set up an oral agreement contradicting the apparent nature of the transaction and explaining its true character. It requires no little skill to extricate and protect the ignorant and imprudent—at any rate, indigent—cultivator from the coils in which he so often gets involved. The success of the endeavours which have been so consistently made lies upon the knees of the gods.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHURCH CATHOLIC AND THE CATHOLIC  
CHURCH.

*To the Editor of EAST & WEST.*

SIR,—I have to apologise to your correspondent, Mr. Crossfield, for having missed the point of his articles on "Intellectual and Moral Authority." I doubt whether I should have attempted to reply had I awaited the conclusion of his series. I should certainly not have done so by means of a short note on the subject. I, however, less regret the misunderstanding, as Mr. Crossfield's reply to my letter enables me to define the position of the Catholic Church yet more distinctly, which is all I attempted or can attempt within the narrow limits of a letter. Another correspondent, A. R. C., has attempted a fuller answer, satisfying enough to a Roman Catholic. I cannot say how it will appeal to an outsider.

The point in question is the justice of the Church's claim to *divinely* derived intellectual and moral authority. This must be proved, and the proof is of two kinds. The first demonstrates the Divinity of Christ and His establishment of a duly constituted teaching body—the College of the Apostles—deriving its authority from Him. All here hinges on Christ's divinity, and that, again, *teste* St. Paul, depends on the testimony of His resurrection. To outsiders, this line of proof is, by its nature, one that the lapse of years may weaken. Moreover, it makes religion depend on the subtleties of hermeneutics and the criticism of historic documents. This is, therefore, evidently not a proof that one who runs may read.

The second proof shows the Church to be divine and concludes to its divine origin. This second proof is the Church herself, as she was, as she promises to be, but above all as she is.

Mr. Crossfield impugns this living proof as not evidently divine in the past history of Europe. As I have said, I shall not attempt a refutation within the limits of a short letter. The work has already been done in England, at great length and well, by Sir Thomas W. Allies, K. C. S. G., in the seven volumes of his "Formation of Christendom Series." Neither shall I here try to show that the future of the Church is divine, by indicating the lines along which she seems to me to be developing. That were a course bristling yet more with controversy, where, in all probability, A. R. C. and not Mr. Crossfield would be my controvertor.

There remains the present. The present is obvious. Study the Church as she is.

The Church is, now, an organic whole, as a body, in doctrine and practice, ennobling, spiritualising and divinising man. *Egoism* the most intensely exacting, altruism the most devoted, are in her sublimed into one divine whole-life. Many members, she is also one body. As Christ prayed before his passion "that they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us: *that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me.*" *Obstructiveness* to "the rationalising spirit in human affairs" is not in her, as a body, only occasionally from individuals. Her obstructiveness is to the rashness that anticipates the conclusions of reason, where the wish is father to the thought. *Unwholesome* she is not save to the untrue. Weeds grow rank in good soil. The rankness indicates the richness of the soil and the weeds are periodically thrown over the wall. *Superstition*, too, there is, but none in the Church's teaching and solemnly authorised practice.

Now, all this is assertion, but an assertion easy to verify. Read Catholic newspapers and reviews. They are not difficult of access. If the life of which they are the expression, after making due allowance for personal coefficients, is not *evidently* divine, there is nothing more to say. But non-Catholic literature is in this connection valueless. It describes the Church as she seems to those who cannot know her. It is not even trustworthy as mere chronicle.

Finally, I would add that the Church Catholic of Mr. Crossfield's aspirations is recognised as a present fact by the Catholic Church of my devotion. In theological phraseology it is known as "the soul of the Church" and embraces Buddhists, Hindus, Mahomedans, Parsis, Confucians, all who seek the Truth. May the Church Catholic of Mr. Crossfield grow and expand in the "rationalising spirit," "in knowledge," "in culture," and may the hoped-for "finer social fruition and saner mental outlook" soon arrive, whether *mediante* God's British Empire or not. My

aspirations are one with his. The body of the Church shall then be coextensive with the soul of the Church. The Church Catholic and the Catholic Church shall then be the One Church.

With so much in common to look forward to, I trust Mr. Crossfield will not deny to me, some at least if not all the rationalist's "supreme good sense."

CHAS. A. DOBSON.

*Agra.*

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# EAST & WEST.

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## THE STATESMEN OF ANCIENT INDIA.

THE political ability of the Hindu races has been so "cabin-  
cribbed, confined" during many centuries by successive alien  
dominations that modern foreign observers are hardly prepared to  
credit the ancient inhabitants of India with any high degree of skill  
in the art of government. I venture, however, to think that the  
facts of history warrant the assertion that in olden days the settled  
Indian races displayed marked ability for political organisation, and  
produced a considerable number of statesmen worthy to rank on  
equal terms with European rulers living in about the same stage of  
civilisation.

The merits and demerits of the half-foreign government of  
Akbar in the sixteenth century are sufficiently well-known, and that  
great monarch can well bear comparison as a statesman of the first  
rank with his contemporaries, Henry IV. of France and Elizabeth of  
England. But Akbar, notwithstanding that he utilised indigenous  
talent with wise liberality, was himself a foreigner almost as much as  
an English Viceroy is, and India cannot fairly claim his fine political  
qualities as those of one of her sons.

In order to obtain a view of a polity truly Indian we must go  
back to much earlier times, long before the Great Moguls were dreamt  
of; and, if we do so, we shall find that ancient India could breed  
statesmen, and we may thus be led to cherish the hope that, in this  
matter as in so many others, history will repeat itself. The annals  
of the south are so imperfectly known that we are compelled to  
exclude them from consideration, and to confine our attention to  
India north of the Nerbudda—the Hindustan of a later age.

Three periods of brilliantly successful Hindu government pre-  
vious to the Muhammadan conquest stand out conspicuously, and a  
considerable amount of information concerning each is on record.

Owing to the well-known lack of historical literature in India proper—as distinguished from the border-lands of Ceylon, Kashmir, Nepal, and Assam, all of which have their chronicles—we are mainly dependent for our detailed knowledge of the government of the old Hindu empires upon the accounts of three foreign travellers, the first of whom was a Greek, while the second and third were Chinamen. The three periods referred to as those in which the natural Hindu capacity for government was best displayed are, firstly, the Maurya (321—232 B.C.), secondly, the Gupta (320—480 A.D.), and thirdly, the reign of Harsha (606—648 A.D.). The first period is marked by the names of Chandragupta, or Sandracottus, and Asoka. Two other Chandraguptas and Samudragupta are the glories of the second period. Harsha stands alone, and on a lower pedestal.

For each of these periods we fortunately possess the account of an impartial foreigner, who resided long in India and enjoyed ample opportunities for observation. The earliest of these alien sojourners, Megasthenes the Greek, represented his master Seleucus Nikator, lord of Western Asia, at the court of Chandragupta Maurya, the first emperor of India, and employed his spare time in making notes so well that the information collected by him continued to be the principal source of European knowledge of India until the fifteenth century, when the Portuguese navigators re-opened the routes of maritime commerce between the East and West, which had been long forgotten and disused. The book written by the Greek ambassador has not been preserved, but so many extracts from it were taken by extant authors that probably little of value has been lost. Megasthenes' account of the court and administration of Chandragupta Maurya is supplemented and continued by the autobiographical details in the inscriptions of Asoka, grandson of that monarch. The positive facts thus placed at the disposal of the historian are illustrated by the theoretical exposition of Hindu polity, ascribed by early tradition to Chanakya, the minister of Chandragupta, and certainly of ancient date. With the help of these documents and the testimony of buildings, sculptures and other monuments, the modern student is in a favourable position for appreciating the merits of the Maurya polity, notwithstanding the lapse of more than two millenniums.

Some authors have supposed that the idea of an Indian empire was suggested by the example of Alexander the Great; but the

better opinion seems to be that the model on which Chandragupta Maurya moulded his institutions was the Persian empire of Cyrus and his successors, on the throne of which Alexander sat for a few years. From the time of Darius, the son of Hystaspes, in 500 B.C. the rulers of India had been in touch with their great western neighbour, and were not in need of the example of Alexander to teach them imperial ideas. Chandragupta Maurya, whoever may have been his teacher, certainly learned how both to think and act imperially; and in the course of twenty-four years (321—297 B.C.) succeeded in clearing out the last of the Macedonian garrisons, in frustrating the attempt of Seleucus Nikator to recover the lost conquests of Alexander, and in establishing Magadha, the modern Bihar as a paramount power over a dominion extending from the Hindu Kush probably as far as the Nerbudda. So great an achievement is conclusive proof that Chandragupta Maurya possessed military and political ability of a high order. This conclusion is supported by the Greek account of the details of his government, which indicates that at that period—the fourth century B.C.—the world could not exhibit an example of a large state enjoying a government more skilled and efficient than that of the Indian empire.

The spirit of Chandragupta's rule was frankly despotic, and his methods for securing obedience were of the sternest. He was swift to shed blood, and relied on the agency of departmental officials, who had at their back a well-organised standing army and fleet. The central government, while necessarily entrusting ample authority to the rulers of remote provinces, watched those officers with jealous suspicion, and sought to curb their tendency to independence by a system of continuous espionage. Asoka's orders that the "king's men" should keep him fully informed on all public affairs are quite in accordance with the rules ascribed to his grandfather's minister, who attached high importance to the judicious use of governmental spies, and was prepared to sanction for the benefit of the crown the most unscrupulous proceedings on their part, subject to the theoretical proviso that they should be employed "only against the wicked, and never against the innocent and virtuous." The Hindu text-writer is as shameless as the Florentine Machiavelli in this respect, and does not hesitate to lay down that "state spies, whose profession is to administer poison to political offenders, may

bring about a quarrel between two guilty persons born of the same family, and administer poison to one or the other. The survivor and his party shall be accused of poisoning and their property confiscated and taken by the Government." The policy thus recommended is precisely the same as that of Machiavelli, which has been summarised as resting on the principle that "for the establishment and maintenance of authority all means may be resorted to, and that the worst and most treacherous acts of the ruler, however unlawful in themselves, are justified by the wickedness and treachery of the governed." No exceptionally high standard of morality is claimed for the ancient Hindu monarchs, most of whom, doubtless, were as unscrupulous as the Medici and Borgias. But it is clear that they possessed the capacity to govern strongly, if sternly, a vast empire, to handle effectually huge military forces, to maintain order, protect property, and enforce their will in the most distant provinces. It is a "long cry" from Patna (Pataliputra), the Maurya capital, to Girnar in Kathiyawar, but Chandragupta had a Governor stationed at the latter place, who is recorded to have constructed an irrigation embankment, which was still worth repairing seven and a half centuries later.

Megasthenes tells us how the Indian Irrigation Department, like the similar institution in Egypt, regulated the rivers and systematically controlled the distribution of the water among the farmers. Modern zemindars and cultivators think themselves harshly treated because they have to pay water-rates, but their predecessors, more than two thousand years ago, suffered from the same grievance, and were compelled to pay *udaka-bhāga*, at heavy rates, described in Chanakya's book. Property was so well protected that the daily larcenies in the royal camp, with a population of four hundred thousand people, amounted to a mere trifle, and crime of all sorts was ruthlessly repressed. High roads were maintained, municipal institutions were fully developed, and adequate arrangements were made for safeguarding the interests of foreign residents. Without going further into detail, it may be asserted with confidence that in the Maurya age every department of State was well organised, according to ancient standards, and that the Indian system of government three centuries before the Christian era was equal, if not superior, to that of Akbar in the sixteenth century.

With reference to the quotation from Chanakya's treatise, which exhibits a low moral standard of state-craft, it is only fair to call attention to the very different tone of Asoka's edicts, which inculcate advanced moral doctrines, tinged with a Buddhist colouring, as applicable to both private and public affairs. How far the pious emperor's precepts were acted on cannot be determined now, but it is safe to assume that practice lagged far behind theory, and that Chanakya's prescriptions were often preferred by provincial governors to the less practical exhortations of the imperial preacher. Whatever may be our judgment concerning the ethical standard of the Maurya rule, there is no doubt that during three long reigns extending over nearly a century (321-232 B.C.), the central government, working from Patna, without the facilities for communication provided by modern inventions, successfully controlled all the parts of an empire as great as British India, and at the same time maintained its international dignity as the friend and ally on equal terms of the Greek contemporary sovereigns in Syria, Macedonia and Egypt.

After the decay of the Maurya dynasty, India passed through a long agony of internal dissension and foreign invasion. Very little is known about the administration of the government by the powerful Kushan or Indo-Scythian monarchs during the first and second centuries, A.D., but the scanty data available indicate that their rule was strong and organised on civilised lines. These kings, having been foreigners from the steppes of Central Asia, the question of their political capacity does not concern us at present.

The next truly native dynasty which claims attention is that of the Guptas, which was founded in 320 A.D., and ceased to be of importance about 480 A.D. The seat of Government of the earlier kings was Patna, as it had been six centuries before in Asoka's time, but the centre of political gravity was gradually shifted westwards, as the imperial power was extended to the shore of the Arabian Sea. Samudragupta (about 326—375 A.D.), an exceptionally accomplished prince, not content with the thorough subjugation of the greater part of Northern India, conducted a marvellous campaign in the South, and carried his victorious standards almost to the extremity of the peninsula. Such a feat of arms, although it did not result in permanent conquest, needed powers of no ordinary kind to ensure its success, and justly entitles the man who performed it to a high place

among soldier kings. But no detailed information concerning his internal administration is on record ; and we must be content to base our appreciation of the merits of Gupta government on the narrative of Fa-hien, a pious Buddhist pilgrim from China, who travelled and resided in India at the beginning of the fifth century, during the reign of Chandragupta II., son and successor of Samudragupta.

At that time the Hellenistic kingdoms founded by the successors of Alexander had long vanished, the Roman empire was staggering under the blows of Alaric the Goth, and the modern system of European states was still unborn. We learn, with some wonder, from the transparently truthful remarks of the simple-minded Chinese pilgrim, that Northern India then enjoyed an orderly and efficient government apparently superior to any contemporary administration in Europe.

Fa-hien, the pilgrim referred to, spent fourteen years in India, busily engaged in the study of Sanskrit and the collection of materials to aid in the propagation of the Buddhist faith in China. His mind being devoted to religion, he could spare little time or attention for secular affairs, to which he rarely alludes. But he felt constrained to give expression to his satisfaction with the Indian institutions among which he had lived for so many years, and he left on record a striking account of the political and social condition of the country, which excites agreeable surprise by the high praise bestowed. He gives no hint of ever having suffered loss or violence in the course of his extensive travels, and was especially delighted at the personal liberty permitted by the government and the absence of vexatious restrictions. The irritating system of passports, described by Chanakya as in force during Maurya times, had fallen into disuse, and the pilgrim observes in his homely way that "those who want to go away may go ; those who want to stop, may stop." In the "middle country" to the south of Mathura, he states emphatically that the people were "numerous and happy," and he was pleased to notice the mildness of the penal law, as contrasted with that of China. Most offences were visited merely by fines, the death penalty was unknown, and amputation of the right hand was inflicted only in cases of repeated violent crime. The officials were provided with salaries, and so were not constrained to "squeeze" the people. His description of Magadha and its

ancient capital is equally pleasing. He declares that "the inhabitants are rich and prosperous, and vie with one another in the practice of benevolence and righteousness." A specially interesting manifestation of public charity was the free hospital, where we are told the sick "get the food and medicines which their cases require, and are made to feel at ease; and when they are better, they go away of themselves." This testimony proves beyond all doubt that the government of Chandragupta II. (Vikramāditya) struck a foreign traveller living under its protection as being eminently sensible and efficient—a government which permitted all reasonable liberty and encouraged the growth of both wealth and learning. The testimony is the more emphatic because the pilgrim was a zealous Buddhist, while King Chandragupta II. was an orthodox Hindu, specially devoted to the worship of Vishnu. No country in Europe at that period could have been described by a traveller in such terms, and the conclusion is inevitable that in 400 A.D. India possessed statesmen who knew how to govern effectually without the aid of cruelty. The general social prosperity and advanced political development were reflected in Sanskrit literature, which, at about the same time, attained its highest point in the works of Kalidasa.

About half a century after the visit of Fa-hien, the prosperity of the Gupta dominions was rudely disturbed by the irruption of hordes of wild nomads from Central Asia, known to the Indians as Hunas, to European writers as White Huns, and to the Chinese as Yetha or Ephthalites. They appeared in the Gangetic provinces for the first time about 455 A.D., when they were repulsed by the Crown Prince; but fresh swarms poured in, and overcame the Hindu resistance. In the course of a few years the Huns established themselves as the dominant power of Northern India. Both as impure casteless foreigners and as cruel brigands they were naturally loathed by the natives, whom they oppressed without mercy. About 528 A.D. a confederacy of Hindu princes of the interior rose against their intolerable tyranny, and succeeded in driving the Hun leader, Mihiragula, back into the frontier provinces of the Punjab and Kashmir.

But the long continued troubles due to the barbarian invasion had sapped the foundations of Hindu polity, and destroyed the fabric of the Gupta empire; so that, even when the enemy had

been driven back, no great statesman arose to restore prosperity to the suffering land. The sixth century, from the time of the Hun defeat, practically is a blank for the historian, and no ruler of note appeared until 606 A.D., when Harsha, King of Thanesar and Kanauj, came to the throne. In the course of a long reign of forty-two years, he made himself master of the greater part of Upper India, and enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing the kings of Assam in the far east and of Kathyawar in the far west attend pageants as vassals in his train.

Just as we are indebted to Fa-hien, the earliest of the Chinese Buddhist pilgrims, for the early extant account of Gupta internal administration, so our knowledge of the system of government adopted by Harsha is mainly derived from the writings of the most celebrated of the Chinese travellers, Hiuen Tsang, Master of the Law, who, like his predecessor, spent about fourteen years in India (630-44). He gives a lively account of the power and magnificence of Harsha, who was a strong and ambitious monarch, engaged in schemes of conquest almost up to the end of his life. Although order was not preserved quite so well as in the days of the great Guptas, and the penal code was more sanguinary than then, probably in consequence of the social disruption caused by the Hun invasions, the country still enjoyed the benefit of control by a powerful central authority, and the general condition evidently was fairly prosperous. The sovereign kept continually on the move and relied mainly on his personal supervision to secure efficient administration by his subordinates. The ancient political institutions seem to have fallen into decay, and so, when Harsha died in 648, the organisation which had been held together by his individual energy fell to pieces, and the result was anarchy. Harsha was the last of the great Hindu paramount sovereigns. It is true that Bhoja of Kanauj acquired and held a wide dominion for some fifty years in the ninth century, but beyond that bare fact very little is known about him, and he cannot be reckoned among the statesmen of India. Numerous minor local powers then come upon the scene, in such numbers as in themselves suffice to prove the decadence of the capacity for rule possessed by the ancients. The attempts made by these petty states in the eleventh and twelfth centuries to combine for purpose of stemming the tide of Muhammedan invasion failed disastrously with results

known to all; and for centuries no man, except Todar Mal, Akbar's finance minister, can be named who deserves remembrance as a Hindu statesman.

Modern partisan enthusiasts, actuated largely by motives of hostility to the existing government, hold up to admiration an idealised picture of Sivaji, the founder of the Mahratta empire, and his successors. But, in reality, the Mahratta government was a system of organised brigandage rather than a settled State, and its proceedings, when viewed in the cold light of historical truth, offer little to admire, and much to abhor. The times in the eighteenth century were out of joint, and it was not then possible to create a Hindu State based on the best ancient traditions. Subject to the necessary control of the British paramount power, which, so far as human foresight can discern, will be indispensable to Indian welfare for many generations to come, legitimate Hindu ambition has now a wider, if narrower, field for its exercise; and the examples of Travancore and Mysore show that Hindus can still learn the art of government, and practise it under modern conditions on a higher plane of morality than that with which Chan akya was content.

The present has its roots in the past in India, as elsewhere, and the problems of to-day cannot be understood rightly by men ignorant of the history of their country. The highest function of the historian of the dead is to teach the living. It seems to me that the mere realisation, as a matter of common knowledge of the truth, that in olden days India could produce statesmen capable of conducting the business of government on the largest scale with credit and distinction, should tend to generate in native politicians a sense of self-respecting dignity well adapted to form a safe basis for the exercise of responsible power in the modes permitted by the conditions of the twentieth century. Although the circumstances of the Maurya and Gupta ages cannot be reproduced, even the story of times so remote has its lessons; and, apart from any specific lessons, the recognition of the fact that the authentic history of ancient India records political achievements which may be contemplated with pride, should afford a healthy stimulus to the moderns, who may be thus moved to emulate their ancestors, within the limitation imposed by the necessities of the times. That history, absolutely forgotten for many centuries, has been recovered and built up by the

labours of innumerable scholars during the last hundred years, most of whom have been Europeans—English, French, Russian, and German—the contribution made by students of Indian birth being far smaller than it ought to be. But gratifying signs are not wanting that the reproach of India's indifference to her past is being wiped away; and we may hope for the time when Indian scholars, combining a sane and enlightened patriotism with the scientific methods of European criticism, will take up the duty, which is properly theirs, of leading the way in the study of the countless Indian historical problems awaiting solution.

VINCENT A. SMITH,

*Haslewood, Cheltenham.*

## THE NEW SCHOOL OF INDIAN POLITICS.

**I**T was in the year 1906, for the first time in the history of India, since the direct assumption of the sovereignty of India by the crown of England, that what is called the New School of Politics (or the Extremists) made itself conspicuous before, during and after the sittings of the National Congress. Its aim, as expounded by its journals and accredited representatives, is, so far as we can gather, to acquire political privileges, or a substantial form of self-government, within the empire, by a boycott of everything foreign or British, of British manufactures, of offices, paid or honorary, under the British Government, and eventually by refusing to pay taxes to the British Government—in short, by developing on parallel lines, as it were, a system of self-reliance and self-help in all matters in which the people now rely on the products of British labour, and a system of gradually withdrawing from the British Government all manner of co-operation in the administration of this vast Indian Empire. If the above were a fairly correct representation of the aims of the Extremists, then it may be added that the scheme is susceptible of unlimited expansion. It will mean the abandonment of all articles of necessity, comfort and luxury, of machines, implements, manufactured products of Great Britain and Ireland, of all the countries in Europe and America and the British and European Colonies. Because there can be no object in encouraging European and American manufactures at the cost of British labour and capital. A logical extension of the scheme may even imply the giving up of railways in India built and managed by foreign capital and skill, under the direction of the British Government, the giving up of British steamers, of the British Indian post and telegraph offices, and of the English language itself, though the originators of this "Wholesale Boycott Theory" have not yet ventured to speak out their minds on this part of their programme

Their utmost vision has not extended as yet beyond the withholding of payment of taxes in the fulness of time fixed by themselves. But the British Government is so huge an organisation, and the British manufacturer and the British capitalist and the British traders have penetrated in India to such an extent, that to our unimaginative mind it appears that nothing short of absolute renunciation of all of our present day surroundings would enable us to fulfil thoroughly, both in spirit and to the letter, this view of Boycott of everything foreign, and, what is more important, of desisting to the best of our ability from helping the Government in the administration of the country.

It strikes us that the great objection—an almost fatal one—to this beautiful and grand scheme, is its sheer impossibility. The history of the world affords no instance of the kind, and even brave Ireland has not been able to come up to the level of our esteemed Extremists! Situated as India is at present, with a settled Government and with the majesty of law firmly established, with peace on the frontier, and peace within the country, with teeming millions of men, women and children of diverse creeds, temperaments, habiliments, diet, amusements and occupations, it is futile to expect to bring about a combination which will be able and willing to act up to this Boycott theory for any length of time. Why, neither the National Congress nor the Industrial Conference exhibition would have been possible, without the co-operation of some of the officers of the British Government, of the British Government police, of the British firms and manufacturers. The greatest weakness of the scheme lies in the way in which its apostles and high priests were driven to acknowledge in public that their theory would land them in sullen revolt against the Government in the shape of refusing payment of taxes. Refraining from the use of articles of foreign manufacture is lawful. But to refuse to pay taxes is unlawful. Yet the theory is so impracticable that, according to their own confession, they have to descend from the sublime to the ludicrous! Is there a ghost of a chance of the country ever making any permanent progress in politics or arts or industries under such guidance?

Wherein does the real secret of our helplessness lie? It lies in our utter incapacity for such a gigantic task as sullen and per-

sistent revolt against the Government. The whole Indian problem would be solved once for all if the people of India had the nerve and the unanimity to act with one will. But they have not had it for the past thousands of years. They have it not at the present day. There is no magician's wand, there is no Mahatma, who can create it in a day. Why should we in vain exasperate our rulers and waste our energies by proclaiming from the housetops that we are bent on wholesale Boycott ?

Before we can with any measure of success pursue the Boycott, there is immense work to be done in the country : (1) in the direction of educating our boys and girls (what is the percentage of the literate men and women in different parts of India ?), in organising an all-embracing system of primary and secondary education, education in arts and industry, (2) in enabling a fairly large percentage of the people to understand our aims and difficulties, (3) in increasing the physical capacity of the race by abolishing child marriages, (4) in resolutely postponing the marriage of boys till they are able to earn an honest and honourable livelihood, (5) in abolishing the caste system so far as it operates as a bar to the free commingling of men of different castes and sects for the common good, (6) and lastly, in training the people to think more of the country as a whole than of their individual and immediate interests. It is our firm conviction that there is room for strenuous work for another 50 or 100 years in these directions, before we can develop the manhood and the womanhood of India to a full consciousness of their civic duties and responsibilities. When the work we have indicated above—but very briefly—long, arduous, humble, as it is, will have been done ungrudgingly and patiently, long after the obscure workers in hundreds and thousands are gathered to their forefathers there will be developed out of the indigenous materials in India a race and a people who will know how to assert with dignity their wants, and how to obtain redress.

There are people who say that the new school has done a deal of good indirectly. It has been the direct cause of the newly acquired popularity of the Moderates; it has roused the British Lion from his long slumber; it expects Indian problems to be better attended to in England. We do not deny that there is some truth in this contention. But the injury done is by no means negligible: the

minds of many of the young men have been poisoned; false ideals have been put into their heads at the most impressionable period of their lives; a false atmosphere in which false hopes of speedy political redress affect young minds has been created, and a great deal of unnecessary racial feeling has been roused. Energy, time, and money, urgently required for peaceful, constructive work of a very important kind, are being frittered away. After a time, when people reflect calmly what this wholesale Boycott means and find it impracticable, and after they lapse into their wonted lethargy and fatalism, the task of constructing a sober, practical plan of work which will carry us forward inch by inch, step by step, from day to day, and from month to month all along the line, industrially, politically, socially and religiously—all to suit a central aim—each part being harmonised to the rest—will have to be begun.

Wherein, then, lies our hope? Not surely in the Extremists. But in the lives and teachings of those great men who have worked for us and the country unostentatiously—of men like Mahadev Govind Ranade, Jamsetji Tata, and others who are similarly imbued with a faith in peaceful methods and in the steady work of successive generations. The British are an eminently practical people, and the only thing which can make us their equals or their superiors is their virtues—their aggressive virtues—and that oneness of feeling which binds them all. If we as a people and as a race—man for man, woman for woman, and child for child—in the average, are as capable and as efficient as the members of the British race, we can not only Boycott them, but do a great deal more. But till then, there is enough work, in all conscience, for our hands and brains to uplift our countrymen and countrywomen, without being lost in the wild fancies of the new-born Extremist party.

We are not blind to the defects of the British Government. We are not devoid of love for our country. We are not oblivious of the low place of India in the scale of civilised, self-respecting nations of the world. We are not bereft of the divine quality of ambition and enthusiasm. And we know that mere petitioning or begging for favours is not productive of very fruitful results. We are decidedly for relying on ourselves. But we hold it as an article of faith that our first and foremost duty is to create an Indian Nation.

For this grand work we want all our energy, time, and as much sympathy and co-operation as we can obtain, both at home and abroad. We must necessarily come in friendly conflict with Government every day of our lives. But we must not delude ourselves into the belief that without creating a united people whose religion, like that of Japan, will be the country's rise, we can afford even to dream of being able to coerce Government into our way of thinking and compel them to act up to our mandates.

ARJUN.

## INDIAN SELF-GOVERNMENT.

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**P**ERHAPS I may be allowed to repeat here, in a somewhat different shape, some thoughts on Self-Government in India, which were the subject of a paper read by me to the East India Association on the 22nd February. I offer them to the hospitality of *East & West*, not in order to give a wider advertisement to my views as mine, but in the hope that they may be discussed, and that the discussion may throw light on a subject which bristles with difficulties, practical and theoretical. My principal object is to induce a friendly and fruitful exchange of ideas and not merely the barren criticism of the ideas of other people. I start with the assumption that we are all desirous that educated Indians shall have a larger share in the Government of their country. By what means can that desideratum be most safely, speedily and permanently obtained?

In the first place, we must carefully bear in mind that we have here to face two perfectly separate problems. There is, firstly, the problem of securing the admission of more Indians into the public services. This, I conceive, is a minor problem. The various dynasties and governments that have from time to time ruled the peoples of India have always largely employed foreigners, just as universities all over the world, employ foreign persons when native professors are not available or not sufficiently learned. In the public service what we require is efficiency, intelligence and honesty. Public officials are the paid servants of the State, that is, of the people. Their conduct is ensured by the rewards and punishments which the State can bestow. If it is in some respects desirable that public officials should be of the same race as the people whose affairs they administer, we know, on the other hand, that natives of one province or district have done admirable service in the other provinces or districts which are, to them, practically foreign countries. In

Northern India, for instance, the Bengali *Kerani* is ubiquitous. He is not the less useful, because in the Punjab, to take one case, he is an exile and has to learn the local language and customs just as an Englishman has to learn them. After all, public policy is not directed by subordinate officials. All their doings are governed by laws, rules, circulars, and they have no powers save those which are expressly conferred upon them by such enactments or orders. They have to apply their legal powers to individual cases, and here what is required of them is simply honesty of purpose, common sense and knowledge. The substitution of indigenous for imported agency would make but little difference to any one but the officials themselves. While, then, it is a good thing that Indians should be trained to take a part in the public service of the country, that is a matter of minor importance compared with the other branch of my subject. There have even been cases, (Lord Reay cited one, I think, not long ago), in which the inhabitants of Indian districts have actually petitioned to have English Magistrates substituted for indigenous officers. That does not imply disloyalty to their own race. It simply means that the particular Indian officials petitioned against were lacking in training, in temperament, or some other essential quality. After all, English officials, at their best, are admitted to be as good as any the world produces. We know that India can produce as good men. But it would be unreasonable to expect that she should produce them in equally large numbers or by the same method of selection. Competitive examination succeeds in England because, owing to historical causes which I need not enter into here, there is a large supply of suitable candidates. From my own experience I can tell of men who have failed at the Civil Service Examination, have come to India as barristers, have risen to the High Court, and have quashed the judgments of men who easily beat them in mere literary tests of intelligence. I do not, indeed, think that a literary examination is the best way of selecting Indians for high office. It is not always the finest men or the finest races in India who can prepare themselves for stiff examinations; moreover such preparation is necessarily expensive, and India is a frugal and a poor country. A certain standard of literary efficiency is, of course, necessary. Our officers must be sufficiently literate and intelligent to understand and explain the laws and regulations they

administer. But the number of efficient candidates as yet presenting themselves is not so great as to render it necessary to subject them to the purely artificial and arbitrary test of a literary examination. It is an admirable system for European candidates, on the whole, because it prevents nepotism, favouritism and unfairness. A choice has to be made among a huge crowd of young Englishmen, all well educated, all presumably well bred, and a competitive examination is the best device for sorting out the number required. But that is essentially a British problem, and has not necessarily anything to do with the selection of Indian candidates. It has been repeatedly suggested that there should be simultaneous examinations in India and England. The Hon. Mr. Gokhale has recently lent his powerful support to this claim. I venture to think that he makes a mistake. I do not believe that it is at all likely that the India Office would agree to such a change. It might make it impossible to control the proportion of Indians in the service. It is a possible contingency that all, or nearly all, the selected candidates might, for instance, be Bengali Hindus in a particular year. This might cause dissatisfaction both in England and India. Simultaneous examinations are not practical politics, for the moment, and it is a waste of time to discuss this solution of the difficulty. It must not be forgotten that, while in Great Britain there is a large and constant supply of educated young men, in India the numbers available vary greatly from province to province. In Bengal the supply is probably as great as in England. In other provinces higher education is not sufficiently advanced to provide a steady flow of recruits fitted to hold their own in a competitive examination. That is not to say that these provinces do not contain men competent to take a part in the administration, especially of their own provinces. But examination does not present an open door to such men.

What I propose, then, is that a certain number of vacancies should be kept open in each province for natives of that province, if a sufficient number should be available. The number could be increased or diminished from time to time, and the remaining vacancies might be put up to competition in England. (Indians could, as now, present themselves for examination if they were willing to face the expense and trouble of the journey to England.) The actual method of selection matters little if the principle be

accepted that officials be locally selected where possible and that only the *remaining* vacancies shall be competed for. It is evident that this throws a difficult and invidious task on the local administrations. But it is one which is faced, with more or less success, by every oriental administration. I would suggest, very diffidently, that each local government might choose its own system of making appointments. There might be nomination pure and simple, or nomination *plus* an examination, or a certain number of posts put up to competition with a proviso that success in the examination would not necessarily give a claim to a post. At present we have examination *plus* such qualities of purse and person as are involved in the journey to Europe. The result has been, most will admit, surprisingly successful. The Indian members of the Civil Service have, almost without exception, been quite up to, if not above, the average of young Englishmen similarly chosen. There is no reason why a system so successful should be ended. But there seems to be a general feeling that it should be supplemented. My suggestion is that it should be supplemented by local nominations in each province. Those candidates who are ambitious of serving outside their own province would proceed to England for the competitive examination. Those who are content to serve in their own province would apply to their local government for nomination. It may be asked in what respect this would differ from the old statutory civil service, which, from various causes, has become a dead letter. It would differ in this, that the candidates would have exactly the same status as the "competition-wallahs." But it would be necessary to give them a sound administrative training. For this purpose I would suggest the creation in India of something resembling the great *Ecole des Sciences Politiques* in Paris through which nearly all French Civil Servants pass. To this I would also send the candidates selected by competition in England. At present, young officials learn their work—by doing it. It is not such a bad system as it would seem to the outsider, especially if the official novice has the good fortune to be placed under a Magistrate and Collector or Deputy Commissioner who takes an interest in the education of his subordinates. The office library furnishes sufficient literary material for the departmental examinations, and life is given to the theoretical studies of the young officials by the practical work in the field or in *cutcherry*.

But administration grows daily more complicated and laborious, and district officers have less and less time to spend on the education of their subordinates. Moreover, in these days of *swadeshi* and boycotting, it is a good thing for our officials to have some economical training and to know something of the theory of administration. It is also a good thing for them to acquire a sounder linguistic training than can be picked up from mofussil munshis and pandits. All these wants might be supplied at a college of administration.

It will be answered that such a school once existed in the famous College of Fort William and proved a failure. That must be admitted. But it failed chiefly because the young writers who studied there acquired expensive habits in Calcutta and ran into debt. It would not be necessary to place the proposed college in a large town. It might be located in a healthy hill station, where there would be few temptations to dissipation or undue expense. It would have the great benefit of giving Indian and European officials a common training and a common *esprit de corps*—an admirable equipment for their future career. To this college might also be admitted police officers and candidates for the subordinate judicial and magisterial services. But it is hardly necessary to go into details as to a scheme which is at present purely visionary. Like most compromises, my idea is not likely to please either the sturdy conservatives, who see no reason for any change, or the reformers who will accept nothing short of simultaneous examinations. But since, in political and administrative matters, all progress must be by way of compromise, I put forward my suggestion in the hope that it may at least inspire wiser persons to invent some other and more feasible compromise. Let them remember that the problem is to bring more capable and suitable Indians into the higher posts of the administration. There must be choice of some kind, either the mechanical (and therefore impartial) choice of a literary examination, or the choice of responsible administrators who know the sort of men that are required. We shall not advance if our reformers continue crying for changes which they know perfectly well are not likely to be conceded. The difficulty is to think of changes which will be acceptable to all, or nearly all, parties. It seems to me (I may be wrong) that the line of least resistance is to be found in enlarging the services *provincially*, and in allowing the local govern-

ments to nominate young men who by birth and education are fitted to form a part of the administrative staff.

The second problem is that of allowing Indians to have a share in shaping the *policy* of the government of the country. They already do so to an extent not commonly realised by foreign observers of the Indian administration—an administration which, after all, is based upon the Moghal system, is imitated from indigenous models, and is thoroughly understood and trusted by the bulk of the people. To say nothing of the newspapers whose utterances are carefully studied by responsible officials, I need not tell readers of *East & West* that there are many non-official Indians whose opinion on any legislative or administrative question is gladly welcomed and most respectfully considered by the authorities. Every important piece of legislation is circulated for opinion to district officers, and these in their turn carefully consult all persons of position and importance in their district who are likely to be interested. All the huge mass of opinion thus collected is digested and is discussed before the bill finally becomes law. Bills are also published in Gazettes, and form the subject of innumerable newspaper articles. My own impression is that educated Indians have at least equal facilities of knowing all about impending legislation to those which are open to Englishmen not in Parliament. Many of the latter have never seen a draft bill in their lives, and could not understand it if they had. They trust to members of Parliament to do the work for them, and what little they know about proposed changes in the law or administration, they gather from the columns of their favourite newspaper, the organ of one party or another. I firmly believe that all important legislation is as closely scrutinised and criticised in India as in England. There is in reality an enormous consultative body, whose opinions have a real force in shaping the policy of Government. But it is an informal body of uncertain dimensions, and it does its work quietly and unobtrusively. Nowadays, the public desires something more formal and visible. The result would not necessarily be greater efficiency. As a matter of fact the present Indian councils are probably more effective than the Colonial Assemblies or the Mother of Parliaments, if it is not profanity to say so. But the ultimate responsibility for legislation falls, not upon the persons

consulted, but upon the small body of experts by whom legislation is finally put into shape. They have done excellent work. The Indian codes are one of the finest achievements of British administration, and Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen's draft Code of Criminal Law—a work of huge labour which it would be hopeless to present to the British House of Commons—is little more than an adaptation of our Penal Code. The present system, though it has theoretical defects, has worked well and there will be many who will justly object to a change in institutions which have been so practically successful. But the time seems to have come when responsibility should have a wider basis. It is doubtless advisable that, at a time when there are so many and so able critics of the administration, some of them should be given a share of the work and the responsibility. In what way can this be done without unduly disturbing the social and political habits of the country? My own suggestion is that the local councils should be given greater powers and should be enlarged. Let each province do the bulk of its own legislation. When the Governor of Bengal was the ruler of so much of India as was British, it was natural that his council should legislate for the whole. Now that India has so grown as to include Muslim Beluchistan as well as Buddhist Burmah, the time for a common legislature seems to me to have gone by. If there was one lesson to be learned from the agitation against the Partition of Bengal, it was that there is a very strong local patriotism among the races of India. The needs of Bengal are not as those of Burmah or of the Panjab. There are many instances in which legislation framed for the whole of India has failed of its purpose by being too vague and general. We commonly hear complaints, for instance, that the law relating to Religious Endowments is a dead letter. It would not be so if it were re-enacted, province by province, in accordance with local needs. Take, again, such an enactment as the Age of Consent Act. Everyone knows that infant marriage is not practised in Hindu Assam or Buddhist Burmah and that the statutory age of cohabitation might safely be raised in those parts of India to the European level. In the adjacent province of Bengal, on the other hand, from historical causes which are reflected in the fact that three-fourths of the population in Eastern Bengal has been converted to Mahomedanism, there is strong prejudice in favour of early marriages. That is a prejudice

which still persists among even well-educated men. It is not one which will die easily: its existence has to be recognised; and in Bengal, the Age of Consent Act must remain a dead letter for many years to come. Why should not legislation recognise this essential difference in the social status of adjacent peoples?

Again, the more councils there are, the more representation. If, in some respects, the Partition of Bengal was a mistake, it had at least this merit, that it gave Bengal and Assam two councils instead of one. The problem is to make the councils more representative. I would not have them be in a hurry to assume too much responsibility, or all the functions of Western parliaments. They might be content to be consultative bodies on the Mysore model, and to take the place of the large body of persons who are now consulted by means of the *referendum* by letter and Gazette which now goes on. I would not presume to suggest in what manner such councils should be enlarged, since the local circumstances must needs count for much. In some provinces there might be a representative for each district, and he might be treated as the colleague and adviser of the district collector, and his *alter ego* in council. Each collector might also have a small body of assessors whom he might formally consult, just as every good collector has trusted advisors in all local matters now. Here, again, the time for discussing detail has not arrived. I merely venture to indicate a general principle—the principle that we must begin at the beginning, and *locally*. I know that the Hon. Mr. Gokhale and others have advocated an enlargement of the Viceroy's Council. But the Viceroy's Council can never be a large one: it can never be really representative in the sense that a local assembly can be representative. Its functions must always resemble those which the Colonial Conference will assume if it ever becomes, as Mr. Lyttleton suggested that it should become, an Imperial Council. It is natural that Mr. Gokhale, himself a member of the superior and supervising Council, should desire reforms in the body he knows best. But the bulk of us who dwell in India, whether Indians or Anglo-Indians, know little of Members of Council save through the newspapers. What seems to be required is a much humbler representative, some one known to the district authorities and to the people whose affairs they administer. The object should, surely, be to

widen the basis of representation and public interest in affairs. If it were possible to have such an institution as a district representative, we might arrive in time at some popular mode of appointing him. There is no hurry about that. At first he might very well be nominated by the local officials, on the understanding that he and they would be responsible if he did not in fact reflect such public opinion as exists in his district. This plan of devolution would have many incidental advantages. There are obviously parts of India which must still remain under the strictest (if most benevolent) forms of paternal government. Inhabitants of Bombay can rarely have had personal experience of such tracts. But they exist, especially on the north-western and, still more, on the north-eastern frontier. Extended India comprises savage races who are only Indian in the fact that they are under the Viceroy's rule, wild tribes of head-hunters who are only kept from incessant internecine warfare by armed force. There is no particular reason why these tribes and others such as these should come under the jurisdiction of Indian Councils—for the present, at all events. But if each province has the council (in the proverbial phrase) "which it deserves," then we might fairly hope to see some real advance towards representative institutions, some real public discussion of public problems by responsible persons in place of the present weary and barren criticisms of almost everything that the administration does. I must confess that I have not felt exhilarated by the attacks made in the Bengal press on the famine administration of the local government. We all know that though there was severe scarcity, due to high prices, in Eastern Bengal, there was no famine in the sense that is attached to the word in parts of India where drought is common. The local government certainly were more generous in affording relief than they would have been thirty years ago under similar circumstances. I have yet to learn that any very substantial attempt to supplement government relief by public charity was attempted. I fear (I may be wrong) that a good deal of the criticism was due to the ill-feeling caused by the Partition, and was not altogether based on a genuine sense that the public money was being spent too stingily. After all, one of the plainest duties of Government is economy, and famine relief is so expensive that it should not be undertaken rashly. But I need not cite particular instances to Indian readers. There

is, as every reader of newspapers knows, a growing habit of criticising the administration in a tone of somewhat querulous and excessive complaint.

The habit of criticism and cavilling is one which is easily acquired. It is one which has peculiar dangers at a time when the Government, both in India and in England, is willing to make large concessions in the direction of popularising the administration. It is dangerous for two reasons. It may hamper the efforts of those influential (and, in some cases, exalted) personages who are doing all they can to gratify the just aspirations of educated Indians. But an even greater danger is that the habit of sterile criticism may become chronic, and may hinder the work of an Indianised administration which, at first at all events, will lay itself more open to criticism than an administration of trained experts, than an administration which has won the admiration of competent and candid observers in all parts of the world. In England we are so accustomed to party criticism and to the apparently violent attacks which one party makes on another, that we are apt to forget that similar language used in India may not have the same conventional force and application. In England phrases implying violent dislike of a policy are not understood to imply a corresponding dislike of the persons whose policy it is. In India, of late, some of the criticisms to which the administration has been subjected (and especially perhaps in Bengal) have had an air (possibly unintentionally) of race feeling. Now manifestations of race feeling may do little positive harm when they are directed against foreigners most of whom do not trouble themselves about newspaper attacks. Race feeling in India itself might easily lead to the gravest trouble.

That consideration gives me an opportunity of raising the great question of the representation of minorities. But I venture to hope that, in practice, it need not be raised. Future changes in the constitution and administration of India must needs be experimental and tentative, for hitherto all Indian Governments have been frankly, if benevolently, autocratic; any real and permanent change will only be possible if the various communities of India are content to lay aside their own interests for a while in favour of the common good. That may seem a large demand to make, but it is not an impossible one, since if we begin locally, local interests are, after all, common to all

classes and all races and religions. If we begin with consultative assemblies, there can be little reason why Hindus should oppress Mussalmans, or *vice versa*. The executive government must, in any case, retain such a power of veto and control as would prevent race feeling, if it should unfortunately show itself, from doing any serious damage. Any one who knows India is aware that there exists among its inhabitants, even among the humblest, a vast amount of sound and solid political common-sense. Like all other communities, it can at times be stirred by contagious excitements to folly. If we are to have any serious advance, we must all realise that we have to deal with India as it is; that India is not the India of 1833 or 1858; that we must consider the vested interests that have sprung up: that we must not tread on the toes of our neighbours and fellow-subjects in running after what we suppose to be our rights. One of the most effectual ways of being offensive is to demand concessions which are obviously not immediately attainable. To do so is, among other things, to lay ourselves open to the suspicion of not really wanting what we demand. If an Anglo-Indian may say so, it is especially necessary that patriotic Indians should study, understand, and conciliate the important unofficial Anglo-Indian community. Their experience of popular administration in their own country makes them the most valuable and practical of allies. The mere fact that they are, at first sight, not very accessible or sympathetic, is no reason for giving up the attempt in disgust or weariness. One of the first requisites for popular government is tireless patience, unflinching tact, and inexhaustible tolerance of the opinions of other men. European administration, especially in countries where the party-system is a real success, is simply a long series of mutual concessions and compromises. Nothing is gained by harsh and virulent criticisms and animadversions, especially when these assume the disagreeable and dangerous guise of race feeling. Modest claims temperately expressed are much more likely to win success than intemperate attacks on measures which, however defective they may be, are not based upon merely selfish and interested motives. Indian speakers and writers need not model themselves on the style of certain Anglo-Indian Members of Parliament who, in a country which is much occupied with its own business, have to use exaggerated language to make themselves

## INDIAN SELF-GOVERNMENT

heard. In India we all desire the prosperity of the land which is our common home. Official Anglo-Indians yield to no one in their loyalty to the land whose servants they are, though the shape of their loyalty may not always be that of "extremist" reformers. They are entitled to claim the respect due to honest and benevolent motives, and to the responsible position they occupy. They are, I am sure, quite willing to repay such respect by a kind consideration to the opinions of those who differ from them. What is most required at the present time is frank and friendly discussion of what is possible, practicable and serviceable. Personally, I am convinced that this can be most easily effected if we begin with provincial problems and see how much in the way of devolution can be accomplished in each province taken separately. I do not attach an excessive importance to the opinion of a retired official like myself, who left India some eight years ago. I shall gladly admit that I am wrong if any one will take the trouble to contest and disprove my arguments in the same friendly spirit in which they are proffered.

J. D. ANDERSON.

17, *Blakesley Avenue,*  
*Ealing W.*

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### ROSES.

Red roses, Oh! red roses!  
Last May I gave her white.  
White roses are for morning—  
Red roses are for night.

He also gave her roses  
Of burning June—not May:  
Red roses, Oh! red roses,  
That stole my Love away.

H. CAMPBELL.

*Kingston,*  
*Ireland.*

## THE ORIGIN OF THE BENGALI PEOPLE.

### LEGENDARY ACCOUNT.

ONCE upon a time a king named Vali went to the Ganges to perform his ablutions, and there found the blind old Rishi Dirghatamas floating on a raft. "And as the raft approached him, the king took up the old man. The virtuous Vali, ever devoted to truth, learning who the man was that was saved by him, chose him for raising up children." The king then sent unto Dirghatamas his wife Sudeshna. "The Rishi by merely touching her person told her—thou shalt have five children named Anga, Banga, Kalinga, Pundra and Suhma, who will be like unto the sun in glory. And after their names as many countries will be known on earth. And the dominions of Anga, Banga, Kalinga, Pundra, Suhma, the (five) sons (of Vali), have come to be known after their names."

The origin of the Bengali people and their neighbours, the Angas or the Biharis of Bhagalpur, and the Kalingas or the Oriyas, are thus described in the Mahabhārata I. 104. The modern European scholars fix the earliest of time limit of the compilation of this encyclopædic poem about the fifth century B. C. and the latest before the beginning of the Christian era.\* The ethnographic fact that may be gleaned from the legend of Vali is that before the beginning of the Christian era, the population of the Gangetic valley, among whom the Mahabharata had its origin, believed that the then representatives of the modern Bengalis, Biharis, and the Oriyas were akin to each other.

The three divisions of the population of Bengal proper enumerated in the Mahabharata, *viz.*, Banga, Pundra, and Suhma, correspond to the modern ethnographic divisions of Banga (the Dacca, the Chittagong, and the Surma valley divisions of East Bengal and

\* Prof. Macdonell's "A History of Sanskrit Literature," London 1905, pp. 285-287.

Assam), Vanrendra (the Rajshahi division of East Bengal), and Rādha (the Presidency and the Burdwan divisions of Bengal) with its two subdivisions, Uttara or Northern Radha and Dakhina or Southern Radha. The earliest among the inhabitants of Bengal of whom we have any authentic notice were the Pundras.

#### THE ABORIGINAL PUNDRAS.

• In the Aitareya Brahmana of the Rigveda (VII. 31-8) the Pundras are enumerated, together with the Andhras, Savaras, Pulindas and Mutivas, as Dasyus or barbarian descendants of Rishi Visvamitra living beyond the frontiers of Vedic India. As far as our present knowledge goes, the primitive Pundras may be regarded as the aborigines of Bengal. In some of the districts of the Burdwan and Rajshahi divisions we meet with a Hindu caste named Punre or Pundari, who are regarded by some of the Bengali scholars as the direct descendants of the ancient Pundras, who still retain the old name in a slightly modified form. The revival of such a totemistic clan-name as *vyaghra*, or tiger, which is shared by the Punres and the Bagdis along with the Mundas of Chota Nagpur, seems to indicate that the aboriginal Pundras were akin to the Munda folk.

That the aboriginal inhabitants of Bengal were allied to the Mundas in race and speech admits of no doubt. There was a time when Bengal might have been described as an island surrounded on three sides by a sea constituted by the Mundas and their kinsfolk. The scattered remains of this sea still survive on the west, east, and north of Bengal proper. The Munda-speaking tribes or the Kolarians of Chota Nagpur, Orissa and the Central Provinces are well known. On the opposite side we have the Khasias and the Syntengs (Jantias) who speak the allied Khasia tongue. "There are dialects," writes Dr. Grierson, "spoken on the southern slopes of these (Himalaya) mountains, from Kanawar in the Punjab almost to Darjeeling, which have a basis similar to this old Munda-Nicobar-Mon-Khmer-Khasi language, that has been, so to speak, overwhelmed, but not entirely hidden, by a layer of Tibeto-Burman."\*

Regarding the ethnic origin of the Mundas, so far as it can be traced through language, the same authority says:

There was once a race spread widely over further India of which we find remains amongst the forest tribes of Malacca, in Pegu and Indo-

\* "Nature," July 19, 1906, p. 283.

China, and along the Mekong and middle Salwin. The languages which they speak are members of what is known as the Mon-Khmer family. Forms of speech closely connected with Mon-Khmer are Nicobarese, Khasi (spoken in the Central Hills of Assam), and the various Munda tongues of India proper. That there is an ultimate connection between these widely separated languages must now be taken as firmly established by the latest researches of comparative philology. The matter admits of no further doubt . . . . Then, on the other side, Pater Schmidt has shown an intimate connection between Mon-Khmer and the languages of the south-eastern Pacific, so that there is evidence to show the existence in very early times of a people and a group of speeches extending from the Punjab right across northern India and Assam down to the extreme south of further India and Indo-China, and thence across Indonesia, Melanesia, and Polynesia up to Easter Island, which is not so very far from the coast of South America.

The ethnic problem presented by the widely scattered speakers of these cognate languages involves many complexities. They represent widely different physical types—the Mongoloid, the Malayan, the Negroid, and the Negritic. Among the Indian tribes speaking languages of the Mon-Khmer family, the Khasias and the Syntengs are Mongoloids and the Mundas are Caucasianised Negroids. From the absence of Mongoloid characters in the great bulk of the Bengalis it may be assumed that the Pundra aborigines were physically related to the Mundas. At present we do not find any distinct Munda physical type. The Munda folk have been Dravidianised and Caucasianised in turns, and the only attempt we can make with any degree of success is to discover the pre-Caucasic Dravido-Munda type. From a comparison of physical features of some of the most backward tribes of Munda and Dravidian speeches, who still retain their primitive habits of life, like the Bhumij, the Korwas, and the Mundas of Chota Nagpur, and the Irulas, the Paniyans, the Mala Vedars, the Malasors, the Yeruvass, and the Kadias of Southern India, it would seem that the aboriginal Dravido-Mundas were characterised by long head, short stature, broad nose, thick lips, and black complexion.

#### THE MIGRATION OF THE BANGAS AND THE RASHAS.

##### HISTORICAL DATA.

The *Aitareya Brahmana* belongs to a class of literature which is assigned by European scholars to an age not later than 700 B. C.;

and as a comparatively archaic specimen of that literature it may be put back to about 800 B.C. From the mention of the Pundras together with the Savaras, who are now represented by the Savara tribe of Orissa, speaking a dialect of the Munda language and numbering 157,136, the Pulindas, who probably lived in what is now Bundelkhand, and the Andhras, represented by the Telugu speaking population of Southern India, it may be inferred that at the time when the Aitareya Brahmana was composed the Bangas and the Rashas had not yet settled in Bengal. But too much importance must not be attached to negative evidences of this sort derived from ancient sacred books. We learn from a hymn of the Atharvaveda (V. 22. 14) that the Magadhas and the Angas were already there. It may be said that the Magadhas and the Angas were omitted from the list of the transfrontier *dasyus* for the simple reason that they were not then regarded as *dasyus*. In a passage of the Aranyaka of the same Brahmana (II. 1. 1) the term Vanga occurs in the compound वङ्गवङ्गवाशेरपादाः. This has led some scholars of Bengal to take these terms in an ethnographic sense as signifying the three peoples, the Vangas, the Magadhas, and the Cheras. But Sankara and Anandatistha take the terms in different, though divergent senses, and Sayana follows Sankara. That the Vangas and the Suhmas had not settled in Bengal in any considerable numbers and come to be recognised as distinct nationalities in the pre-Buddhistic age, is also evident from their omission from the following list of eastern peoples given in Ramayana, IV. 40, 22-23 :

The Brahmamalas, the Videhas, the Malavas, the Kasi-Kosalas, the Magadhas, the Mahagramas, the Pundras, and also the Angas; the land of the silkworms and the land with silver mines.

About the age of the Ramayana, Professor Macdonell is of opinion that it is "difficult to avoid the conclusion that the kernel of the Ramayana was composed before 500 B.C." And a passage which mentions the Videhas, the Magadhas, the Angas, and the Pundras, all of whom are mentioned in the Vedic literature, but omits the Vangas and the Suhmas, must be regarded as a part of that kernel. Perhaps the earliest reference to the Vangas is found in the Dharma Sutra of Baudhayana (बौधायन), probably compiled before

400 B.C., and to the Radhas in the Acharanga Sutra of the Jainas. The composition of this latter work is attributed to Bhadravahu, who died in B.C. 357 and is said to have been founded upon still older works known as the *Purvas*. I shall reproduce the passage from the Acharanga Sutra (I. 8. 3) which gives us the earliest glimpse of the Bengali life, in Professor Jacob's translation :—

Always well guarded, he bore the pains (caused by) grass, cold, fire, flies, and gnats ; manifold pains.

He travelled in the pathless country of the Ladhas, in Vajjabhumi and Subhabhumi ; he used there miserable beds and miserable seats.

In Ladha (happened) to him many dangers. Many natives attacked him. Even in the faithful part of the rough country the dogs bit him, ran at him.

Few people kept off the attacking, biting dogs. Striking the monk, they cried " Chhuchchhu," and made the dogs bite him, run at him.

Such were the inhabitants. Many other mendicants eating rough food in Vajjabhumi, and carrying about a strong pole or a stalk (to keep off the dogs) lived there.

Even thus armed they were bitten by the dogs. It is difficult to travel in Ladha.

Ceasing to use the stick (*i. e.*, cruelty) against living beings, abandoning the care of the body, the houseless (Mahavira), the venerable one, endures the thorns of the villages (*i. e.*, the abusive language of the peasants), (being) perfectly enlightened.

As an elephant at the head of the battle, so was Mahavira there victorious. Sometimes he did not reach a village there in Ladha.

When he who is free from desires approached the village, the inhabitants met him on the outside, and attacked him, saying, " Get away from here."

He was struck with a stick, the fist, a lance, hit with a fruit, a clod, a potsherd. Beating him again and again, many cried.

Professor Jacobi writes in a note about the geographical data :—

Vajrabhumi and Subhrabhumi (or Svabhrabhumi) are, according to the commentaries, the two divisions of Ladha. I think that Ladha may be identical with the classical Radha or western Bengal and the Lala of the Buddhists, the native country of Vijaya, the legendary conqueror of Ceylon. Subhabhumi is probably the country of the Suhmas, who are also identified with the Radhas.

Ladha or Suhma (Radha) was probably that part of Bengal which received the earliest batch of immigrants from the west ; and

the description of the country and the people given here seems to be based upon genuine tradition reaching back to the age of Mahavira, who attained Nirvana in 527 B.C. As yet only a very small portion of the primeval "pathless" forest had been cleared by the scanty population, who kept a contingent of dogs quite disproportionate to their number to guard their settlements against the wild beasts. The villages or settlements were so widely scattered that sometimes, starting from one village in the forenoon, the traveller could "not reach a village there in Ladha" before nightfall. There does not seem to be much exaggeration about the habitual rudeness and cruelty of the people. The earliest immigrants of Bengal were generally recruited from the fishing tribes of the neighbouring countries of Anga, Magadha, and Videha, who were attracted by the great rivers of the land so rich in fish. The references to "the faithful part of the rough country" and to "many, other mendicants" in Vajjabhumi are very significant. The former shows that the Mahavira's mission in Radha had not been fruitless and the latter throws light on the religious life led by the Radhas and the neighbouring peoples before the rise of the Mahavira and the Buddha. We learn from the Brihadaranyaka-Upanishad, which is regarded as the oldest of extant Upanishads on linguistic grounds, that in an age considerably anterior to that of these great religious reformers, when Janaka was the king of the Videhas, of Mithila, and Yajnavalkya, the famous compiler of the White Yajurveda, was his preceptor, there were religious teachers known as Sramanas, Prabrajins, and Tapasas independent of the Brahman priesthood. Thus in IV. 3. 21. "(when the finite soul is embraced by the infinite soul) the religious mendicant (Sramana) is no religious mendicant, the ascetic (Tapasa) is no ascetic" *ऋमणोऽऋमणस्तापसोऽतापसो*—; again in IV. 4. 22: "The Brahmins desire to comprehend That by sacrifice, almsgiving, austerity, and control of desires in accordance with the injunction of the Veda; and knowing That become Muni. With a desire to attain That Place the wandering mendicants *प्रवाहिनः* wander about *प्रव्रजन्ति*." The Prabrajins and the Sramanas, the great civilizers of ancient India, were already at work among the Radhas in the sixth century B.C.

In the ancient Jaina literature a very clear line is drawn between

the Aryas, meaning thereby the population of Mithila where the Mahavira was born, and of the neighbouring Magadha and Anga, and the Anaryas and the Mlechchhas, who spoke non-Magadhi or non-Aryan languages. Thus in Uttaradhyayana (X. 16), "Though one be born as a man, it is rare chance to become an Anga ; for many are the Dasyus and Mlechchhas ; Gautama, be careful all the while !" Again in Sutrakritanga (I. 1. 2. 15-16), "As a Mlechchha repeats what an Anga has said, but does not understand his meaning, merely repeating his words." In the Acharanga Sutra itself (II. 3. 1) this rule is laid down for the Jaina monk in connection with the Mlechchhas. "A monk or a nun on the pilgrimage, whose road (lies through) places belonging to borderers, robbers, mlechchhas, non-Aryan people, half-civilised people, unconverted people, people who rise or eat at an improper time, should, if there be some other place for walking about, or friendly roads, not choose the former road for their journey." The Radhas, therefore, among whom the Mahavira himself went, were then included among the Aryas, together with the Videhas, the Magadhas, and the Angas.

*(To be continued.)*

RAMA PRASAD CHANDA.

*Bengal.*

## AN IMPRESSION OF ROME.

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**I**T was early in the small hours of Easter Sunday that our train crawled into the station at Rome. The Italian railway system had quite broken down under the unwonted pressure, and we were hopelessly late. We were but a horde of trippers, travel-frayed and travel-stained, a comical 20th century reincarnation of the Saxon Pilgrims who at rare intervals in early mediæval times sought the Holy City. The great electric lights of the station and in the Via Nazionale through which we drove made the place as bright as day. A new street in a practically new quarter, you might have been in Paris or indeed any continental capital, and, it did not help that we were descending the slope of the Viminal, not the least of the hoary seven hills; but I cannot say that I felt disenchantèd. Enough to feel that I was in Rome. I could scarcely blame the iron way, for that it was neither classic nor mediæval. In truth, one gets tired of this cheap abuse of railways, without which to most of us travelling were impossible. Yet I learned afterwards, when I stood on the Campagna, how terribly Rome had suffered by the loss of her old approach. How singularly meet a preparation was the slow progress over that terrible and majestic waste. There you gazed on a long line of ruined aqueducts, most impressive of all Roman remains. There the very roadside is marked by the tombs of the mighty dead. Mysterious ruins, shrines, temples, palaces, glimmer by in constant succession, and far off are the Sabine hills with villages on their slopes. This was a fit avenue to the Eternal City. Thus was the mind pitched and tuned to the due reception of its wonders. On that night, or rather morning, it was enough that I was in Rome, and I hugged the thought during my dreaming hours. . Through the day the sun was shining. In Italy, and in Rome above all, that

means much. Nature and Art and chance have arranged everything for sunlight effects. The deep blue of the cloudless sky shows off against the dark cypress trees, the massive ruins, the gay colours, the garb alike of city and of people. It was Easter Sunday; our lodging was in a little street between the Corso and the Piazza di Spagna, the traditional strangers' quarter. St. Peter's on that day was inevitable. It was some way off and the electric trams were crowded. Fortunately, we went by cab, for in the side streets on the way we grasped at once the Mediæval City. The tall sombre houses, the road without a pavement, the rough causeway, the little narrow rooms, some half under the ground, in which all manner of strange trades went on, the perpetually recurring Osteria or wine-shop, all had the hall-mark of antiquity. It was plainly now as it had been for centuries. The street was, no doubt, better scavengered and better lighted, but how to object to that? I do not here describe St. Peter's or indeed any Roman sight; I only give the first impressions of a stranger. Every one knows the outline of the great Church and most say it is spoiled by the façade. This is both true and untrue. If you sit down in front of one of the Cafés exactly opposite, at the other end of the Piazza, the façade so dwarfs and hides the structure that the whole seems mediocre. "What! *that* St. Peter's," you exclaim, "*that* mean building!" and you suffer sudden disenchantment. Ah! yes, but go forward, mount the steps and enter the mighty doors; the church begins to swell under your eyes, every step you take it grows bigger and bigger, until as you walk across the transepts it rises into heaven itself. The effect is crushing, overwhelming, and if you turn for relief to inspect the parts, you are met by so mighty, so dazzling an array of glories and masterpieces in art, that again the effect is overpowering. I never tried to estimate how long it would take to do St. Peter's properly. I confess it filled me, too full for other impressions, not only from its greatness but because it was the first I saw of Rome's glories. With it you take the Vatican. But what do you get from the hasty survey of the Sistine chapel but the same effect of overpowering magnificence? Is it a relief or to feel another burden that you wander off to Raphael's Stanze and then to the ancient sculpture, the Apollo Belvedere, the Zeus, "Laocoon's torture dignifying pain," and all the others? But return to St. Peter's. After all it is only one of the

churches. You go to S. Maria Maggiore. There are a hundred things to admire. You know not what to select. There is the Sistine Chapel on the right, the Borghese Chapel, equally marvellous, on the left; but come away, you have been too long here. S. Giovanni in Laterano is at least equally wonderful. And then these are but three, and there are between 400 and 500 churches in Rome, and it is true of a hundred that each would make the glory of a fair-sized Provincial town! A certain rage finally possesses you; what was the use of it? what did it all mean, this endless and mechanical repetition of churches, obviously hopelessly out of proportion to the needs of the place? Had Catholicism, so to speak, lost its head that it could do nothing but repeat itself? How strange the human mind! The artists could create those priceless masterpieces, and the same nation could not properly till a field! But all the churches put together make up but one of Rome's many sides. There is Pagan Rome, and Pagan is more impressive than Christian Rome. Even in churches nothing is so simply beautiful as the Pantheon. It is this note of simple colossal grandeur which captures and holds you from the first. The Palaces of the Emperors on the Palatine, the Colosseum, Trajan's Column, have all this mark. I had not the famous moonlight effect of the Colosseum, but how impressive it rose in the darkness of the night; the shadows filled up the broken parts; it seemed as splendid as at the first day of its creation. And so with the Baths of Caracalla, the aqueducts on the Campagna, the tombs along the Appian way, all these fatigue the mind less than the mediæval monuments; nothing detracts or lessens the effect.

Rome is unlike other capitals. In Vienna, Paris, London, subtract a few famous buildings, and the glories are but of a century. Not so here. Impressive grandeur is in the very fibre of the city, its magnificence is all of a piece; the stuff is rich right through. You go into some obscure square, a place your Guide Book dismisses with a line; in the centre is a beautiful fountain, into the house at the corner are built the pillars of a classic temple, the church at the other end has paintings and shrines and carving to detain you for a day; but in Rome this is nothing. And the new quarters? The city, as you know, has about doubled in population since 1870, and across the Tiber and in various other parts are miles of fresh streets. These need affect you little. Of course you will throw them out of account,

they are not Rome for you. But what has Rome lost and gained since 1870? Even as a passing stranger you hear much talk, even as a passing stranger you see many things. You have pictures of the Tiber before its embankments. Now it is hopelessly commonplace, then it was dire and wonderful but surely insanitary, and for a modern town impossible. And the new Corso and the Via Nazionale driven right through the old town? You feel that there is so much left, that you can well afford the space for the improvement. And the trams and the electric lights? Convenient, but just a little overdone, you think, and you may dare to believe the excavation of the Forum not an unmixed triumph for anyone but the archæologist. If the people have more liberty, they have more taxes, and they grumble a good deal as people will, but I doubt if many of them would deliberately replace the old order; and then one must remember that the last 35 years have brought many changes, and that the Popes could have done many things which are assumed to be entirely the effects of the "Sardinian occupation." Probably the chief loss or change is one of atmosphere. When you had the great ceremonies of the Church in the streets, and the Popes and Cardinals so much in evidence, I suppose the mediæval impression must have been overpowering, especially with the oil lamps at night! Somewhere there must have been gas and electricity by this time. Possibly old habit makes Rome a curiously early city. The river embankment is deserted after dusk and the Corso is quiet long before midnight. The new Government show themselves in evidence in every shape and form. Here, as in the other Italian towns, the names of Victor Emmanuel and Humbert are placarded to the utmost. The Powers that be are really too ambitious. The monument to Victor Emmanuel, begun on a slope of the Capitol, has never been and probably never will be finished. It is colossal, out of all proportion, if the truth be spoken, to the man it commemorates. Victor Emmanuel was an able monarch, with an honest desire for the good of Italy, but surely with a very keen appreciation of the benefits Italian unity must bring to himself and his family, and certainly by no means the greatest king that ever lived. And there is a touch of the ridiculous in the Town Council, filching the famous S. P. Q. R. for itself and sticking it up everywhere. Is it the frog trying to blow itself out as an ox? Or does it all shew that the Powers that be are not quite

convinced as to their permanence and try thus to make believe? These things strike you, stranger as you are in Rome, but their answer is not for this page. You guess, however, that there is far less friction between the Quirinal and the Vatican than you have supposed; they have some secret understanding, you are convinced, and the Pope only pretends to sulk. Of the people you must think well. Kindly, pleasant, courteous, with a disposition to look on the cheerful side of things and to make a joke of everything, they cannot but content you. The traveller often gets too angry at the ordinary artifice to get at his money. If the flower-girls in the Piazza di Spagna stick a violet in your coat and pretend to run away, you need only throw it or a coin after them just as you feel inclined. If the itinerant vendor asks you six times the price for his wares, the haggling is very funny, and you will get a bargain if you have patience. Whether it be the charm of the picturesque Roman dress or not, the men and women of the common class are much better looking than those above them in station, and you have to go to the top, to the occupants of the carriages in the Pincio, before you come upon their equals in form and feature.

I had the impression—rightly or wrongly—that the Roman *cuisine* is considerably below that of other capitals. In the most expensive places it was entirely French; in the less, neither material nor its preparation deserves praise. It would be easier to get a good Italian dinner in London than in Rome. However, I found my way to Bucci's, which seemed purposely hid away, and I was rewarded for my pains. It was excellent of its kind. There is plenty of cheap and excellent wine to be had everywhere.

Like everybody else I went down into the Catacombs and I will not try to describe here the strange subterranean journey with the taper. Was it more interesting than (say) the exploration of a coal mine? That depends on yourself, and so with all things here. If you know the history of the city, if you have studied its streets before you set foot on them, if you understand what Rome means in the history of the world and how to subtract it is to render that history a chaotic mass, then every step you take will be full of interest, and whatever your creed or party, the Catacombs as well as a hundred other things will be lighted for you with the light that never was on sea or shore. But if you go without the understanding

mind, the discerning eye, I know not what chaotic jumble of impressions must bewilder your brain.

The most famous view of Rome is across the Tiber from the Piazza in front of the church of S. Pietro in Montorio. I went there in the afternoon of that Easter Sunday. It was a perfect day in the most perfect time of the year; the city, old and new, lay out before me; I traced the seven hills, some of them so worn down and built up to through the ages as to seem but swellings in the ground. The great churches, the great relics of the past,

“Far in another corner wide were strewn

The antique ruins of the Romans’ fall,”

all clear and fair in the bright sunlight under the blue sky! I meant to seek the spot again just before I left, to go over the panorama and note what I had seen and what I had not seen. I was not able to do this, but I was bound to realise that I had omitted much, and yet I regretted that I had not omitted more. Far better to fix the mind on some few great things; and yet here so many and so much is great. Alas! how to select? Yet one place no Englishman in Rome can properly leave unvisited. It is that place which Shelley called “the most beautiful and solemn cemetery I ever beheld.” There behind the pyramid of Caius Cestius, “keen pyramid with wedge sublime, like flame transformed to marble,” rest the ashes of Keats, and a little way off is the grave of Shelley himself. It is a silent and secluded spot; though there are many graves, the whole is mantled with flowers and grass and trees. It is sweet in the foreign land to loiter amidst that which has a touch of home and to think of the two Englishmen who, in that city, where centuries count for so little, are of late come to their place, and are yet worthy to be ranked with that great company of immortals whose presence is ever with you as you tread the streets of Rome.

FRANCIS WATT.

*Herne Hill,  
London, S. E.*

## PHILATELY : A HOBBY AND AN EDUCATOR.

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**N**O better system of instruction can be devised than one which combines in itself both sport and education. And such a one is surely to be found in Philately or what is, in common parlance, called Stamp Collecting. Apart from the ecstasies which it awakes in the enthusiast, Philately is a good popular educator. It gives us an exact knowledge of countries and places; and the impression (as it is seasoned with zeal) made by it is so indelible, that we are not likely to forget their location and make such erroneous statements as "Iceland belongs to Norway and Sweden," "Buenos Ayres is the capital of Brazil," and so on, the natural result of volatile reading, practised by us all in the lower classes at school but seldom with a will to retain the facts.

It gives us an insight into the physical characteristics of countries; e.g., the philatelist—I take the mediocre collector—need not be reminded that the Llama hails from Peru, that Australia is the land of the Kangaroo; that the Platypus or Ornithorhynchus is a denizen of Tasmania; that Salvador and Nicaragua are volcanic countries; that the Quezal is a bird sacred to Guatemala; that Canada is the home of the Beaver. All these details we learn from a close observation of stamps.

It brings uppermost to our minds historical and other associations peculiar to a country. For example, whenever we see an Egyptian stamp we at once think of the Pyramids and the Sphinx; a stamp of the Papal States not only gives us a clue that the Popes had once a territorial dominion, but that its design—the two keys—represents the Pope as the successor to St. Peter, the holder of the keys of Heaven and Hell. The "Olympic Games" series of Greece takes us back to those days of yore when these national games—resuscitated since 1896—curiously formed a part of the Constitution of these gifted people. A turbaned head shows that the stamp belongs to India and the East. A Crescent and Star at once tells us that the stamp hails from Ottoman territory.

It gives us a rough and ready knowledge of the political situation of the country, whether it is a monarchy (by having the head of the sove-

reign as in Great Britain), a republic (Liberty designs like those on French stamps), a dependency or protectorate (which has something in common with the mother country). The British Colonials thus bear the effigy of Edward VII.—there are a few exceptions—or have some device which plainly singles them out as belonging to the “Empire on which the Sun never sets.” The French, German, Spanish and Portuguese Colonials are uniform in design and clearly bear the hall-mark of their central power, and thus there is no mistaking about them.

It gives in a narrow compass some outstanding facts of history both past and present. Many stamps, especially the commemorative or Jubilee series, have some tale to tell and they tell it with such effect that we are rather surprised to find how such a crowd of incidents could be compressed in such a small space. To speak tersely, they speak for themselves. The Columbus issue of the United States and the Cabot issue of Newfoundland take us back to the epoch of discovery in the 15th century. It also informs us that some modern states are the outcome of complete or partial federation. The student of Philately need not be told that Italy and Germany were once a *Staatenbund* or a “bundle of states,” and each state even the “free cities” had, among other regal rights, the right of issuing separate stamps. Although Italy has since been brought “under one umbrella,” Germany still continues to be a federation, allowing Bavaria and Wurtemberg to issue separate stamps. The stamps of the Balkan peninsula clearly evince the working of the nationality principle, which is even now in full swing. The gradual separation of the various principalities from Turkish rule is commemorated, among other things, by separate stamps of their own. The profile of Napoleon III. on French stamps gives us an idea that France was an Empire till 1870. The dual monarchies of Austria and Hungary, Norway and Sweden clearly prove that although they are each of them under one ruler, they have still separatist tendencies which are manifested, in one form, by having separate stamps. Here is another phase of the nationality principle exhibited. We also note that a federation has been brought about in Australia (including Tasmania); and this is shown to the philatelic world by having the same design for all the states that have entered the union, although they still continue to have their States’ name below the Commonwealth design. We also learn that New Zealand is very much like Newfoundland in having refused to join the Australian Federation by retaining its own form of Government and therefore stamps.

Stamps are sometimes an index to the political changes or revolutions that take place throughout the world. A look at the stamps of the Transvaal

convincés us how many times it changed hands with Great Britain until it permanently came under her suzerainty and how clearly its surcharges—V. R. I. and E. R. I.—punctuated the progress of the late South African war. The stamps of the United States surcharged Cuba, Porto Rico, Philippines, show that these Spanish islands passed into Uncle Sam's hands. Again the issuing of a separate series of stamps for Cuba evinces that the United States has granted autonomy to that island, which is now a republic under the ægis of the American Eagle. That Panama has seceded from the Columbian Republic is commemorated by a surcharge on its old stamps.

It familiarises us with the moneys of the various countries of the world; that there are Kopecs and Roubles in Russia, Chahis and Krans, ja Persia, Paras and Piastres in Turkey, Leptons and Drachmas in Greece, Sen and Yen in Japan and Centavos and Pesos in most of the Central and South American Republics. The active philatelist can not only compute various coins of the world in shillings or rupees and determine their relative values, but is as conversant with them as he is with the native ones, and can at once tell you that the Straits Settlements dollar is a trifle more than half of its sister coin current in the United States.

It creates a love for foreign languages, especially the modern languages of Europe. A constant handling of stamps and stamp catalogues compels the budding philatelist, if he is to shoulder his way on, first to learn the numerals (in words) and equivalents for the various colours in the principal European languages. In the course of correspondence with foreign countries you pick up some words from the modern languages of Europe which, if your curiosity is spurred, can be learnt easily. Once you learn a romance language, and especially if you chance to be a Latin scholar, the others, French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese, follow suit, provided you have the will to learn. One fact is certain. The unsending foreign philatelic price lists and advertisers that heap themselves upon your table, unasked and gratis, and the constant invasion of foreign letters from the remotest corners of the earth, make you alive to your awkward position and open your eyes to the fact that you know no other foreign language except English. You feel your *braggadocio* as vain as the boast of "the frog in the pond," and emerge from this hopeless situation and begin to grope your way. You will soon find an avenue of escape by making essays at a modern European language, which, if they are not done half-heartedly, are sure to amply repay you. This spurs you on to the acquisition of other European languages, and who knows you may come out in the end as a full-blown linguist, casting aside the superficial hobby

which, however, has the pride of being the original incentive to a more serious study of linguistics.

It infuses in us a love for art and the beautiful. It leads us into the avenues of light and shade, and if there is the spark of the perspective in us, it makes it aglow and the result is that we become budding artists. At least we can safely say this much, that it makes us alive to the beauty of design, whether it be a crowned head, a landscape, a waterfall or a monument, and thus creates in us a sense of independent criticism making us art connoisseurs within a limited field. Having had ample opportunities of seeing different designs of various degree, from the nicest to the crudest, the philatelist, if he only carefully observes, acquires something of the "artistic eye."

It makes us specialists and microscopic examiners. It engenders in us a love of drawing nice distinctions and develops the power of scrutiny. The philatelist becomes alive to minute shades of colour which so much puzzle the common folk who are not able to distinguish between yellow and orange, and orange again from red. From a long and continual association with niceties of colour and shade, his eye attains wonderful exactness, and sees things through and through at first sight. Thus the qualities of carefulness, neatness and exactness are silently and unconsciously engraved on his character in the course of a pleasurable hobby.

S. Z. ALI.

951, Hanuman Hill,  
Hyderabad, Deccan.

## SOME ASPECTS OF THE ZOROASTRIAN SCRIPTURES.

### IV.

#### THE FUTURE STATE OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

**I**N the Dina-i Mainog-i Khirad or Minokhired, (Decisions of the Spirit of Wisdom) and in the Hadokht Nask, are to be found statements about the condition of the soul when out of the physical body. These statements in the inspired writings are, as elsewhere, in symbolical language which has been misunderstood and supposed to lend support to various doctrines and ceremonies.

I find no outer meaning in the statements. Their apparent absurdity is sufficient indication that their true meaning is to be sought for behind the symbols which distinguish them. In the Hadokht Nask it is said that Zarathustra asked Ahuramazda,—

When a righteous man passes away, where dwells his soul that night ?

This means, as I understand, "When the righteous soul is projected beyond the lowest planes by the death of the physical body, into what condition does it then enter ?" (The "three nights" signify conditions in an intervening period between incarnations.) The Supreme replies,—

It sits down in the vicinity of the head, chanting the Gatha Ushtavaiti, imploring blessedness. . . . That night the soul experiences as much of pleasure as all that which it had as a living existence.

This means that the soul-consciousness returns towards the ("head") mind, and manifests on the first, or lowest, mental sub-plane, and for a period recapitulates reminiscently the pleasurable nature of the higher emotions and desires which it had fostered and acquired in its previous existence. And its enjoyment is proportionate to its capacity for the realisation of bliss when incarnated. (Here "the first night near the head," denotes the first mental sub-plane condition,

and the "chanting of the Gatha" symbolises the harmonious thrilling of the emotions and desires in this subjective state of the soul.) The question is then asked,—

Where dwells his soul the second night, and the third ?

And the answer of the Supreme is the same as before. The second and third "nights" of the soul signify the arrival of the consciousness at the second and third sub-planes of the mental plane, which contribute to the blissful subjective state.

Then, on the passing away of the third night, and as the dawn (of the fourth day) breaks, the soul of the righteous man appears, passing through plants and perfumes. To him there seems a wind blowing forth from the more southern side ; a wind more sweet-scented than other winds. Then, inhaling that wind with the nose, the soul of the righteous man considers : "Whence blows the most sweet-scented wind which I have ever inhaled ?"

This means, I believe, that after attaining to the level of the third mental sub-plane, the fourth sub-plane is disclosed and reached by the consciousness, when the still higher emotions and intuitions are gradually arrived at, then transcending the rational mind of the three lower sub-planes. For to the higher mental nature, a purer and deeper sense of truth than that which may be apprehended through the intellect, is vouchsafed. And this it is which corresponds to the deeper aspect of the understanding. The "nose" is the symbol of volition and the free-will, since it is allied with the function of the lungs, by means of which function the brain is enabled to act, and the control of which implies restraint and discipline. The "plants and perfumes" signify emotions and intuitions. The "wind from the south" signifies influence from high planes.

Advancing with this wind there appears to him, what is his religious merit, in the shape of a beautiful maiden of fifteen years, with a body as beautiful in its development as the most beautiful of creatures.

The "advance" is the upward track which is now pursued by the righteous soul ; and the "maiden" of which the soul is really a part, is none other than the Wisdom-Nature, lovely beyond imagination, which is presently to become united with the operations of the Self through the action of the mind. Wisdom appears under the symbol of love, and this divine, or complementary half of the purified soul, is but the result of those righteous efforts which have been made through the agency of the lower self.

## **SOME ASPECTS OF THE ZOROASTRIAN SCRIPTURES 367**

Then the soul of the righteous man spoke to her, asking :—“ What maiden art thou whom I have thus seen as yet the most beautiful of maidens in form ?

The soul of the perfected one now supplicates the higher Wisdom of the Self, requesting that its nature, so attractive, may be revealed to it.

Then answered him, his own religion : “ I am, O youth ! thy good thoughts, good words, good deeds, and who am thy own religion in thy own self.”

Then the Higher Self makes known its true nature, and now shows that the Inner Nature, and better and truer self, is that which is known to the raised consciousness of the soul.

When thou chancedst to see another performing burning (of the dead) and idol-worship, and causing of oppression, and cutting down trees, then thou wouldest sit down, chanting the Gathas, and consecrating the good waters and the fire of Ahuramazda, and extolling the righteous man coming from near and far. Then thou madest me, being beloved, yet more beloved, being beautiful, yet more beautiful.

Meaning :—When thou art able to behold the personality from on high, and seest the darkness and ignorance, and retaliation and obstruction of the lower self, then thou wilt be able to recover the past experiences harmoniously collected in the higher mental body (or immortal soul,) and wilt be able to dedicate thyself to the pursuit of truth and to the Love of God. The “ extolling,” &c., signifies the exaltation of the mind and lower self, which, when united, make for righteousness. Then the Son of the Father is glorified, and He, the In-dweller, is seen to be in the image and likeness of Him who emanated him.

The soul of the righteous man, first, advanced with a step he placed upon good thought ; secondly, a step upon good word ; thirdly, a step upon action ; and fourthly, a step he placed upon the eternal luminaries.

The soul of the Wise or right-willed man is said to advance, firstly, through “ good thought,” *i. e.*, the union of the intellect and judgment with high emotion or will. Secondly, by “ right speech ” or good and peaceful utterance. Thirdly, through “ good action,” or fulfilment of the object of right endeavour. Fourthly through the perfect subjugation of the lower nature of the Self to Higher.

To him spake a righteous man previously deceased, asking, "How didst thou come away from the dwellings supplied by cattle, and from the procreative birds? From the material life to the spiritual life?"

Meaning:—To the Higher Self, the sincere soul, discarding the lower, and set upon the highest ideal, thus spake, "How didst thou triumph over the limitations of the lesser life, the personal feelings and desires, and the ambitions which, whilst they led to greater things, inevitably begot sorrow? And how, from the vehicles of the manifested worlds, didst thou come to the Unmanifest?"

Then said Ahuramazda: "Ask not him whom thou askest, who has come along the frightful, deadly, destructive path which is the separation of the body and soul."

Meaning:—The Self replied, "Question not the lower self through its experiences on the path of separateness, but look beyond the Manifest to the Supreme."

Of the nourishments brought to him, the Zaremaya oil; that is the food, after decease, of a youth of good thoughts, words, deeds, and religion; that is the food, after decease, for a woman of very good thoughts, words, deeds, well-instructed, ruled by a master and righteous.

Meaning:—The Self is sustained by the "oil of gladness," or the Life of Bliss in the achievement of that to which it aspires. This is the celestial food which satisfies the mind that is growing in grace (*i.e.*, learning to depend on Higher things.) This is the sustenance also of the Wisdom nature (Armati), the feminine aspect of the Godhead, which is instructed and ruled only by the Supreme, which is the Absolute itself.

\* In the Vendidad (Farg. 19, 30) are to be found the same symbols as in the foregoing. The beautiful maiden comes with the dog, with the register, with children, &c. She meets the souls of the righteous when crossing the celestial mountain (Alborz) and guides them over the Chinvat Bridge.

The "dog" is the symbol of the tenacious, steady, will; and the "children" are "fruits of the spirit of Wisdom." In the Minokhired it is stated:—

And when a soul of the righteous passes upon that bridge, the width of the bridge becomes, as it were, a league, and the righteous soul passes over with the co-operation of Srosh the righteous.

**Meaning :** And when the soul grows towards perfection, then it is that the "bridge" of the higher mind is widened, or the points of junction with the wisdom plane are increased greatly, and so, through the exercise of the Divine Will (Srosh), or the action of the Higher Self, the soul is raised to a higher state of consciousness.

When the Chinvat bridge has been crossed, the archangel Bahman (Vohu-mano) rises from a golden throne and exclaims, "Now hast thou come hither to us, O righteous one! from the perishable life to the imperishable life."

**Meaning :** When this high mental state has been arrived at, and the consciousness centred in the immortal soul, the "archangel," or symbol of Glorious Achievement, manifests, and the wondrous power of the Self is declared.

The souls of the righteous then proceed joyfully to Ahuramazda, to the Ameshaspentas, to the golden throne, to paradise, that is the residence of Ahuramazda, the Ameshaspentas, and the other Holy Ones.

**Meaning :** Then the souls of the righteous which are influenced through the Divine efflux from Above, are received within the Supreme. And this condition of Bliss is the abode of Perfection, the State of True Being, the condition of Love.

It is to be observed that by the "righteous" soul is meant the perfected soul, the soul that attains liberation from the lower life, and returns no more to incarnation. The vast majority of souls are designated "wicked," because tainted with evil in greater or lesser degree. The post-mortem state of these is described in the Sacred Books in very different terms to those above, for they have to suffer for their misdoings, and be purged of their sins, descending again and again into the "hell" of this world, until they have learnt their lesson, and conquered their infirmities. When pure and perfected they become "righteous," and able to pass over the "bridge" to Bliss.

## A HINDU IDEAL OF FAMINE ADMINISTRATION.

**N**OW that the question of famine administration has been raised and is being discussed by the papers, the following account of a famine in Kashmir will be read with some interest. The passage of which we give below a free translation occurs in the second Taranga of Kalhana's Rajatarangini, a historical work written in the 12th century A.D. The famine referred to in the passage occurred in the time of Tunjiva and Vâkpushta, King and Queen of Kashmir, some memorials \* of whose benign rule are still to be found in Kashmir.

(Kalhana's Rajatarangini, Vol. I. Taranga II.)

As if to test the greatness of that royal couple, a dire calamity, sent by Heaven, befell their subjects. 17 There was a heavy fall of snow, all unexpected in the month of Bhâdrapada, when all the land was covered with rice-crop ready for harvesting. 18 In that fall of snow, white like the smile of the fiend of destruction, the hopes of the subjects for finding the means of livelihood perished along with the rice-ears. 19 Then ensued the ravages of a famine which, like a new species of hell on earth, filled the regions with hosts of famished and emaciated skeletons. 20 The people in distress, eager to obtain food, forgot in the pangs of hunger their sense of shame, pride, or rank. 22 The father or the son preferred to feed himself, heedless of the cries of the other, though the latter was almost in his last gasp on account of hunger. 23 Loathsome skeletons, more like corpses than living men, fought with each other in search of food. 24 Each one, enfeebled by hunger, harsh in speech and grim of appearance, was bent upon feeding oneself on whatever thing one came across. 25 In this dire plight, the tenderness of heart of that Lord of men was alone manifested. 26 Dispensing with his escort, he relieved the distress of the sufferers by personal visits. 27 Having purchased food with their own

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\* 1 The shrine of Tungeshwar. 2 The city of Katika. 3 The Agraharas or free gifts of two villages of Katimusha and Ramusha.

treasure and the accumulations even of their ministers, the King and Queen saved their subjects from starvation. 28 Not a single soul suffering from hunger, whether in forest or cemetery or streets or in his own dwelling, was neglected. 29 When all his means were exhausted and no food left in the country, the King one night, in the anguish of his heart, addressed his Queen thus:—30 “O Queen! Verily through some sin on our part, this terrible calamity has befallen our unoffending subjects. 31 Fie on my luckless self, that my people are in distress and, finding no protector on earth, are dying when they deserve commiseration. 32 What have I to do in life when I am unable to save my people from this danger, when they are forsaken by each other and have no one to befriend them? 33 Somehow, all these days, the people have been fed by me, and none has succumbed to starvation. 34 (But) on account of evil times, the land has lost its virtue, and its greatness being gone, has become poor. 35 What then is the means to save the people from being swallowed up in this surging sea of calamity? 36 The Sun being obscured by a dismal day, the world seems to be robbed of light and is plunged on all sides in the darkness of the night of destruction. 37 The high roads leading outside the country being blocked and made impassable by the snowclad mountains, the people are now as helpless as birds shut up in their nests. 38 See how the brave, the intelligent, the learned, have all been made powerless by evil times. 39 . . . No resource being now left, I prefer now to offer this body to the fire than look on this destruction of my subjects. 40 Fortunate are those rulers of men who, looking on their subjects as their own sons, and seeing them happy in every respect, can sleep at ease at night.” 41 Having said this, and being overcome with emotion, he covered his face with his upper garment and laying himself down on his cot, sobbed piteously. 42 The Queen, on whom the steadily burning lamps were peering as if in curiosity, thus replied:—43 “O King! What delusion has come upon you through the misdeeds of your subjects that you wish to do what is fit only in ordinary mortals? 44 If one has not the strength to overcome great distresses, then, O King! what is the distinguishing mark of greatness? 45 What power can Indra and Brahma or that pitiful Yama have to disobey the orders of rulers who are true to their vows? 46 Devotion to their husbands is the duty of women, fidelity is the duty of ministers, and whole-hearted devotion to the welfare of their subjects is the duty of Kings. 47 Rise, therefore, O best of rulers, when have my words proved untrue? O King of men, your subjects have no fear of starvation.” 48 Having uttered these words in the enthusiasm of the moment, she prayed to her deities, and there was a shower

of lifeless pigeons in the courtyard of each house. 50 The King having seen this in the morning, desisted from his intended self-immolation, and the subjects lived from day to day on the pigeons which fell down each night. 51 Verily, the virtuous Queen caused something else to be produced than pigeons for the subsistence of the subjects. 52 Because, it is impossible that the meritorious life of those who are distinguished for their unfeigned humanity towards all beings should be stained with the sin of slaughter. 53 By the austerities of the Queen, the sky in course of time became clear and famine left the land with the grief of the King.

This passage is quoted from that portion of the original work which some Sanskrit scholars would like to relegate to the domain of legend. That King Tunjiva and Queen Vâkpushta are not quite mythical personages can be proved from certain relics which bear their name (Vide Gandvâhs, Pandit's Edition, page clxxxii. Note iii.) Due allowance may, indeed, be made for the underlying poetry; yet, to our mind, the passage clearly sets forth the old Hindu ideal of kingly duty which inspired rulers not only to use up all their own accumulations and those of even their ministers, but even to commit self-immolation. It is well-known that each *Samskâra* and each social or domestic function is a sacrament according to the Hindu Shâstras, and a King is responsible for his acts of commission and omission not only to contemporary public opinion or the verdict of history, as in the theory of modern politics, but to the all-pervading spirit (*Vishnu*) whose incarnation a ruler is on earth. There are instances even in modern times of Hindu Princes denying to themselves certain luxuries and devoting the sums thus saved towards the alleviation of distress. The story of Râjsinh, the Maharâna of Oodeypur, abstaining from the use of sugar in famine times and appropriating the saving thus effected to the purchase of grain to save people from starvation, is well-known. A venerable Brahmin Chief in the Dekkan, now no more, we are credibly informed, fasted for three weeks continuously when the late rains held off in his territory in 1897, and it is said that his pious austerity was rewarded by Heaven with a copious shower at the end of the three weeks. People may believe the story or not according to the faith they may have, but the fact of the fasting as well as the motive that led to it is, we are assured, beyond all doubt. The key-note to this sort of self-denial in times of such visitations is to be found in the faith, that the

## *A HINDU IDEAL OF FAMINE ADMINISTRATION*

investiture with the titles and insignia of royalty is, according to Hindu Shastras, neither an unmeaning ceremonial nor a costly pageant leading to the attainment of great secular power, but is a solemn trust, a sacred stewardship of which an account has to be rendered before the White Throne. We do not mean to suggest that all Hindu Princes have risen to this lofty ideal, nor are we prepared to say that Hindu Rulers of our day always carry with them this sense of their sacred responsibility ; but when we bestow praise for famine administration according to our modern secular view of the duties of rulers, we may do well to recall to memory and ponder over the much grander conceptions of the Hindu rulers of this ancient land.

AGASTYA

## THE WIDOWED CITY.

**A**LL absolute monarchies are more or less liable to the troubles of a disputed succession. On the demise of the Crown ambitious men appear, usually members of the Dynasty, but sometimes ambitious leaders from without, and a conflict ensues only to be terminated by the survival of the fittest. Obviously this is not an unmixed evil, and it may often act as a remedy for the mischief attendant upon the accession to the sovereignty of a prince born in the purple and reared in the deleterious influences inseparable from that condition.

At the very beginning of the Chagtai rule something of this sort had appeared; though the struggle had not usually been one of much severity, it had presented to the people the demoralising spectacle of civil war and had sometimes given an example to ambitious viceroys desirous of competing in their turn for the possession of outlying provinces. Whether for evil or for good, the process took a final bias in the deposition of Shahjahan, when a younger son, departing from his vicerealty without leave, imprisoned his father, slew or drove away his brothers and other competitors, and stood forth as Emperor by the divine right of conquest.

Aurangzeb, for obvious reasons, did not remain to share the residence of his dethroned parent. Repairing to Delhi, he devoted himself to business, to the destruction of his rivals and, so far as in him lay, the suppression of idolatry. Always averse to mere show, he abolished the ceremony of the salutation at the morning court, by which his predecessors had been accustomed to express and receive sympathy with their subjects; but he attended earnestly to the business of government, and occupied his leisure with making skull caps, which were eagerly bought by the courtiers. Meanwhile his father resided at Agra, in a part of the Palace called the *Aj-Bagh*, or grape garden, of which most of the buildings are still in good preservation. There was a handsome hall of white marble in which he could receive his friends, and his bedroom was by (the same room in which the late Mr. Colvin died during the Mutiny), commanding a view of the river, then bordered by

stately dwellings, with the Taj in the distance. His daughter, Jahánará, shared his captivity, and we will hope that their seclusion was not altogether without its consolations. On the south side was the bath, with its incrustated decorations, and in front was a subterranean staircase by which Shahjahan could descend on a summer morning, and take refuge from the heat of the climate in a large structure of the nature of a well, where cool apartments surrounded the water, and where, with cushions and music and fruit and iced sherbet, the sultry hours could be whiled away.

Jahánará is famous, among other things, for the accident which befel her in the zenana, and the strange consequences to which it led. Her muslin dress having been ignited, she suffered such injuries as to endanger her life, and was only cured by the skill of an English surgeon, Gabriel Boughton, who happened to be visiting Agra; and who, as a reward for her cure, received a patent which founded the establishment of the British in Bengal. She was ultimately removed to Delhi, where she died in 1680, and where her tomb is still shown with the well-known touching inscription:—

“Let no rich coverlet adorn my grave: this grass is the best covering for the tomb of the poor in spirit, the humble, the transitory Jahánará, the disciple of the Holy Men of Chist, the daughter of the Emperor Sháhjahán.”

The Holy Men of Chist were a brotherhood of Saints at Ajmere, one of whom named Saliin, was the godfather of the Emperor Jehangir, father of Sháhjahán. Posterity has respected the wishes of this Moghul Cordelia, and the grass is still allowed to grow upon her grave.

When Aurungzeb deposed his father he was in his thirty-ninth year, having been born on 10th October, 1619. Unlike most of the earlier princes of his line, he was a bigoted follower of the Prophet, austere in his habits, but not free from hypocrisy. After a few months of apparent hesitation, he caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor under the title of Alamgír, or “World-Holder.” Most of his long reign of nearly fifty years was passed in vain attempts to persecute the Hindus into conformity, and subjugate the Deccan. Once more, the seat of Empire had become a camp, and the City was abandoned to an administrative staff, who collected the revenues and carried out the orders of the distant monarch. The canal by which potable water was brought into the city and palace was neglected and fell into decay, and the inhabitants, left to the contaminated waters of the town wells and cisterns, became subject to an epidemic of malignant sores, which have continued to scourge the city down to quite recent times. The Emperor, constantly pressed by the need of money for his campaigns, increased every branch of taxation, and renewed the odious creed-tax, by which his Hindu subjects were not only made to bear a double burden, but were per-

petually reminded of their conquered condition. When they thronged the streets in multitudes praying for relief, he ordered them to be charged by his military elephants, so that numbers of them were crushed to death: he demolished their shrines and temples, and buried the idols which were the objects of their devotion in gateways where they were daily trampled on. In the Deccan, he maintained costly and ultimately ineffectual wars against the Mahrattas, who formed the leading Hindu population of those parts, and finally died at Ahmadnagar in the Deccan, on the 21st February 1707 (O.S.), broken with disappointment and remorse. As he had made no provision for the succession, a struggle ensued among his sons, the eldest surviving and wisest of whom, prevailing over his brothers, became Emperor under the title of Bahádúr Shah. His short reign was disturbed by the rebellion of the Sikhs, who, from a sect of harmless nonconformists, had become a military organisation scarcely less formidable than the Mahrattas of the south. Before he could completely quench these disorders, Bahádúr Shah died, in 1712, at Lahore. For the next few years, Hindostan was a scene of confusion and civil war, during which the unscrupulous Ministers set up one royal puppet after another, behind whom they hoped to exercise unlimited authority, and enrich themselves and their families. The period was chiefly marked by these palace revolutions, resulting from the rivalry of two opposing parties, popularly known as those of Irán and Turán. The former of these consisted of Persian immigrants professing the heretical Shia creed, while the latter was led by the Turkomán nobles, who adhered to the Sunni, or (as it was generally considered), orthodox denomination. Under the conflicts of their factions, the great cities were constantly disturbed, and their monuments injured or endangered; and the occupants of the palace could have had but little enjoyment of their august position. From time to time, a feeble creature would be called forth and, under the stately ceremonial of the Timuride dynasty, would obtain a short and precarious royalty. Colonel Dow, who was in India during the eighteenth century, is the authority for the following account of an Indian Coronation.

It sounds strange to be told that the first preliminary of a Moghul accession was, that an umbrella was held over the head of the new Monarch, until we recollect that an umbrella (borne by a servant) is a sign of great wealth and dominion. The nobles being ranged in two rows, one on each hand, made a lane. In front, a herald proclaimed the names and titles of the Prince. Then each lord, according to his rank, came forward and made his offering. The chief officer of the kitchen then brought in a golden salver laden with confectionery, which being placed before the monarch, was consecrated by him in a form of words; after which he ate a little, and distributed

the rest among the *grandees* present. This is particularly noticed as a very ancient Moghul custom, preserved in the Timuride family. The Emperor then mounted his state elephant, and proceeded with a long train of followers to the *Jama Masjid*, or cathedral mosque, distributing, as he passed, largesses of coins and jewels amongst the spectators. After the Emperor had said a prayer, the public liturgy was recited by the primate, and the reading of the *Khutibah*, or royal homily, followed, containing proclamations of the genealogy, and prayers for the person of the sovereign. The procession then returned to the palace. No actual crowning took place, and the whole ceremony seems to be a survival of the succession of a Tartar chief, transfused with the seemingly observance of religion.

The agency of the above described palace revolutions, was that of two brothers, Hussain and Abdulla, members of the Persian sect and leaders of what was known as the party of Irán. Being persistently opposed by the Turkoman nobles, they sought the support of the Hindus, to one of whom they entrusted the financial administration. The name of this official was Ratuchand, and, by his advice they acted in fiscal matters, ultimately going so far as to remit the *creed-tax*, which, after being abolished in the reign of Akbar, had been, as already stated, re-imposed by Aurungzeb. These measures, however enlightened, were too late to be of any effect; the depressed people of Hindostan, and the chivalrous opium-eaters of Rajputana, were no longer the sole representatives of the subject race with whom the Government had to reckon; and the free lances of the Deccan were in no mood for conciliation. In view of the critical state of affairs, the king-making brothers adopted a policy which led to their own ruin. They selected as Emperor a young man of seventeen, who assumed the sovereignty under the title of Muhammad Shah on the 29th September, 1719, and, in his name, they endeavoured to carry on the Government. But they had an enemy in the mother of the young monarch, by whose powerful influence the hostility of their rivals, the Lords of Turán, was perpetually supported and enhanced. The leader of this party was a veteran of the school of Aurungzeb, a wise and magnanimous soldier, seconded by younger kinsmen, whose age made them acceptable companions for the young Emperor, and who enjoyed, in the Turkish language, a medium of communication with him which was not shared by the natives of Hindustan. A plot was hatched which resulted in the assassination of Hussain, followed by the imprisonment of Abdulla, who died after three years of captivity. The Turkoman leader became Prime Minister, with the title of Asaf-Jah, but will be more conveniently known by his later appellation of Nizám-ul-mulk. But the old warrior's austerity and antique manner rendered him ridiculous to the young lordlings of the Court: and in 1724, the old man departed for the Deccan, where he founded the

Principality which still exists under the name of the Nizam's Dominions, a country of which the capital is at Hyderabad, with a population of about ten millions, and an area almost equal to that of the kingdom of Spain.

About the same time, a Persian immigrant named Saadat Ali, who was Viceroy of Oudh, erected a second principality in that region,\* which might have been as durable as that of the Nizam, if his successors had inherited his prudent character. And the Eastern Province, now under the Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, assumed a like virtual independence; for although all these three provinces recognised the Emperor as their over-lord, their existence showed that the Empire was becoming practically dismembered. Nevertheless, the cities of Agra and Delhi, with the surrounding territory, preserved for some years an appearance of central power, until that also was overturned by an irreparable catastrophe. The famous Nadir Shah, having made himself master of Persia, resolved, in 1736, to lead his army on a plundering expedition into Hindostan. Having over-run the Punjab, he arrived within a few marches of Delhi, where he was encountered by the Imperial forces under the leadership of Saadat and the Nizam. After a short and ineffectual stand the defenders submitted, and the Emperor Mahammad himself, repairing to the camp of the invaders, surrendered himself as a prisoner. Ordering refreshments to be placed before his captive, Nadir sternly reproved him for his want of energy, but otherwise treated him with indulgence. Uniting their forces, the two monarchs proceeded to the capital, where a ransom was fixed, to be levied from the inhabitants, by a mixed commission. Everything appeared peaceably settled, and the Persian army was preparing for departure, when a paltry squabble in the market place led to a report being made to Nadir that his men were being murdered by the citizens. Hastening to the Chandni Chouk, he ordered that the streets should be swept by grape, and his swordsmen let loose upon the people. Calling for coffee, he took his seat upon the terrace of a mosque, near the principal police station, and till four in the afternoon, witnessed the execution of his sentence, until the neighbouring daribah ran with blood like a mountain torrent. Moved by the misery of his subjects, Mahammad at length summoned courage to intercede: and making his way to the foot of the terrace, with tears and suppliant gestures, prayed for mercy. The conqueror at once relented, and at his order, the massacre ceased. Shortly afterwards, Nadir retired laden with plunder, including the jewels which had adorned the famous peacock throne of Shahjahan.

During the next few years, the city had a respite from wars and rumours of wars: prosperity made some show of revival, and life went on, sustained as it were, by the momentum of past years. The visitor desirous of attending the morning levée, would still be con-

ducted through the great red barbican of the fortified palace, and along the magnificent entry, vaulted like some vast cathedral, and bordered, on either hand, by stalls glittering with the merchandise acceptable at a luxurious court. The Artillery was saluting, the shaums and kettle-drums resounded from the *Naubat Khana*, the precincts of the *Dewan-i-Am* were thronged by the customary crowd : courtiers, commanders, and candidates for office, all pressing forward to salute the middle-aged man who sat cross-legged on a bed of state, surrounded by negresses with fan and fly-brush, and backed by the glowing panels of Austin de Bordeaux. Here the Prince, whose authority was still vaguely acknowledged, from Cashmere to the Carnatic, was receiving petitions handed to him by a Minister, and these he delivered to the scribe seated at his feet, to endorse the orders passed. Duly impressed by this appearance of Royalty, the visitor departing and emerging from the gate, would find the glacis of the Fort occupied by the trains of the *grandees* and others who had attended the *levée*. Elephants with rich housings, and carrying decorated howdahs, waited patiently, shifting their weight from one pillar-like leg to the other, and idly swinging their painted trunks from side to side. Young exempts of good family sat erect on big-boned chargers, attended by one or two followers in rusty armour. Curtained cars, drawn by white Nagore oxen, awaited the return of their less active masters. Ladies of rank were being borne to one another's houses, in veiled litters carried by groaning porters ; while their humbler sisters shuffled along, in cumbrous draperies, peering timidly through the eyeholes of the hoods in which their heads were muffled. Along the Chandni Chouk would be seen the dependents who ministered to the pleasures of the great—mimes, minstrels, dancing girls, parasites and *panidars*. Presently, a band of gaily attired cavaliers appeared, followed by an elephant of colossal stature, bearing an armour-plated howdah, in which sat a young man wearing a jewelled cap, but otherwise clad in complete mail, over which was buckled the four shining plates inlaid with gold which formed the panoply of a Moghul Chief. On his jewelled gauntlet was perched a hooded hawk, while at the back of his howdah sat two richly attired soldiers whose matchlocks were encrusted with gold and nacre. Such we may imagine may have been the appearance of the heir-apparent, Mirza Ahmad, as he proceeded towards the Camp beyond the Cashmere gate, to accompany the army that was marching against the Afghans under Ahmad Sháh Abdáli. Contrary to what usually happened, the Delhi army was victorious in an action fought near Sirhind : but the Prime Minister, a contemporary and life-tried friend of the Emperor, lost his life in the battle : and when the news was brought to Delhi, the long-ruled Sovereign sank down, on his dismantled throne, and died on 16th April, 1748.

The next eight years beheld the citizens of Delhi scourged by slaughter, rapine and civil war. The reins were grasped by a ferocious youth, a grandson of the old Nizám, who deposed the first successor of Mahammad, and set up another on whom he bestowed the empty title of Alamgir the Second. The Crown Prince, Ali Gauhar, alarmed by the young Turkoman's violence, cut his way out of the city, and fled to the eastern provinces, where he remained many years in exile. The unscrupulous minister then murdered his inoffensive master; the throne remained without an occupant; and of all the Imperial cities not one was a city of the Moghul any more.

The rest of the story relates to the restoration of the wandering heir under the title of Shah Alam, and his various adventures and sufferings at the hands of Mahrattas, Moslems and Frenchmen; until in a state of blindness and destitution, he was rescued by a British Army under Lake in 1803.

These events are related in many excellent histories, and a detailed narrative may be found in a work called "The Fall of the Moghul Empire" derived from contemporary records by the present writer.

H. G. KEENE.

*N. Devon,  
England.*

## ART.

**I**T is to be regretted that, though there are many really valuable lives of great men, warriors, statesmen and men of letters, the number of great autobiographies is so very small that they can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Now, of the period of childhood, biographies give merely the external life of action and play, whereas, for the purpose of this paper, there is needed an account of the dawn of reasonable or conscious life. And in this connection I have found but three meagre statements, so that, I trust, it will be considered pardonable if the writer, after relating these, should venture to explain and illustrate them by a personal reminiscence.

It is a working hypothesis, that potentially, in germ, all human souls start alike, though, co-instantaneously with life, their paths diverge. Some climb to wonderful heights, to the sky-piercing mountain peaks of genius and of fame; others wander aimlessly, in crowds, along the plains of mediocrity, of commonplace ordinary life; yet others are doomed to flounder all their lives in fruitless efforts to escape from the chilling quagmires and deadly quicksands of poverty and crime. Inherited dispositions of nerve and brain, and the unavoidable environment of Society play their part inexorably, in the evolution and development of the individual human being, and soon differentiate man from man. Believing this, there is no vanity or presumption, if the writer, with reference to that first step in conscious life, dares to link his name with those of Robert Louis Stevenson, Cardinal Newman and Wordsworth.

In one of his own stray notes, appended to his powerful "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," Wordsworth relates that as a very little child—only seven—he fancied that he alone was a real being, and all else—parents and playmates, animate and inanimate nature, animals and trees and mountains and lakes—were but a vision, the products of his own active soul. He says that this feeling of loneliness was more terrible than his child-nature could bear, and that, in a mood of almost abject

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\* A lecture delivered at the Agra College Literary Society.

fear, he used to rub his soft little hands against the rough bark of the elms, till they nearly bled, in order that the pain might convince him that the tree at least was not himself.

His argumentation every one has instinctively employed. "What hurts me cannot be I; this hurts me: therefore it is not I." It gives us an explanation of the fact noticed by De Quincey in one of his minor essays, *vis.*, that pain—infantile stomach ache, in fact—helps to promote mental development, so that the ailments of infancy may serve to mark stages of mental growth. Pain awakes the baby's mind to a perception of the difference between the I and the not-I.

Cardinal Newman, in his "Apologia pro Vita sua," says that as a child of three he had the same belief in his sole existence. He thought, however, that other people were, perhaps, angels that had come to play with him and relieve his sense of awful solitude.

Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, in his autobiographical sketches, also speaks of this feeling of nameless fear that used to overpower him in the solitude of his little bed-room.

As regards my own earliest recollection of the same sort, it goes back to a time when I was but a little over three years of age. I had been put to sleep in a large bed, and, as often before, left alone; nor was I, ever before, afraid, on waking, to find myself alone. On this occasion, as the weather was very sultry, hot and dry, the large window of the bed-room was left wide open. After a short sleep I woke to find the light of a bright moon pouring full upon the bed. The white light on the white sheets was so strange, so unlike any thing I had ever before experienced; the silence of the night was so uncanny; I was forced to know it as not-Me. It was an experience in which the personal element was wholly passive, acted upon by something outside itself. I was a person, the moonlight and every thing else was not-I. I felt afraid of my isolation. I wanted to convince myself that there were others. I crept out of bed, and made my way out of the silent house into the garden to seek my parents, whose voices I thought I heard. When, with some impatience, I was asked why I had come out I could not say. I could not define my fear, and I am sorry to say that my first deliberately conscious act was an untruth. I said I had 'a pain.' The falsehood was transparent and of little avail. I was summarily sent back to bed, where I sobbed myself to sleep.

Now, to what do these recollections of early childhood tend? Why have they been brought together here? It is because the dawn of consciousness marks the perception of the difference between the self and the not-self. These, to the infant, are one, but the unity is so soon crowded

out of perception, and in later manhood this oneness is just what we "are toiling all our lives to find." It is true that, to the majority of mankind, the I and the not-I remain apart. These are like travellers through the world, looking at whatever is to be seen, but with no means of assimilating the not-I. The details of existence, its endless multiplicity, overpower their consciousness. They remain sight-seers, tourists, to the end. However, all serious minds, at one time or another, turn to this not-I that lies beyond self and other selves, and in which we "live and move and have our being," and consider It in Its relation to the self. Whatever description of It is given, It is recognised as Infinite, and in English It is called God.

What do we know of this Infinite? Herbert Spencer says "nothing, it is the Great Unknown." Huxley makes it out to be "The Unknowable." And, in a like spirit, the old Greeks, at the time of the Apostle St. Paul, built their altar to the Unknown God. On the other hand, the pastors and masters of all creeds, and the exponents of most philosophic systems, claim to know everything. However, with no more than the recognition of the fact that the finite is endeavouring to realise and conceive the Infinite, we can reconcile these extreme positions, for the finite will never be able to take in, grasp or comprehend the Infinite; and yet, since the finite is of and from the Infinite, it is always realising It some what and some way, and never-endingly better and more fully. This process tending to unification, this becoming infinite of the finite, is the life of the human soul. This is development, culture, self-realisation. In Christian phraseology we are to be made "partakers of the Divine Nature."

It is by three ways that men set about seeking to realise and attain the Infinite, by reason, by will and by imagination. The philosopher and scientist move steadily forward, step by step, from syllogism to syllogism, along the dry and dusty path of ratiocination. They want to *know*. The practical moralist hastens swifter forward, charioted and at his ease, borne on the fiery wheels of his desire. He knows, and finds the journey all too long for the panting of his heart. He *loves* and wants to be united to the object of his desire. And last, there is the Artist—poet or painter, sculptor or musician. He flies to his end at once, on Pegasus, the winged horse of the Imagination. He *exults in possession*.

This calls for closer examination, and without metaphor, for the point under consideration is an important one, *viz.*, the relation of Art to Science and Ethics. What says the Philosopher? "God is Truth." Truth is the agreement of the self with the non-self, of the mind with what it seeks

to know. What I know is a personal possession. Nay, more, my knowledge is my mind knowing. The not-I, the thing I wish to know, when known, and inasmuch as known, becomes a part of my mind, of me. *It* is I. And here the highest philosophy will tell you that only the Infinite can and will fully agree or be united or known to the mind, that the Infinite alone can exhaust the capabilities of the soul for knowledge.

The Moralist, next, sees God as Goodness, and Goodness, also, is a union of the self with the non-self, of what we need of the not-ourselves to fulfil, to perfect, to realise ourselves. What is thus Good we desire, we love, and hence Religion says, "God is Love." This process of the realisation of the Infinite by means of the will, in the sphere of conduct or of righteousness is the interpretation that Matthew Arnold gives to the phrase 'Eternal Life,' so frequent in the Bible. Therefore, the sanest Religion says that only the Infinite can be fully united in the union of love to the finite, that the Infinite alone can exhaust the capabilities of the heart for love. *Irrequietum est cor nostrum donec requiescet in Te.* "Ill at ease is our heart until it rests in Thee" says St. Augustine.

Finally, what says the Artist? He sees Truth and Goodness as One. What the mind seeks to see in one of its aspects as the Truth, and will strive to obtain as Good, the imagination rejoices in as an ever-present possession. "God is Beauty," says the poet. In the words of Kant, Beauty is the Infinite in the finite. What does this mean? What has God to do with the Artist's mind and work? The answer is, "Everything." Let us take an illustration. Suppose a draughtsman to reproduce with the most painstaking fidelity every tiny shade and curving line among the dainty petals of the rose he copies. Is the result a work of Art? Not yet. He is but a handicraftsman, skilful and able, but not yet an artist. What he does, a camera, a machine of wood and glass employing the chemical action of the sun's rays, will do much quicker and far more correctly than he. What then has he to reproduce? Not this rose or that, however beautiful, but the ideal rose, the perfect type to which all roses conform more or less completely. He must paint us the rose as it is in the mind of its Divine Creator. By faithful study of a thousand roses must he seek for the type that underlies them all. This is the perfectly beautiful rose. This is glorious with the radiance of the beauty of the Divine Mind. The ideal I am here trying to put before you, is beautifully expressed by Wordsworth in his "Lines written on a Picture of Peele Castle." There he says that the Artist must strive to give us

"The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration, and the poet's dream."

Ay! the divine light of infinite beauty in each created atom as each tiny diamond drop of dew may image for us the effulgence of the mighty sun. This is what the Artist seeks.

To recapitulate, in still simpler language, the Philosopher wishes to know, as God knows, truly; the moralist to love, as God loves, rightly, and the Poet to enjoy, as God enjoys, wholly—in like manner though in different measure.

As it is important that the particular attitude of the Artist's or Poet's mind be clearly understood, I shall illustrate my thought by a certain number of examples. I shall take examples from the sayings of children principally, because they say what they really think, and do not, parrot-wise, repeat the statements made by others. Ask a child what he thinks of the stars. The probable answer of the child philosopher is not inadequately expressed by the old nursery rhyme

“ Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are !  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.”

This represents the first stage of all scientific inquiry—the feeling of wonder, the desire to know. We can imagine this child, in later life, with a leaning towards Herbert Spencer's love for big words, phrasing his thought somewhat as the following clever paraphrase puts it—

“ Scintillate, scintillate globule vivific,  
Fain would I fathom thy nature specific,  
Loftily poised in æther capacious,  
Strongly resembling a gem carbonaceous.”

A simpler report tells of a child, who, when asked, “ What are stars ?” replied that they were chips or little pieces of old moons that were cut up, monthly, to replace the stars that had fallen down as shooting stars. From this it is clear what is meant by the scientific or philosophic attitude. It matters little, for the present purpose, whether the answer be correct or not. What is sought for is a fact. In a like spirit was the following answer given to me. Some summers past, during the very hot dry nights of northern India, while I tried to get some sleep out in the open air, and failed, as was usually the case, I discovered a treasure in my chowkidar, who turned out to be a finished story-teller, and many a gasping night has slipped by to the cool small hours, under the influence of his tales of eastern magic and mystery. Sometimes, however, I used to question him, and try to get at his views of things in general and in particular. So, for instance, I once asked him, “ What is the sun ?” He

answered. "It is a very hot fire, about the [size of a *charpoy*, and not further away than some ten or twelve miles." Note the precision of the answer. To a philosopher, or a scientist, knowledge is nothing unless it be defined, and if you were to open a work on astronomy the answer would be mathematically precise. The sun is 92,000,000 miles away, its diameter is 853,380 miles, its density is 300,000 times that of the earth, and its volume 1,200,000 times, as great, and so on, and so on.

Let us, now, take the views of the child moralist. Everything is now considered as good, as serving some purpose.

The words of the nursery rhyme give us an instance of this too.

"Oft, the traveller in the dark  
Thanks you for your tiny spark ;  
He would not know which way to go  
If you did not twinkle so."

I remember also, having once read a little goody-goody set of French verses relating the answer of a child to the same question we asked once before, "What are the stars?" The answer is that of an embryo moralist. The child says that they are little holes made in the floor of heaven to let the glory through so as to let us know how bright it is on the other side. Similarly, a peasant, at Asansol, in Bengal, whom, I asked, years ago, what was the sun, answered, "What do I know? This I know, that it is good for the fields and the trees, for beasts and for men." You may notice here, too, how very definite, precise and to the point the answers are. The mind is fully a match for the phenomenon it investigates.

Finally, let us pass to the poetic answers of child and peasant to the same question. The nursery rhyme says to the star,

"In the dark blue sky you keep,  
And often, through my curtains peep,  
For you never shut your eye  
Till the sun is in the sky."

Here what is noteworthy is the personification of the star, the human actions ascribed to it, its peeping through the curtains, and its sleeplessness. So also, a child poet speaks of the stars as the eyes of the angels; and the American Indian, primitive hunter as he was, spoke of the sun as the eye of the Great Spirit. From the point of view of the philosopher and moralist, this is nonsense. Stars are not alive, nor are they eyes. And yet, the poet has by metaphor, simile and personification aroused the mind to a full possession of a certain quality in the sun and the stars, with a vividness that no science or teleology could attain. We are made keenly sensible of their permanence, their brilliance, of their constant presence,

co-existent with all our actions. They are witnesses, inanimate if you will, but yet witnesses of all our good and evil. One who has once fully realised this, as only a poet can help him to do, will ever after shrink from evil, in the presence, as Tennyson says, of the "passionless, pitiless, innumerable eyes" of these eternal witnesses.

Now simple answers such as the above become philosophy, religion or art, when the questions are "What is God?" and "What is the Universe?" according to the point of view taken by the speaker.

I trust the exposition given above has helped to an understanding of the position occupied by Art in the process of mental development, of self-culture, or the realisation of the Infinite. With one more detail I shall pass on to the definition and classification of the Fine Arts. I wish now to draw attention to the temper or mood which corresponds to these three processes of culture. They are patient calmness in the pursuit, with satisfaction and joy at the attainment of Truth; concentrated earnestness in the pursuit, and contented happiness in obtaining the Good; and finally, an enthusiastic eagerness in the pursuit, and an exultation and delight in the possession of the Beautiful. This last the poet and artist alone can know.

This thought is an important one, specially in the consideration of poetry. All have seen a child in the presence of something that delights his sense of beauty to the full. For instance, a Christmas tree, or a Diwali illumination is suddenly brought before a little child. He literally dances with delight, and jumping up and down sings, to a tune and rhythm of his own invention, "I see, I see, I can see it very well. I see, I see, I can see it very well." This illustrates fairly well the state of mind of the poet or artist who is mastered by the influence of Beauty. This is poetic inspiration, the divine afflatus the *æstrus* of the old Greeks. This is the temporary obsession or madness that keeps "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling."

We may now phrase a practical definition of Art. By Art I mean "*the beautiful expression of the beautiful.*" It will be well to consider this for a short while.

The purpose of the Artist is to awake in those who see or hear him and his work the selfsame ecstasy and delight that inspired his own soul. Hence arises the need that his expression be beautiful. This explains, too, the frequent use of metaphor by a poet, for metaphor is an attempt to call up in his reader the same feeling as his own, by invoking the aid of a cognate or kindred thought. And personification is but a metaphor in which one member of the comparison is a human being.

However, not only must the expression be beautiful, but the object represented is required essentially to be beautiful also. That aspect of the Infinite—Beauty, the Ideal, is the soul of Art. Without it we have the Artisan or skilled workman, not the Artist. In this connection I cannot do better than quote that master critic of Art, Lessing. He says, "The Greek Artist represented nothing that was not beautiful. Even the vulgar, the beauty of inferior types, he copied incidentally for practice or recreation. The perfection of the subject must charm in his work. He was too great to be satisfied with the barren pleasure arising from the consideration of the Artist's skill. Nothing in his Art was dearer to him, or seemed more noble than the ends of Art," *i.e.*, the reproduction in the beholder or listener of the same delight in the possession of Beauty, that inspired the Artist himself.

And here a practical remark or two may not be amiss with reference to Indian Art. Much of it has become slavish imitation, the reproduction and repetition of the masterpieces of the great Artists of the past. Hence, at present, India has sunk to the level of a land of artisans or skilled workmen, content to imitate, but with no vision of Divine Beauty in their souls. The saddest proof I had of this was the sight of some clay toys of Lucknow manufacture. They were the most perfect representations of hideous, loathsome, leprosy-stricken decrepitude, poverty and old age that could have been conceived of in a nightmare dream of horror. It is incumbent on all who know what art is to teach others by word and example, by their demand for the beautiful only, by their praise of it, and by their rejection with disgust of anything that savours of ugliness.

To return to abstract considerations, the recollection of the exclusive nature of the delight that constitutes poetic inspiration, and of which the child in the presence of an illumination was the illustration employed, will enable any one to arrive at that first rule of every work of Art, *viz.*, that it must observe Unity. That will show, more than anything else, why it must be so, in the very nature of things. How can the Artist—painter or poet, builder, sculptor or musician—think of anything but the single object whose beauty now enthral's his soul?

It is not necessary, here, to discuss in detail the various rules of the principal Fine Arts. If what has been said above has been clearly understood, each will, for himself, as occasion arises, be able to deduce every practical rule of Art from the simple definition already given, "Art is the beautiful expression of the beautiful." This, it is true, would be an almost endless task, if, like the ancient Indians, we were to enumerate more than half-a-hundred Fine Arts, among which, for instance, was the

Art of the Manicure or Nail-trimmer. However, the task is less discouraging if we pay attention to only the chief, *viz.*, Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Music, and Poetry.

Of each of these I shall, in conclusion, say a few words. And here my task is easy. I have but taken, and here and there simplified, Weber's abridgment of Hegel's masterly exposition. What follows is his thought.

"In Architecture, the primary stage of art, the Infinite ideal, and the finite are quite distinct. It suggests rather than expresses the idea distinctly. The Pyramid, Pagoda, Temple, Mosque or Cathedral are merely symbols of the grand idea they would represent. In great proportions and majesty they express solemnity, or austerity, or mute grandeur, the unutterable repose of force, the immovable permanence of the Infinite. But the thousand changes of life and the infinitely varied beauties of reality are beyond Architecture. And this is partly because the material of Architecture is the coarsest—wood or stone. Hence it is that in a building—purely symbolical as it must be—there are numberless details, small points and structural features, that do not help to express the idea in any way."

To this, I hold the Taj at Agra to be an exception, for details there are here, and in the most lavish abundance, but all subjected to the main idea in a most masterly way. It is just in this that the masterpiece of the architects of the court of Shah Jehan has its unique pre-eminence. "They designed like Titans, and finished like jewellers," said Bishop Heber, and the criticism is hackneyed and the implied censure is unthinkingly accepted by all. But in the Taj these minutiae are no defect. It is not a temple but a tomb, a royal elegy commemorating a beloved Queen. The purity of the marble, the soft beauty of the curving outlines, the brilliance of the gay-coloured mosaics, and the wealth of inlaid floral gems, all combine to suggest the pure, the royal and yet the truly feminine beauty that was worthy of a monarch's love. Shall not the symbol of a sleeping queen be wreathed with flowers, and glitter with gems and jewels? Can anything but the purest marble indicate her spotless purity? And yet, how can it be too large, too immovably immense to type the unchanging weight and vastness of an imperial woe?

The ancient Indian schools are second to none in the impressiveness of their symbolism, but how unique in character and style the most casual glance will indicate. I trust I shall be able to deal with this in detail at a later date. The subject is too great for a subdivision of a lecture.

"Sculpture, like its elder sister, Architecture, employs matter in its grossest form, but it spiritualises marble; it gives life and intelligence to

the block of which Architecture can merely make a more or less eloquent symbol. It employs wood and stone and bronze, but it transforms them more completely to express its idea, so that in a statue not a single detail is indifferent."

Of Indian sculpture I find it hard to speak. The Lucknow clay-modellers occasionally produce beautiful work, and clay modelling is the school of Sculpture, but the use they make of colours, and even of cloth, for drapery has turned aside their efforts from the true goal of Sculpture—the beauty of form. They have encroached on the sphere of Painting.

As regards Indian statues of the olden time, the Mohomedan iconoclasts have been so pitilessly persevering, that there is little left from which we might be enabled to judge. However, there are a few imitations of Greek work in some of the museums, notably at Lahore, though we must not forget that these are foreign to the soil. True Indian work is still occasionally to be met with in some of the more ancient temples, especially in Southern India. Here the artistic sense is true, with, however, a tendency to exaggerate and repeat with tiresome iteration any detail or pose that has appeared to the sculptor to be really beautiful. It is this that gives to the female figures one meets with their unnatural development of bust and hips, and almost invariably represents every standing figure with a most characteristic bend to the right. This does give a somewhat graceful sinuosity to an upright statue, but this one beauty seems to blind them to further research for the myriad charms of form, that every movement and effort call forth, in attitude and play of muscle.

One figure to my mind is perfect. It is the image of Buddha. Its attitude is conventional, crosslegged, with the palm outspread upon the lap, but there is perfect peace in every curve and line of the face. The artist, here, has had an ideal that he has striven to express. He, the Holy one, drawing so nigh to final absorption, to Nirvāna, must reflect the absolute rest of God upon his face, and hence we have not merely a man-shaped stone, but Buddha's image, beautiful with the soul of peace.

As regards animal forms, the sculptor of Southern India is able to place the elephant in a thousand attitudes, clearly indicating that animal to have been greatly admired, so that the study of it became a labour of love. But excepting this, with an occasional majestic bull, Nandi, or a careful image of the monkey god, Hanuman, all animal figures labour under the same defect of ignorance of Art. So long as the animal is able to be recognised, any image is acceptable to the patron who has commissioned the work. Truth and Beauty are not supplied, because they are not demanded.

The same holds good of the numberless images that represent the gods. Provided the conventional number of arms, the orthodox weapons, and the recognised *vahana* of the god be there, and himself in the traditional attitude, no more is asked for, and therefore, of course, no more is supplied. These images are even more crude and soulless than the gilt bedizened Madonna and Child in an Italian village.

However, to return to our classification. "Sculpture remains incapable of representing the soul as it shines forth in the eye. This painting can do. The matter employed by painting is somewhat more refined, not the body of three dimensions, but the plane surface. Depth is reduced to an appearance by perspective. It is spiritualised. However, painting can express but a moment of life. This moment it is obliged to fix, and so to materialise. The Infinite Idea is still bound to matter and extension."

Indian painting, till within the last few years, was a thing unknown. In very ancient times it had made wonderful progress, as is witnessed by frescoes, remarkable from every point of view, for a right feeling after perspective, for correct drawing, for coloration, and for composition, as may be seen to this day, at the Karli caves. The material of painting is more perishable, and hence it is, perhaps, that unless, as here, hidden away in the bowels of the earth nothing of the painter's art remains to us from that day to this. The Mogul Court had its gorgeous designers, but painting, figure or landscape, was quite extinct, if indeed the latter ever existed in India. How completely it had disappeared may be seen from the fact that so-called artists, whose work was in demand a few short years ago, had not yet learned to draw the eye in profile, but invariably, in a side face, represented the eye as seen full face. This reproach is now, I trust, at an end for ever. Raja Ravi Varma's name shall be in honour in India for ages to come. The honour and glory of restoring painting to its place among the Arts of his native land, of being the pioneer of Indian painting, is his for ever. His works are a delightful re-birth, and following in his footsteps many a young artist is struggling up into notice. To encourage and help such, with unsparing censure for any violation of beauty, as much as with the most liberal praise, when merited, and the most generous pecuniary aid, when needed, is the duty of every educated and patriotic Indian.

"So far we have been concerned with architecture, sculpture and painting which, as external, visible, material forms of art, are combined in a thousand ways as objective art. But music is a purely subjective art, invisible, immaterial, spiritual. It is the art that, with thrilling

truth can reproduce the innermost essence of the human soul, the infinite shades, and the countless minute differences of feeling. Music makes a symbol of sound."

A piece of music, like an edifice, is susceptible of the most diverse interpretations. It can be understood in very many ways. Haweis explains this in his "Musical Life." "The fact is, when we say that a piece of music is like the sea or the moon, what we really mean is that it excites in us an emotion like that created by the sea or the moon; but the same music will be the fit expression of any other idea which is calculated to rouse in us the same sort of feeling. As far as music is concerned, it matters not whether your imagination deals with a storm gradually subsiding into calm; passionate sorrow passing into resignation, or silence and night descending upon a battlefield. In each of these cases the kind of emotion is the same, and will find a sort of expression in any one of the different conceptions." He adds further that we must not forget that "emotion and not thought is the sphere of music, and emotion quite as often precedes as follows thought. Although a thought will often, perhaps always, produce an emotion of some kind, it requires a distinct effort to fit an emotion with its appropriate thought." And again, "words are but poor interpreters in the realms of emotion. Where all words end, music begins; where they suggest, it realises, and hence the secret of its strange ineffable power. It reveals us to ourselves. It represents those modulations and temperamental changes which escape all verbal analysis. It utters what else must forever remain unuttered and unutterable. It feeds that deep ineradicable instinct within us of which all art is only the reverberated echo, that craving to express, through the medium of the senses, the spiritual and eternal realities which underlie them. The true musician cares very little for your definite ideas, or things which can be expressed by words. He knows you can give him these, what he sighs for is the immaterially great that is in our nature."

Of Indian music I am not in a position to say much. Harmony and the concord of notes is I believe unknown, but a wealth of melody and of delightful song tunes are here in India, needing but sympathetic interpretation to enchant the listening world. May the interpreter soon arise!

However music, too, is incomplete. "The perfect art must combine and unify all contraries, the world of feeling expressed by music, and the world of objectivity expressed by architecture, sculpture, and painting, must blend in a harmonious whole to form the most perfect of all arts. This Art of Arts is Poetry."

Poetry is art endowed with speech, the art which can say everything, express everything, and create everything anew. It is the universal art. Poetry employs sound, as music does, but in the service of the poet, it becomes articulate and definite sound, a word, a language. Sound is now wholly subordinate to the Idea."

Indian poetry is great, and of other aspect to that of Europe. The ideas it expresses are so different that its structure is quite unlike European poetry. Its epics are colossal, like the pyramids, and cover treasures of philosophy from the vulgar gaze. Its dramas of ancient days still thrill the hearts of Indian audiences, as they did ages ago. Its hymns, its love songs, its battle pieces are a possession for ever, and Europe is but on the borders of an Eldorado, vast and wonderful, when it sends its students here to explore the inexhaustible wealth of Sanskrit lore.

To summarise, "Architecture contents itself with suggesting the Divinity who reigns beyond the stars; Sculpture brings him down upon the earth. Music localises the Infinite in feeling; poetry assigns to it the boundless realm which of right belongs to it—Nature and History. It is all-powerful and inexhaustible, like the God who inspires the Poet."

In conclusion, I would add a few remarks about pretended art—the sin of sham. The idea to be realised is the infinitely beautiful idea God has of whatever is. How can we pretend to see and express this, when it is not seen and expressed? The sham and pretence are seen and perceived by every one. The coin rings false. It has not Cæsar's stamp and superscription. It is not of God, but of the Father of Lies. A rhymester has heard a poet's soul-stirring elegy praised with bated breath, and straightway he must needs go and do likewise. Oh! the folly of it! "If I were Mujnoon, and if I had a Leila, thus would I grieve, were she to despise my love." "My friends," I would reply, "Mujnoon is dead, and so is Leila. You and I live. Let us voice *our* griefs and *our* ecstasies, if we have any, and not ape the forms of other souls. God speaks to us, as to the Artists of the past, by noble thoughts, fair dreams, soul-subduing sadness, and thrills of immortal bliss. If He speak to us, we shall respond as the harp that trembles into music at the breath of Heaven. Else are we but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, producing discordant noises, out of time and out of tune. False prophets should we be that speak our own vain imaginings, and not the inspirations of the Infinite God, one of whose awful names is 'Beauty.'"

CHARLES A. DOBSON.

## NASRIN : OR AN INDIAN MEDLEY.

(Continued from our last number.)

### CHAPTER VII.

**B**EFORE his leave had half expired, Sirdar Balwant Singh was recalled to his regiment, which had received orders to hold itself in readiness for a move to the front.

"Must you really go?" asked his wife Singh anxiously. "It was only the other day that you came; and this is only our second meeting since we were married."

"What can I do?" said Balwant Singh. "The military regulations are very strict and I cannot disobey. I must of course go."

"So it seems," she replied, sighing deeply; "but you said, when you arrived, that you had come for two months, and you have scarcely been here three weeks."

"They granted me leave for two months, dearest," said he; "but see, here is the order. The tribes on the frontier are giving trouble as usual, and my regiment has been ordered to be ready. All who were on leave have been called back."

"How I wish I could go with you," said she. "I would rather be near you in the midst of the battle than sit here, counting every moment and suffering all the keen anxiety of a feverish imagination."

"My life, my love!" said Balwant Singh, clasping her in his arms, "we have to undergo many hardships in camp life, and learn to do without many things."

"I would feel as though I were in paradise if you were with me," she murmured. "With you even a bed of thorns would seem a bed of roses."

"You are too good, dearest," he replied; "but do you think I would let you suffer the least inconvenience if I could help it. In any case, you cannot come with me, such a thing is never allowed."

"How cruel the regulations are," she remonstrated.

"No," said he, "for if you were with me, I would be constantly occupied with you, thinking of your comfort and convenience, and thus

hampered in the fulfilment of my rough duties. Well, now I shall march with my brave comrades and share their hardships."

"Are your soldiers really brave?" she enquired.

"The bravest and most loyal fellows that I have ever seen. Every one of them would sacrifice his life for me: they like me so much."

"Who can help loving you?" she said proudly. "You are so kind and affectionate!"

"Their life is a hard one," he said. "The standard of living has risen all over the country; the Government only pays them a paltry salary, and it needs all one's tact to keep them with the colours. One would never succeed were it not for the innate love of adventure which some of our soldiers have, and which makes them cling to their regiments in spite of all their hardships. My regiment must be in high spirits at getting a chance of crossing swords with the gallant Afghans."

"What is there to be in high spirits about?" said she. "My heart fails me when I think of the wives and mothers whose loved ones will return to them no more."

"Do not be silly," said he. "We have been waiting ever so long for something real. One gets bored to death in cantonments, while the manoeuvres are simply dreadful. You have to go through all the trouble and worry of a real war, while it is really nothing but a sham."

"How are the English officers liked by the men in the ranks?" she asked. "Are they liked as much as Indian officers like you?"

"I cannot say they are," he replied; "but some of them are literally adored. Unfortunately, they say that the old type of English officers is disappearing, those who were fathers to their men, mixed with them and took interest in the daily life of every soldier. The new type of officer is rather self-absorbed and stuck up, and is not liked half so well."

"There is nothing like love," said she, "to win the hearts of men; and you, my dear husband, have got more than enough of it."

"'Tis only because I love you so dearly," said he.

"But what is this war about?" enquired she, naively, "What king are you going to fight against?"

"Dearest," he explained, "the frontier of India is inhabited by independent Afghan tribes, and our Government wants to have the frontier under its influence. When the tribes get very turbulent, an expedition is generally sent out to teach them a lesson and win their allegiance, so that in time of trouble, in case Russia ever invades India, they may help us in checking the advance of the Russians."

"It is rather a strange way of making friends," she observed. "Persons or tribes who are constantly at feud with you cannot be changed into friends by killing their men and burning their houses and then leaving them alone to work out their own destiny. They would rather join the invaders than you who give them no rest."

"I am not a politician," said he, "but I certainly do not like the idea of sending expeditions, sacrificing brave men and precious gold, and then returning again, withdrawing all the troops and leaving everything as before."

"They make a great mistake in withdrawing," she continued. "If they do not want to occupy the frontier, they should leave the tribes to themselves and establish friendly relations with them; otherwise, annex the frontier and establish a regular government, so that the people there may enjoy peace and the well-regulated management which the English have established so successfully in India."

"I entirely agree with you," said he, "but our wisecracs will but act as they please."

"Do those tribes keep a regular army?" she enquired.

"No," said he. "Men, women and children all fight, with rifles which they steal from us, or that are supplied by some of our neighbours. They take up strong positions in their hills, and we have to force them out in the face of a direct fire, while their men keep sniping at us at night and killing every one they come across. It is a pity to see these brave men perish when they rush against our well-directed guns. If they were well armed, the job would become a good deal more difficult."

After a pause, she returned with childish insistence to her first request, imploring her husband to take her with him—as if army regulations had an ear for a woman's prayers! "I cannot remain without you," she said, with tears in her eyes. "You do not know what sleepless nights I pass when you are away from me."

"I wish I could," said he, "for I too think of you day and night, dreaming of and anticipating the happiness, the bliss, that will be mine when next I see you."

"Ah! why should we part?" murmured she. "Why do we never meet but to part again? Why do we love at all? Love is indeed the fountain of all human woe."

"And yet the balm of all human ills," he added. "Those who have never been purified through its fire have not lived at all . . . Now, ~~deafest~~, I must go, else I shall miss the train."

"Farewell!" she said, as she flung herself into his arms. "May God protect you and cover you with glory!"

"Do not be anxious about me," said he. "Our forces are so well organised that there is scarcely any danger." Thus saying, he clasped her in his arms, impressed one loving kiss on her forehead and left the room.

Sirdaram Balwant Singh leaned out of her window to catch a last glimpse of her husband, as he sprang on his horse and galloped away, leaving a gentle memory behind.

"I wish I were going with you," said Azad, as he rode by the side of his brother-in-law whom he was escorting to the station. "Though I am a man of books, the idea of war has strange charm and a great attraction for me. Some subconscious hereditary tendency, I suppose—for I am surely the very antithesis of a fighter."

"How delightful it would be," said Balwant Singh lovingly, "if we could go through a campaign side by side."

"And yet," said Azad, "why should there be wars? Why do not men see the delicate, invisible threads of Life that unite the whole human race into one spiritual organism? I really cannot make out why I am elated at the idea of war and feel this desire to fight, which my reason and heart utterly repudiate. I can hardly call the feeling my own. It must be, as I said, the spirit of some warlike ancestor stirring within me. In soul and spirit I am not a Sikh at all, at least not a Sikh of the fighting period. I might, in some past birth, have belonged to the early times of Guru Nanak and his immediate successors, when the Sikhs were a purely religious and mystic brotherhood."

"Persecution soon changed all that," said Balwant Singh; "and as far as I am concerned, it is as well that it did, for your mystical musings, dearest brother, though they cannot make me love you less, seem little more than nebulous dreams to me. Well, as long as they make you happy, you are welcome to them. To my mind, at all events, man is a fighting animal first, and a thinking one afterwards. It is in war that one's real nature comes to the surface."

"That may be," replied Azad, "but I shudder at the thought of all the destruction that follows war."

"That is God's law," said Balwant Singh curtly. "Even our great Gurus have fought for centuries, and fought heroically. 'God and the Sword' is the religion of the Sikh."

"True," said Azad, "but it does sound queer to speak of God and the Sword in the same breath."

"Why?" asked Balwant Singh. "Is not the God of most Hindus a *Mahaddev*, a destroyer and a regenerator? War, perhaps, is but a process of Nature to purify humanity."

"Maybe," said Azad, "but I cannot understand its ethics. I wish you excitement and joy, but I cannot sincerely wish you success in killing your fellow-beings."

"It is not killing!" said Balwant Singh warmly. "We meet in open field and each has an equal chance."

"In open field indeed!" said Azad, "when these modern weapons of war shoot at such long ranges, and your new machine-guns shower a rain of bullets that none can stand against. This is a very different sort of war from that which old-time heroes fought in the days of yore, when a brave heart and a strong arm had every chance and reaped all the glory that now falls to the lot of your machine-wielding soldiers."

"You are right there," agreed Balwant Singh. "I also do not like these modern weapons of war. Many a brave heart receives an ounce of cold lead—or some other new-fangled metal—and is forgotten, when he might have shone like a star of tournaments had he been given a chance. In modern warfare, the soul of a hero has hardly more chance of reaping glory than that of a coward."

"It is cruel," continued Azad, "when a brave soul is wiped out of existence without having had a chance of doing credit to his mother's milk. It is the thought of those heroic battles of days gone by that makes my blood tingle. Your modern long-range engagements with an ever invisible foe do not appeal to me."

"I must agree with you, brother," said Balwant Singh. "Though there are still occasions for deeds of personal bravery, especially in small wars like ours, such occasions are ever growing rarer and rarer as invention follows invention and armaments are steadily improved. Cavalry has become merely a means of conveyance, and has ceased to be a weapon of attack. Alas!" he added, grasping his sword, "this sword has become a mere symbol, for we will but fire from a distance—or be fired on. You are right in saying that modern warfare is gradually degenerating into a sort of scientific butchery."

"I was just thinking of the days of yore," said Azad, "when each knight sallied forth to meet his adversary, and bravely fought before the whole army: was it not beautiful? And then, what was still more charming, the antagonists of the morning dined together in the evening as bosom friends."

"That was indeed lovely," said Balwant Singh; "but alas! those days are gone never to return again."

"They say the world is progressing," said Azad, "and I myself like to think so. But there are times when I feel tempted to agree with our pessimistic friend Ahmed, and when I perceive no progress in the world to-day, save perhaps in luxury, lying and knavery. At all events, the present wave of civilisation must come to an end some day, for there seems to be no such thing as continuous progress in this world, where all is ever moving in a circle . . . . But who knows? Even taking for granted that the world is growing worse (and with our limited range of vision it would be risky to dogmatise) we may be but as a child who, having just reached the sea-shore and seeing a single *wave* run out, can hardly be expected to know whether the *tide* is rising or falling . . . . And then, long before the next wave comes, the child is taken home and put to bed, or sent to play once more for a few seconds on the beach, with a new set of clothes and his memory wiped out—so fleeting are our earthly personalities! . . . . How can we know? . . . . how can we know?"

"God knows," said Balwant Singh carelessly. "I am not interested in your metaphysical problems. I live in the living present and am content . . . . By the way," he added good-humouredly, looking at his watch, "I do know one thing, and that is that *we* had better progress a little faster if I am not to spend the night at Vishnupur waiting for the next train."

"Right you are," said Azad, laughing, "forgive me," and they both spurred their horses and galloped on.

They reached the station just as the train was coming in, and while Balwant Singh went to look after his luggage, which had been sent by bullock-cart the night before, and settled down in his compartment, Azad took his brother-in-law's ticket, and joined him just as the train was ready to start.

"May you be happy, my boy," he said, his deep eyes looking up lovingly towards his companion who was leaning out of the carriage-window above him, their hands tenderly clasped, "and may you return to us safe and sound! Pray do not fail to write as regularly as you can."

"I will write often," replied Balwant Singh. "Farewell! We shall soon meet again."

"Au revoir," said Azad, as the train slowly moved away, "and may God bless you!"

Azad, lost in thought, watched the train disappear round a distant curve, and then woke up as if from a dream and rode home.

Colonel Sandows, Balwant Singh's commanding officer, was a man of the old school, accustomed to converse quite familiarly with his Indian subordinates, looking upon them as friends and fellow-workers, and taking a personal interest in their welfare. He spoke both Urdu and Punjabi as fluently as they, and always used the vernacular when talking to them, as few, even among well-educated Indians, can speak English without a certain feeling of official restraint—which the Colonel always did his best to avoid.

"Hallo, Balwant Singh!" said the Colonel, as he greeted our friend with a hearty handshake when the latter reported himself present on the day following his departure from Azad's estate. "Luck smiles upon us at last: we have received orders to be ready to start at any moment. Let us hope the politicals won't step in at the last moment and spoil the fun."

"I hope not, Sir," said Balwant Singh, "for it would be too disappointing. Those civilians have no business to interfere now."

"None whatever," acquiesced the Colonel. "If they drop the expedition at this stage, it will create a bad impression not only on the frontier but far beyond in Kabul and Persia."

"I hope we may annex Kabul some day," said Balwant Singh. "What is the good of keeping a buffer State? This shirking of immediate trouble always has to be paid for with interest in the long run."

"You are right," said the Colonel; "but these civilians are all-powerful—save when it comes to fighting—and will have their own way."

"So it seems," said Balwant Singh. "Let us hope they will give us a chance, this time, of showing what stuff we're made of."

"I am proud of my regiment," said the Colonel, "and am confident that it will do me credit whenever opportunity offers."

"Your men love you," assured Balwant Singh, "and would walk straight into fire if you commanded them."

"I know it, I know it," replied Colonel Sandows with deep feeling. "In the first Kabul war I was a subaltern, but even then I had occasion to know what admirable devotion a little kindness added to fair treatment can arouse in the men of your race. One day I went to reconnoitre, taking with me only two men, Gulab Singh and Pertab Singh. Suddenly, two Ghazis came rushing at me with drawn knives from opposite sides. They were only a few yards off when we saw them. There was no time to level a gun or even draw a sword. Do you know what Pertab Singh did? While I kept off one of the fanatics as best I

could, getting a terrible gash in the arm, till Gulab Singh settled him, Pertab Singh simply threw himself with arms outstretched before the other Ghazi, and paid for my life with his own. Who but a born hero could have thus, without a moment's hesitation, flung his life away?"

"He was an ideal soldier," said Balwant Singh, "and I have often heard accounts of his courage and unselfish devotion."

"As to that," said Colonel Sandows who was in a communicative mood, "I have had ever so many experiences. A few days after the incident which I have just related, we entered Kabul. I was just walking along unarmed when a fanatic Afghan rushed at me with a drawn dagger. I would have paid for my imprudence with my life, had not my orderly Chait Singh leapt upon him in the twinkling of an eye. Almost before I knew what the matter was, my assailant was secured from behind, and Chait Singh, wrenching the dagger out of his hand, threw it over the city-wall. Oh, I owe all, my life, my honoûr, my present position, to my regiment."

At this point their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a *sowar*\* who rode up, saluted, and handed a telegram to the Colonel. The latter tore open the envelope and, as he read the message, his face became radiant with joy.

"We are ordered to start at once," he announced. "A special train is ready waiting for us, so we shall be off in an hour."

Balwant Singh saluted and withdrew. In an hour's time the whole regiment was at the railway station ready to entrain. Colonel Sandows, bubbling over with joy, walked hither and thither, superintending everything. He stopped every now and then, calling a *sowar* by name, giving a few words of encouragement and creating an atmosphere of hope and joy wherever he went.

"What a brave man our Colonel is!" said a *sowar*.

"He ought to be *Jang-i-Lât*," observed another with naive enthusiasm. "He is a real *mabap* (father and mother) to the soldier."

"So he is," said another. "These young officers of the new school treat us like coolies and expect us to do labourers' work."

"Were it not for the Colonel and the good name of the regiment," said Chait Singh, "I would have shot dead that young Lieutenant who called me 'bloody *soor*' † the other day. Imagine a young brute like that insulting an old soldier like me, who have been with *Lât Rabat Sahib* ‡ through Kandahar, when *Lât Rabat* lived on roasted gram which I offered him!"

\* Horseman.

† Pig.

‡ Lord Roberts.

"But then the Lieutenant has been punished," said another *sowar*.

"Punished!" exclaimed Chait Sing. "Had *Lat Rabat* been here, he would have dismissed him."

The regiment soon finished entraining while the band played lively tunes. When all had settled down the bugles blew, and the train moved slowly out of the station, taking its living freight to glory or to death—some few among them, perhaps, to both.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Azad was returning from his evening ride. The sun had just disappeared, leaving behind him a halo of golden light that streamed up from beneath the western horizon and spread into the deepening dark of the sky like a mystic radiance from some hidden world beyond. In the east, the shadows of evening were already resigning their brief sovereignty as, from behind some low clouds on the horizon, the moon slowly rose, casting a soft glimmer on her path before her. Gradually, as the mystic glory from the world of promise followed her lord into the depths, lingering yet faintly on the verge of beyond, as some mysterious maiden who, with eyes full of a wondrous hope, but one gently forbidding finger raised to her lips, turns round once more before departing and softly whispers "Not yet:" gradually, the moon came forward, slowly scaling the heights of heaven, her silvery light increasing steadily as though she were sucking up life and light from the starry abyss into which she was advancing. Over the ploughed fields and mango-groves she cast forth a strange mystic glamour transforming the merest shrub or hedge into a shrine of mysterious beauty, and suffusing the whole atmosphere with an indescribable calm and peace.

Azad, who was affected by the slightest change in his surroundings, rode peacefully on, singing softly to himself, lost in the happy dreams which Nature's magic evoked in his imagination. What he was dreaming of he would have been unable to say. He was absorbed in quiet happiness, like a swimmer who, with closed eyes, lets himself float on the cradle of a gentle wave, enjoying every movement of the swing, drifting on without resistance or effort. He was simply in tune with Nature's harmony, bathed in and permeated by a cool atmosphere of peaceful, happy sensations that produced in him a feeling of calm elation, wafting him aloft into some inner region where joy is breathed in but not analysed.

Suddenly, breaking in upon his reverie, a weird apparition started up from behind an Indian willow, and Azad shivered back into earthly consciousness as his horse stopped abruptly with a snort of alarm.

"Who is there?" stammered Azad, as he instinctively bent forward and stroked his horse's neck to quiet him.

"Ask me for my blessing, sir," said the apparition in a hollow voice.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" queried Azad, still a little taken aback, but beginning to realise that the apparition belonged to the world of the living.

"I am a Brahmin, sir," replied the hollow voice, "and I am your tenant. My name is Tulsi; you have not asked me for my blessing, sir," he insisted.

"I touch your feet," said Azad, in a most formal manner.

"May you live long and remain devoted to the feet of the Brahmin," said the voice with great ceremony.

This Tulsi did really seem more ghost than man—not the Western ghost, with a comfortable winding-sheet to conceal the shadowy void within, but the Eastern one—a grim skeleton of dark vapour condensed into half-charred bones upholstered with a semblance of parched skin; sunken ribs beneath which the twin consuming fires of slow fever and starvation seem to be for ever burning, and a pair of great red eyes blazing like quenchless fires of pride and despair above the slim shadowy column below. Tulsi, at all events, had on him nothing but a loin-cloth, ragged yet scrupulously clean. For the rest, a pair of stork-like legs, quite parallel and wide apart, with big knee-balls that seemed to have remained stuck midway in defiance of the law of gravity instead of sliding down to join the great flat feet on which the uncanny structure was supported. Above the loin-cloth was a dusky hollow surmounted by a basket-like framework of ribs. Finally, an emaciated, ascetic face in which the most prominent features were a high aquiline nose and great shining eyes burning with indomitable pride—the pride, not of a single man but of a whole mighty system, rooted in long ages of priestly supremacy, and which adverse circumstances, far from humbling, could only fan into a brighter flame.

"What do you want, Tulsi?" enquired Azad, his aversion for the system having been tempered by pity for the man. "What can I do for you?"

"Sir," said Tulsi, "I have two daughters and a son. One of my daughters, thank God, has already been married; but the second remains, and must be married without delay, as she has nearly passed her seventh year. My son, also, must soon be invested with the sacred thread, as he is now eleven, and the investiture must be performed before he is married."

"But is not your daughter much too young to be married?" suggested

Azad. "And as for your son, he can scarcely understand what the sacred thread ceremony means."

"Daughter too young!" exclaimed the Brahmin with surprise. "Why, she will soon complete her seventh year, and if I do not get her married before then, I shall not only doom myself, but send even my ancestors to hell. You surely do not mean, sir, that I should commit such a sin. My son, too, is more than old enough to be married, and, but for poverty, would have received his investiture two years ago."

"It seems to me," said Azad, "that you read the scriptures in a very particular manner, picking out only such statements as fit in with your present customs. If you would but study them with an open mind, you would find that there is nothing in them against your daughter being married at the age of twenty."

"I have been taught otherwise," replied Tulsi. "My father and grandfather followed the rule, accepted it and acted up to it. My sister was married when she had barely passed her fifth year; I was married in my seventh. How am I to question their wisdom and break our holy traditions? And besides, who but a Brahmin can interpret those holy scriptures that rightly belong to Brahmins alone, since none but Brahmins had access to them in the past, and handed them down through the ages? You who strive to copy the ways of the foreigners are at liberty to do as you like, and reap the consequences; but, sir, though you may resent my saying so, you are endangering your happiness both here and hereafter, by even mentioning these unholy innovations and our holy *Shastras* in one and the same breath.

"But have you not a living, eternal *Atman* (soul)?" asked Azad. "Is not this *Atman* your guide and your witness, shedding its light upon your reason (*Buddhi*)? Why not follow the dictates of this *Buddhi*? Are we not all at different stages in the scale of being, and are we not ever altering, continually progressing towards some common goal? You yourself say that things that are lawful for a Brahmin are not lawful for a *Shûdra*. Is it not likewise true that many things that may have been good in some unknown past are no longer good at the present time? And what better guides have we than reason, observation and practical common-sense to tell us which of our ancient customs may still be beneficial to us and which have become obsolete?"

"I can hardly listen to such words," said Tulsi, in a deeply grieved tone of voice. "The laws laid down by our holy *Rishis* (sages) must needs hold good for all ages and all times. All our actions must conform to the ancient laws, the rules of the *Vedas* and *Shastras*, else they are

unrighteous. Ah, sir," he continued, with a deep sigh, "what you say does not surprise me, though it pains me more than I can tell. Your words are but an echo of these evil times. It was predestined: our *Rishis* saw it all and clearly prophesied it. Already even the common people are becoming inquisitive, inquisitiveness gives rise to irreverence, and they are fast losing all respect for the Brahmin and the cow. Indeed, the fated *Kali Yug* has come upon us!"

"But who can continue to worship Brahmins," suggested Azad, "when most of them have given up all learning and are no better than Shudras? Is it not said in the books that a Brahmin who deserts the sacred lore becomes a Shudra, and that a learned Shudra is in truth a Brahmin?"

"There is something of the sort in the books," admitted Tulsi, "but such a statement, taken literally, can have no meaning whatever, since, in days of yore, no Shudra could ever aspire to learning, not being even allowed to touch the sacred books. How could a Shudra know that which he was never allowed to approach? Let me tell you, sir," continued Tulsi in an impressive tone, his ascetic face suddenly irradiated with some kind of grim enthusiasm, "when I went to Vishnupur for my eldest daughter's marriage, my son-in-law, who is a cook in Pandit Haridas's family, took me to see a great *Shāstri*, Pandit Balkishen by name, who was staying for a few days at his master's house. This Pandit has travelled all over the country, seeking everywhere to revive and restore our ancient *Dharma* (religion), and his speech is like *amrit* (nectar). There were many people there, asking questions of him, and he answered them all as only a true *Jnani* could do, and never made a statement without quoting several verses from our *Shastras* to support it. Some of the things which this all-knowing one said I was unable to grasp for want of learning; but others I understood, and they made my heart glad, for they showed me how, even in this *Kali-Yug*, our gods can bring forth good from darkest evil. So may all new-fangled reforms end in defeating their own purpose and strengthening our imperishable *Dharma*! Pandit Balkishen said that there was in this land a *Sabha* (society) founded by a foreign woman—a woman of evil knowledge—a *Bauddha* (Buddhist) and an enemy of our *Dharma*, who made use of *jadu* (magic) and *siddhi* (psychic powers) to befool men into following her. A bold woman was she, who claimed to know all that our *Rishis* knew—nay, to be a messenger of the *Rishis* themselves—and pretended that we, forsooth, had lost the truth and knew not how to read aright our ancient scriptures. She said that the *Shastras* never really did mean what they seemed to mean, but con-

tained hidden meaning within hidden meaning behind a surface sense of nonsense that mattered not at all, or was even purposely made to contradict itself in order to incite a search for the treasure of knowledge concealed beneath such arid soil. Now see the working of the gods: this *Bauddha* had for successor and would-be disciple another woman (when but in this *Kali-Yug* did women ever set themselves up as teachers of the *Dharma* ?), a Western woman who must have had in her the soul of a great Pandit of yore, reborn in foreign lands as penance for some secret sin. This woman loved our *Dharma* as much as the *Bauddha* hated it, and, applying the teaching of her evil *Guru* to suit her own purer fancy, she said that there is truly a hidden sense in our *Shastras*, and that by it much that to an unenlightened reason seems contradictory and wrong, is conciliated and revealed as sterling truth; also that by this secret knowledge very good reasons are to be found for many a practice and social custom which men of the younger generation are striving to discard, deeming them foolish and useless. And yet this woman too (how can the soul of even the greatest *Shastri* be reborn into a *melechha* body, and a woman's to boot, without losing something of its wisdom ?) this woman too pretended—but in a more or less half-hearted way, as if to conciliate her evil *guru*'s ghost—that we had lost much and misapplied more of the truth revealed by the Rishis of yore and which our forefathers understood and practised. But what of that ? Our wise men soon discovered that by becoming her disciples in name and playing upon her instinctive fondness for our holy *Dharma*, they could, as it were, hold on to her with one hand and make her followers their own, while wiping out with the other hand all that was still mischievous in her teaching. Thus has this *Sabha*, originally founded by an enemy of our *Dharma*, become a tool in the hands of our wise men to uphold the same *Dharma* and undermine the evil work of those who seek to ruin our social edifice and set up new customs after the fashion of the West. And so from the evil attempts of that *Bauddha* woman our Gods have brought forth this great truth (and Pandit Balkishen explained it so clearly that even I, who am, alas ! but a poor peasant, understood it quite easily)—there is in our holy Scriptures both hidden sense and obvious sense. All those passages that corroborate our sacred traditions and customs, handed down without alteration from age to age, contain of course the outer and obvious meaning, with a great deal more hidden within for him who has eyes to see. The other passages, which seekers after novelty would wrongly use to bolster up their vain reforms, contain the hidden meaning only, and are meant but for Initiates. As for us who are not *Jnanis*, we can but worship them in silence: their

hidden meaning is beyond our reach, while their outer sense is but a blind, which only fools, void of all respect for tradition, would ever seek to put into practice. So what matters it if, as you say, it be written somewhere in our Scriptures that a Shudra can become a Brahmin? It is but one of those dark sayings whose true meaning the wise alone can comprehend. But what mischief these Englishmen have wrought in our poor country! They and those of our people whom they have perverted with their evil knowledge, void of all respect for what is sacred, have published our most sacred books, which any one can now purchase in the market place for a piece or two of silver. In the days of yore all this knowledge remained in the hands of us Brahmins, and was given but to a select few among us; but now everyone talks glibly of the *Vedas* and is prepared to quote the *Upanishads*. It is the *Kaliyuga*, it is the *Kaliyuga*, the dark age of struggle during which our holy Dharma will be obscured, though never destroyed, and the forces of evil will often seem to triumph, till *Kalki* comes to set all things straight again and show where lies the truth. But now we are on the downward path: the most sacred things are passing into the hands of the profane, and thus losing all their power and influence, for, sir, is it not written that the *Vedas* should never be recited to a Shudra?"

Azad, who had hitherto listened in silence to this strange discourse, quite bewildered by this flood of uncanny light thrown from unexpected quarters and from a hitherto unsuspected point of view upon the doings of a society with which he fancied himself well acquainted, at last recovered his speech; but his brain was numbed as by some strange occult influence and he spoke like one who remembers in his sleep a lesson learnt in his waking moments.

"Is it not for the better," he suggested, "that even unhappy Shudras should be getting some education and learning to tread the path that leads to emancipation?"

"It is not their *dharma*, sir," said Tulsi with great emphasis. "The *Vedas* are far too high above their level, and it is written that those who desert their own *dharma* for the *dharma* of another are destroyers."

"It were wiser of you, Tulsi," said Azad, still struggling to shake off the spell, and feeling as though some invisible presence, some disembodied will, subtle and strong and evil, were poised somewhere in the background, trying, as it were, to turn the edge of his mind and warp his reasoning faculty by blowing a sort of mental hurricane against it, using this poor Brahmin as a tool and a fulcrum, "not to quote too glibly these old philosophical sayings; for there are few even amongst the Brahmins

who really understand what 'dharma' means. That is why Hinduism has become what it is. Its weakness lies in its being too vague and all-comprehensive. It is not a religion as that term is now understood," he continued, unconsciously repeating in another key and from a different point of view his interlocutor's traditional remark about the *Vedas* being suited only to the few, "it is not a religion, it is a philosophy of life which few even among the learned can grasp and act up to. It has no firm principles of pure belief; it does not say 'Do this'; it reasons where it ought to touch the heart and inspire faith; it awakens doubts and yet stifles them, thus leading to superstition and mystery."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Tulsi, as his eyes flashed. "I am sorry to find a man full of *Dharma*, like you, talking in this way. But what is one to expect when people are being taught '*mlechh bhasha*'\* and educated to scoff at their own gods. You are wrong, sir, you are quite wrong! I am not learned enough to discuss with you, but I know that your thoughts are wrong."

"That may be," said Azad, who, finding himself quite powerless to argue with such an incarnation of the Hindu *Dharma* in flesh and blood or, we should rather say, in skin and bones, had no thought now but to change the conversation and bring this ghostly interview to a close—'That may be, but what about your daughter's marriage? Do you think it absolutely necessary that she should be 'disposed of' (there seemed to be a sort of grim fitness in the term) at such an early age?"

"It is absolutely necessary," said Tulsi decisively, "for the good name of my family and the future of my soul, and for the welfare of the souls of the dear departed ones."

"Then have you found a match for her?" enquired Azad.

"I have," replied Tulsi. "There is a Brahmin belonging to a very pure sub-caste, and he is willing to marry my daughter if I pay him four hundred rupees."

"Four hundred rupees!" exclaimed Azad. "Where on earth will you find the money?"

"That is why I have come to you," said Tulsi. "You can save me and the souls of my ancestors from perdition, and earn the reward of a good deed which is said in the books to be equal to a hundred sacrifices."

"If I help you," said Azad, with a smile, "I daresay my passage to heaven will be assured. It is very easy and cheap."

"Can you doubt it?" asked Tulsi with some warmth. "The gods

\* Foreign language.

themselves will come to fetch your soul in their celestial chariots, and convey it direct to heaven."

"I hope they won't be in a hurry about it," replied Azad lightly. "Tell me, what is the age of the boy who is going to marry your daughter, and how is he situated?"

"He comes from the purest stock," said Tulsi, "but is not rich—no one but a *Bania* can be rich in this reign of traders. He has been married twice before, but is still young: he has just entered his thirty-ninth year. Besides, he promises to desert his former wives and come and live with us."

"How horrible!" exclaimed Azad. "Are you in your senses?"

"I cannot get a young boy for four hundred rupees. It would cost me at least a thousand rupees to secure a young boy for my son-in-law."

"But, man, cannot you marry beneath your caste?" enquired Azad.

"I can," said Tulsi, "but had rather die than do so, and defile the purity of my own high descent by admitting a low-caste Brahmin into my family. If I did such a thing all my relations would call me a *Chandal*."

"Do you not realise that you will be committing a grave crime if you give your daughter to a blackguard like this, who is willing to desert his two wives for four hundred rupees? Strange, that with all your enlightenment and professions of religion you should still be lacking in such elementary notions of humanity!"

"It is our custom, sir," said Tulsi simply, "and I cannot override it."

"So much the worse for your custom," retorted Azad, in English. Then, after a pause, he asked, "How do you mean to get four hundred rupees together? You don't expect me to give you the whole of that sum, do you?"

"Why, sir," said Tulsi, "I have four cows and a pair of plough bullocks: they are worth about 150 rupees. Then my relations will help me with *neotas*,\* and that will come to another 150 rupees. Finally, I expect, sir, that you will give me 100 rupees so that I may finish this business."

"I will give you 100 rupees," said Azad, though he felt somewhat reluctant to being a party to such a mercenary and ill-assorted marriage.

"Thank you, sir," said Tulsi, "may God bless you."

Azad spurred his horse and galloped homewards. His way lay through a village in which some of his poorest tenants lived, people who, for all their labour, were often destitute of the barest necessities of life. Well he knew those miserable hovels and their occupants; and, as he passed on, his horse's

\* A kind of marriage-present which each relation makes.

hoofs almost noiseless on the sandy track, his mind involuntarily conjured up pictures of what might be happening within those sordid dwellings, touched with a semblance of beauty by the magic glamour of the moon. Here, in a hut the thatch of which showed dark gaping holes, sat an old woman on a bed of straw, rocking her grandchild and singing softly to make him forget, in the temporary oblivion of sleep, that he had that day eaten but half of what even his stunted appetite would have required. There lay an old man who had toiled throughout the torrid day to earn the coarsest possible food, and that even in quantity quite insufficient to satisfy his hunger. Further, in a hut open from all sides save for a flimsy straw screen barely thick enough to moderate the draught which it could not keep out, lay a young man struck with paralysis, unable to work, supported by an aged father, their only means of support being a small plot of land attached to the hut, in which the old man himself had to labour in spite of weakness and old age. There, in the next hut, the women, after working the hand-mills all day, their monotonous chant now hushed, slept the stolid, dreamless sleep of tired animals, whence they would awake to another long day of dreary toil.

Azad felt really ashamed of himself. Here he was living on the labour of other people, enjoying the best of everything, always trying to secure more comfort as time went on, while they whose toil supported him and his family lacked the barest necessities of life!

"The wages of sin," he mused. "I am living on the wages of sin. What moral right have I to deprive those people of what they earn by their labour? If my share of the produce, the rent I extort from them, is moderate, as I so often flatter myself that it is, how is it that these people suffer such privations? Alas! the rent is not imposed in consideration of the well-being of the people, but merely to satisfy the artificial wants of those who impose it. How can those who live on the sweat and blood of others ever be truly happy? How can their life be righteous? Truly, the curse of Heaven is upon us!"

"You are exaggerating," said a voice from within. "You can be a father to your people, you can work for them, you can look after them, you can settle their disputes and keep them happy and contented."

"Father, indeed!" replied another voice. "When the curse of luxury, when idle habits and the love of comfort absorb almost all the sinful earnings, it is but the flimsiest sort of moral patchwork to restore to one's victims a small share of what one has unjustly filched from them. Truly, social philanthropy is often but as whitewash on a grave full of rotten bones. Pharisaism were a better name for it."

His horse, which he had been unconsciously reining in while thus reflecting, tossed his head impatiently. Azad loosed the reins and reached home after a short gallop. When he sat down at a well-laid table, he had quite forgotten the thoughts which the misery of the people had aroused in his mind a moment before, and enjoyed his meal heartily. Often and often had he thus mused over the shocking contrast between the poverty of others and his own comfort; but when he spoke of it to his friends they called him a dreamer and laughed at his wild fancies. Yet he could not get finally rid of these thoughts and feelings. They would swoop down upon him unawares from some inner mental ambush, reminding him as in a potent, penetrating whisper, that it was wrong for him to enjoy all the comforts with which he was surrounded, to have all his desires fulfilled, while they who thus maintained him lived in wretched huts and had only coarse millet to eat once a day. He often thought of giving it all up and entering upon the life of a religious mendicant; but his reason told him that such a step would be utterly useless, as a worse man than he might immediately fill his place. He saw that the evil comes not from the individual, but from the system which holds all civilised humanity in its grip, and cannot be changed in a day. The whole trend of human thought must alter before a system based on selfishness and injustice can die a natural death. Now, however, this humanitarian mood was once more in abeyance, and Azad, after dinner, took up his "Pioneer" as usual, while the ideas and theories which had so recently been obtruding on his mind remained unnoticed in the neglected but very roomy background of his consciousness.

When he arose about eight o'clock the next morning, he found Tulsi waiting for him in the verandah outside his office door. After the usual greetings, the emaciated Brahmin said:—

"Sir, I have sent the barber with a message to the bridegroom and a preliminary instalment of 25 rupees, and have invited him to come and marry my daughter on Sunday next, which is a most propitious day."

"You are your own master," said Azad curtly, "and know what is best for you."

"But sir, you promised to give me 100 rupees and it is relying on your help that I have sent the barber."

"I will keep my promise," said Azad, "take this order to my clerk and he will give you the money."

The Brahmin took the order and was paid.

In due course, the bridegroom arrived with a marriage party consisting of some 50 men. Tulsi welcomed them, quartered them in a

neighbouring mango-grove, and gave them sugared water to drink and sweetmeats which cost him more than ten rupees—a heavy sacrifice.

In the evening he invited his guests to dinner, but the bridegroom refused to touch a morsel unless he was first paid 100 rupees in cash and his brothers 5 rupees each. Tulsi expostulated, protested and refused, but it was of no use. After a great deal of talk, the bridegroom and the other guests were persuaded to take their food, Tulsi having paid 75 rupees to the bridegroom and 2 rupees each to his five brothers. There was a great deal of unpleasantness but all the Brahmins seemed to enjoy the fun.

Eventually, the marriage took place, the little girl going round the sacred fire with her husband, who was about ten years older than her father. The village Purohit recited the usual *mantras*, the women of the family sang the marriage songs and abused the bridegroom and his relations according to their custom, which led to a great deal of innocent merriment among the young girls of the village; but the bridegroom at the last moment refused to take his wife home unless he was paid another 100 rupees: the same procedure was followed, entreaties and threats were of no avail, and Tulsi had to pay 60 rupees which he raised at an exorbitant interest from the village Bania. Then the bridegroom bade farewell to his guests and decided to live with his father-in-law for the time being, which to Tulsi meant ruin. But a Brahmin son-in-law is not supposed to leave the house of his father-in-law, as long as there is something to eat in it, and so there he stayed with Tulsi, who did what he could to feed the family, while his debt throve and waxed fat in the Bania's hands.

*(To be continued.)*

JOGENDRA SINGH.

*Aira Estate,  
Kheri District, Oudh.*

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

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### **Eastern Rays Penetrating the West.**

Mr. Asquith, in his recent rectoral address at the Glasgow University, referred to the significant change that had taken place during the last thirty years in the attitude of the men of science of his country towards speculative thought. The change from John Tyndall to Oliver Lodge is, indeed, remarkable. The present reaction from materialism was inevitable, partly in consequence of the transgression of over-confident men of science into regions of thought where their methods of inquiry and the results of their research did not apply. That reaction has recently been accelerated by the revolution which has taken place in our notion of Matter. If Huxley and Tyndall had been convinced of the possibility of all matter resolving itself into ether, their materialism would perhaps have assumed a different shape, though the gulf between Ether and Intelligence is really not narrower than that between Mind and Matter was supposed to be. It is possible that the new wave of idealism, like that of materialism, will also recede. Yet it is worthy of note how for a time certain forms of materialism at least have exploded, even as the atom of matter is said to explode. What is most interesting to us in India is how the Bacquerel rays of Eastern wisdom have penetrated the speculative thought of the West. The Principal of the University of Birmingham has formulated the Substance of his new Faith in the form of a catechism for parents and teachers. It would not be easy, nor is it desirable for parents, and teachers to try to communicate to children the truth about the things around them as expounded by Sir Oliver Lodge. Indian sages have generally recognised a distinction between the truth that can be brought within the comprehension of the uneducated, and that which is to be discussed and investigated by the wise men in

the seclusion of the forest or the monastery. "Children live in a world of make-believe," says Mr. Brierley, in his bright and thoughtful essays on "Man and the Universe" recently published, "and Nature's method with the young people here has been her way with man as a whole. Truth is one of her goals for him; but she is in no hurry to get him there." The child will be no longer in need of instruction from parents and teachers when it is able to comprehend how, as Sir Oliver explains, the eye is an instrument for appreciating ripples in the ether, and these are generated by violently revolving electric charges associated with each atom of matter. Few of the answers given to the various recondite questions in Sir Oliver's Catechism can be understood by a child. However, a parent or a teacher may be on his guard not to teach as truth what the child, when it grows up, is likely to find out to be otherwise. The Celestial Song of India is a catechism: the pupil on the battlefield of Kurukshetra was far from being a child. In another famous catechism of the East the interrogator was no less a person than a Greek King, Melinda or Menander. There is a striking difference between the kind of questions handled in the Eastern and Western philosophical catechisms. What is the distinctive characteristic of man, what is meant by the fall of man, how does man come to know good from evil, why does evil exist—these are questions which have never absorbed interest among nations free from the necessity of interpreting the Hebrew tradition of the introduction of evil and sin into the world. More than a thousand years ago, a great thinker in Iran, Mardanfarukh, delivered the same onslaught on the Hebrew tradition, as it was understood in his days, that certain eminent Western controversialists felt a glee in delivering thirty years ago. The Indian sage felt no interest in maintaining that man was the highest being created; and, though he was not confronted with the doctrine of the descent or ascent of man from lower animals, Darwin's account of the origin of species would not have disconcerted him. Nor was it an article of his creed that the earth is the only part of the universe where life and intelligence have made their appearance. There is, indeed, much difference between a long array of superhuman beings to whom a local habitation and a name were given by mere imagination, and the modern scientist's admission of the possibility of higher creatures than man in some of the worlds

revealed to us by the telescope, and perhaps in worlds which lie beyond the range of the strongest telescope. Yet, it is not a little interesting to Eastern thinkers to find so eminent a physicist of the West, as Sir Oliver telling us that we may reasonably conjecture that in some of the innumerable worlds circling round the distant suns there must be beings far higher in the scale of existence than ourselves. It may not be likely that the man of science will ever detect the visits of those beings to this earth in celestial cars. The discoveries of the mental and the physical telescope cannot be expected to be identical. The physicist has calculated that the total quantity of matter within the range of the telescope is greater than 100 million times and less than 2,000 million times the sun's mass. In some thousand million solar systems, whose existence is now rendered probable within the ken of our astronomical instruments, it is reasonable to suppose that there must be creatures differently constituted from man, and higher in the order of existence. By the side of these discoveries and probabilities, the freedom which the Eastern sages gave to their imaginations in forming their cosmogony does not look extravagant. In this widening of the outlook on the universe, however, it was not the light of Eastern wisdom that influenced Western speculation, but the light which is caught up by the telescopic lens. When Sir Oliver Lodge digresses from science into speculation, he sometimes shows how Eastern thought has broadened his vision. He does not accept in their entirety the Indian doctrines of Karma and Nirvana. But his interesting and, if we mistake not, original theories about fractional incarnations and the absorption of the soul into its original source owe not a little to the teachings which have been for centuries popular in India. With a slight modification Sir Oliver accepts the ancient doctrine which the poet has expressed in the celebrated Ode :

“ Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar ;  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home,”

The distinguished scientist does not think it necessary to suppose that the whole of a personality must be incarnated at every birth. He suggests that fractions of a larger self may be incarnated in bodies fitted to receive them. Thus, the portion of a whole personality incarnated in an infant would be small : in a genius it might be greater. In old age, or what is called second childhood, the personality may be supposed to abandon gradually the material vehicle with which it is associated, as this gets worn out or damaged. It is not quite clear whether Sir Oliver would believe that when one portion of a personality is incarnated in one body, another portion thereof may be incarnated simultaneously in another body. As the theory does not profess to be more than a speculation, we have no right to press for an answer to this doubt. Some of the similes used by Indian writers to explain the nature of incarnation and reincarnation would suggest the idea of a gradual or fractional incarnation ; but they do not seem to have pursued the inquiry as categorically as does the Western savant. Nagasena, for example, compares the continuity of a person to the continuity of a flame in a lamp. The flame that burns in the first watch of the night, he says, is not the same that burns in the second or the third watch. Yet the light comes from the same lamp all the night through. "Just so, O King," wrote this teacher, "is the continuity of a person or thing maintained. One comes into being, another passes away, and the rebirth is, as it were, simultaneous." It will be seen that the contents of the flame of the first watch of the night may be reborn in a different kind of body, while the subsequent ignition in the same lamp is still going on. But it is possible that the Indian teacher did not wish his simile to be carried so far. Sir Oliver practically accepts the doctrine of Karma, though in a somewhat modified form, when he says that whereas our terrestrial existence is temporary, our real existence continues without ceasing "in either a higher or a lower form according to our use of opportunities and means of grace." Fractional incarnation and the accumulation of the results of Karma are both explained by the following illustration propounded by him : "A villager, picked out as a recruit and sent to the seat of war, may serve his country, may gain experience, acquire a soul and a width of horizon such as he had not dreamt of ; and when he returns, after the war is over,

may be merged as before in his native village. But the village is the richer for his presence, and his individuality or personality is not really lost, though to the eye of the world, which has no further need for it, it has practically ceased to be." This illustration is intended to show how the individual self may acquire experience and be finally absorbed in the World-Spirit. It may, however, also illustrate certain aspects of the theory of fractional incarnation. Sir Oliver Lodge is impressed by the results of the internecine warfare between the scientific and the religious teachings of the West at the present day, and he wishes to supply a reconciliation of which teachers and parents may avail themselves in instructing English children. The day will mark an epoch in the history of the world when English parents and teachers agree to teach their children a doctrine which has little to distinguish it from what Sankara and Nagasena taught centuries ago in India. An other man of science, who has been captured by the grandeur of Eastern philosophy, is Mr. Butler Burke. His radiobes have, unfortunately, been unmasked by Sir William Ramsay, and it does not seem to be admitted by the high priests of science that we are any the nearer to the origin of life after Mr. Burke's experiments than we were before. He has something more than a mere scientific imagination. Its sweep is as wide and comprehensive as that fearless direction of the mental telescope for which the late Professor Max Müller has given credit to the Indian thinkers of old. Mr. Butler Burke also has been attracted by the theory of the World-Spirit and the absorption of the individual selves into it.

It is difficult to understand why the people of the West should require to be reminded by the advanced thinkers of the twentieth century of an Intelligence immanent in all the processes of Nature. Nothing is more familiar to them than the Apostle's declaration that we live, move and have our being in that Intelligence, and yet somehow they are supposed to believe in an extra-cosmic Author of the Universe. The misunderstanding possibly arises from the simile used by certain writers, comparing the Creator to a mechanician, and the creation to the machine produced and worked by him. Certain figures of speech, explaining the separate existence and the free will of man, may also have been responsible for a gradual weakening of the belief in an Intelligence immanent in the Universe.

"The true natural language of devotion," says a well-known English writer, "declares the living contact of the Divine Spirit with the human, the mystic implication of His nature with ours, and ours with his ; His serene nity amid our griefs, His sanctity amid our guilt, His wakefulness in our sleep, His life through our death, His silence amid our stormy force ; and refers to Him as the Absolute basis of all relative existence ; all else being, in comparison, but a phantasm and shadow, and He alone the real and Essential Life." The most perplexing question which Sir Oliver has handled, though briefly, in his Catechism is the problem of evil. His solution of it is not new, and it does not show any indebtedness to Eastern thinkers. His answer to the question, why evil exists, is that evil is not an absolute thing, but has reference to a standard of attainment, and the possibility of evil is the necessary consequence of a rise in the scale of moral existence. This explanation is familiar enough, and is expressed by the poets of England in language more persuasive by its beauty. However, the riddle remains as much a riddle to-day as it was when the Persian thinker, after seeking light from all directions, from the Hindus in the East and the Romans in the West, came to the conclusion that his own belief in an Ahriman, contending with the Supreme Spirit of Light, was the best solution of all. That theory has found adherents in the West ; and one writer draws the bold inference therefrom that our idea of the omnipotence of the Almighty must be modified so as to provide for the admission that He also, like ourselves, is under the necessity of struggling against Darkness, though He ultimately triumphs. No one, however, professes to know how evil originated, and why it should not be put an end to and a better scheme of things substituted in the place of the struggle between good and evil. We are ultimately driven to confess, with Sir Oliver Lodge, that "we are unable to realise the meaning of origination and of maintenance," either of evil or of anything else in the world.

It is not intended to convey by all that we have said that the philosophy of the West has begun to be dominated by Eastern teachings. Far from it : it is meant only that some of the grand conceptions of the ultimate realities underlying the phenomenal universe, cherished in India for centuries, have extorted the admiration and, to some extent, the adherence of certain advanced thinkers in

the West. Descending from the peaks of the Himalayas and the Alps of philosophy and from the rarefied atmosphere of ontological speculation, we must acknowledge that the scientific methods of inquiry followed nowadays in the West have attained results incomparably more valuable than the guesses at truth made in the East concerning the humbler things around us and the nature of conscious daily experience. There is as much difference between modern psychology and the fragmentary speculations of the ancients concerning the nature of the human mind as there is between modern chemistry and ancient alchemy. The modern explanation of Time and Space is a triumph of philosophical analysis : it is as important an achievement in mental philosophy as the electrical theory of matter is in physical science, or the theory of Karma is in metaphysics. It may be difficult to make children understand that the experience of Space arises from free motion, especially locomotion, that Speed is a direct sensation, and that Time is only the other factor of speed. It is more easy to speak of Time and Space as objective realities ; yet few more valuable additions have been made to the domain of truth than that, strictly speaking, we have more than the traditional five senses. The application of scientific methods will place us in possession of a wisdom richer than was conceived by the ancients. Our mining operations are on a more extensive scale and are conducted with more efficient machinery than those which added to the wealth of our ancestors : yet the Kohinoors discovered by the old, defective and haphazard methods shine none the less brilliantly on that account.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

The days of famine for the imperial treasury in India are gone. These are the days of floods. Once more the Finance Member of the Viceregal Council has announced a surplus and a welcome reduction of taxation. Last year it appeared as if Government here would prefer to reduce or abolish taxes connected with the land, instead of continuing to reduce the salt tax. A few local cesses were abolished, and it is not unlikely that future surpluses will be devoted to the purpose of reducing similar burdens. This year, probably at the instance of the Secretary of State, the salt tax is once more reduced, and it will hereafter be a rupee per maund. Postal charges for certain purposes have also been reduced. During the five years beginning with 1903-04, the Government has been able to carry out three successive reductions of the salt tax, estimated to cost more than five crores per annum ; it has abolished a number of cesses on land, estimated to cost more than a crore per annum ; and the raising of the minimum limit of taxable income has cost thirty-six lakhs per annum. During the same period the imperial revenues have provided 105 lakhs per annum for police reforms, 80 lakhs for education, 24 lakhs for agricultural development, and over 60 lakhs for grants-in-aid to district and local boards. All these grants are of a recurring nature, and yet by themselves they would not falsify our hope for a future reduction of taxation on the land. The shadow that is cast on our finance is due to the laudable desire of Chinese reformers to suppress in their land the use of that deleterious drug which we have been growing and manufacturing for the Celestials for a long time. It is only fair that the Indian Government should co-operate with the Government of China in any attempt that may be made in good faith to rid that country of a deplorable evil, whether ultimately the attempt succeeds or fails. Our Finance

Minister does not belittle the economic loss that would be occasioned to this country by the proscription of a valuable crop and an important industry, the contraction of our exports and its effect on the balance of trade, and the loss inflicted on the Native States which grow poppy. However, it is expected that the consequences of the gradual disappearance of the opium trade will be faced, "if not with equanimity, at least without apprehension." The anticipation of a fall in the opium revenue has led to a desirable result, which no mere criticism would have produced. It has led to a reduction of the special grant for military purposes. In 1904 Lord Kitchener put forward his well-known scheme for reorganising and redistributing the Army, and it was decided to provide annually, for a period of five years, a sum of two million pounds to cover the outlay on the new measures advocated by the Commander-in-Chief, as being essential for preparing the Army for war. The present political situation is formally acknowledged by Government, in the last budget, to be free from any grave features which would necessitate a continuance of the preparation for war on an unabated scale. The normal grant is not reduced to less than £1,666,700 during the coming year; yet that there is a reduction in the military budget at all, is a pleasing sign, especially because of the reference to the present political situation. It would have been well if the Government had not waited for taking this step until the opium revenue was threatened.



English merchants and capitalists are impatient at what they consider to be the slow progress made by railways in India. Mr. Morley admits the importance of extending railways to the fullest possible extent, but he is not persuaded that the Government has been niggardly in its allotment of funds for railways. That was the reply given by him to a deputation that waited upon him some time ago. No provision has been made during the ensuing year for undertaking any new lines; yet  $13\frac{1}{2}$  crores have been provided for expenditure on railways, 10 crores on open lines and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  on lines under construction. The cry of deficiency of rolling stock was strong and persistent last year, and not without reason. The justice of the complaint was admitted by one of the non-official members, who are generally unappreciative of expenditure on railways. The Hon'ble

Mr. Chitnavis declared, during the debate on the budget, that he sympathised with the commercial classes in their complaint about deficiency of rolling stock and the drawbacks to quick transmission. During the ensuing year a provision of 568 lakhs has been made for additional rolling stock on open lines. Money is not stinted for irrigation, and there are now altogether 56 projects, either under construction or awaiting sanction, or being examined by the professional advisers of Government. The greater number of these are expected to irrigate  $6\frac{1}{2}$  million acres at a capital cost of  $42\frac{1}{2}$  crores. The most important of the works in active progress is the Tripplé Canal scheme in the Punjab, which is designed to carry a canal from the Chenab across the Ravi by means of the siphon for the irrigation of the Lower Bari Duab tract, the supply from the Chenab being supplemented by means of water from the Jhelum.

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The dynamic properties of money are proverbial. If it does not "make the mare to go," it certainly makes Governments to go. Soon after the Government of India was in a position to budget for surpluses, instead of chronic deficits, our apparent good fortune was attributed to what was known as the currency trick, which was said to add about twenty per cent. to the burdens of the taxpayer. There was, however, no undoing of the trick; and the Government was blamed for neglecting irrigation, education, sanitation, and a number of other duties. Each of these sins is now being expiated for, and one ground after another of complaint is disappearing, if we may judge from the speeches in the Legislative Councils. "Blessed are the poor" was not said of Governments. Irrigation schemes are already being steadily pursued. Free primary education is practically assured, though it may be gradually introduced. Indeed, given the money, the Government appears so wise and so liberal that an enthusiastic non-official member of the Viceregal Council confessed this year that the ablest criticism of the Government's policy by himself and his colleagues would be nothing more than tilting at a windmill. Lord Minto's valuable faculty for reticence is one of the reasons for the change that has come over the tone of non-official criticism in his Council. As a sportsman, one would have thought that he was fond of wasting powder and shot. His policy, on the other hand, is a great deal more quiet: it consists in starving criticism. So was Hannibal confounded on Italian soil.

The possibility of reforms in the government of a country is almost endless. When taxes are reduced to the minimum limit and expenditure is wisely incurred, when the State encourages commerce and industry in every reasonable manner and provides for moral and intellectual progress, there still remains the question of an equitable distribution of Governmental authority. A large portion of the constitutional history of England is a history of a continued struggle between the Sovereign and the people, and it is regarded by many almost as an axiom that whosoever hath power will try to keep it as long as he can. One Hon. Member, during the debate on the budget, accused the Civil Service of a desire for a monopoly of power. If history is bound to repeat itself, the breaking of this monopoly would require popular agitation and an appeal to Cæsar in imperial London. The handful of Englishmen who govern India are, for obvious reasons, anxious to avoid a conflict with the excitable millions of a strange land. A proud Russian at the court of the Korean Emperor spread out the map of the world before him and pretended to discover, after a diligent search, the speck of a country called Japan; and placing a match on the palm of his hand, he blew it off, saying that even so would Russia blow off the Japanese into the sea. Such a calamity would be threatened wherever small numbers come into conflict with huge masses of men. H. E. the Viceroy thought that it would be a mischievous notion to believe that the Government here is unwilling to move except in obedience to popular agitation or to mandates from home; and he announced that the reforms which the Government has recommended to the Secretary of State were not acquiesced in from a sense of compulsion, but were urged by His Excellency's Government spontaneously.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## INDIANS AND ANGLO INDIANS.

To THE EDITOR, *East & West*.

SIR,—There is a passage in the thoughtful article upon “Relations between Indians and Anglo-Indians,” in your February number, which I think deserves very special attention. The point may seem a narrow one, but its influence, according to my experience, has been very deep. The passage is “Let them (the Indians) approach the Anglo-Indian purely for fellowship or for public good, and not for sordid personal motives.” Times without number has it occurred to me, when I thought I was engaged in an interesting and disinterested conversation with an Indian visitor or acquaintance, to find the whole communion spoilt and stopped by some request for the appointment or promotion of some relative of the person I was talking with. Even in correspondence I have met with the same thing. I had an old friend and brother officer whom I used to consult upon Indian questions. On his death I wrote a note of sympathy to his son. I received a prompt reply that my friend had left a dying message for me. I was much touched. The next letter explained that the message was that I should give an appointment to the son. My friend and I knew each other too well for that.

Yours faithfully,

G. C. WHITWORTH

*Notation, 20th March.*









